
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google[™] books

<https://books.google.com>



Princeton University Library



32101 068071248

6805
70

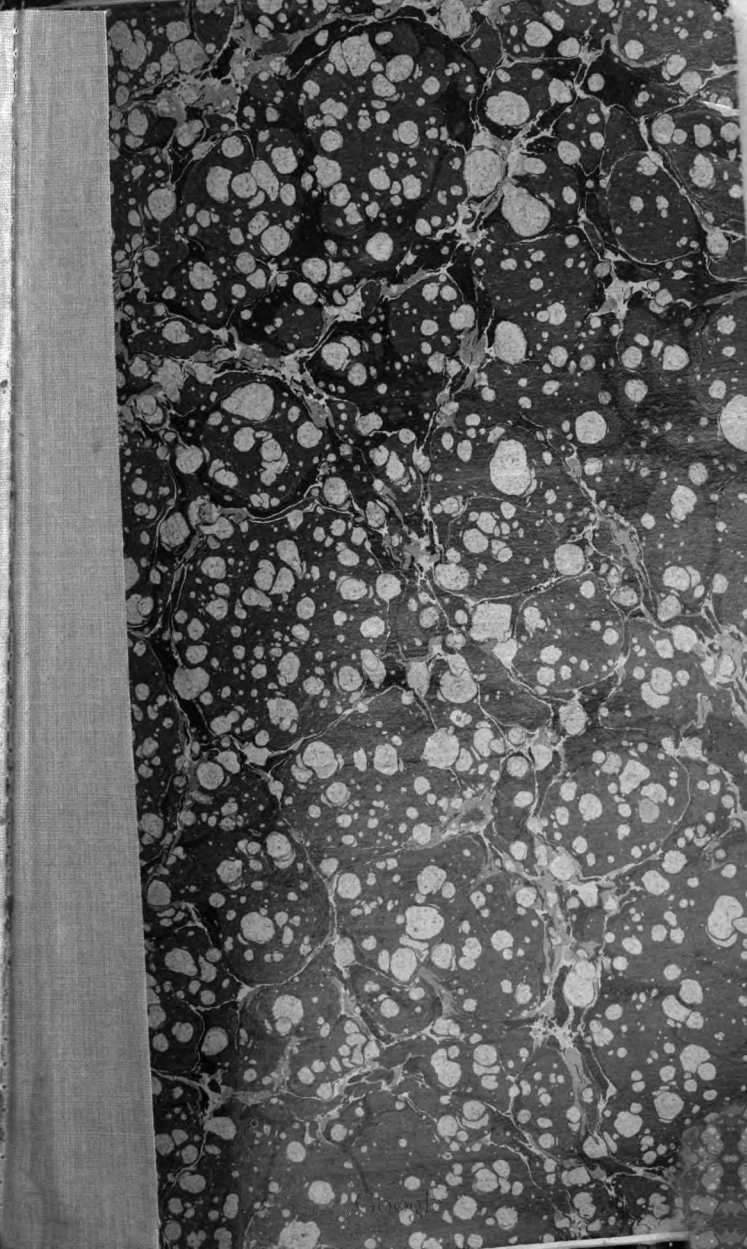
Library of the



College of New Jersey.

Purchased in 187

~~XXXX~~ 12194-26



FACETIÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.

**LEIGHTON AND MURPHY, PRINTERS,
Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.**

FACETIÆ
CANTABRIGIENSES:

CONSISTING OF

ANECDOTES,
SMART SAYINGS, SATIRICS, RETORTS, &c

BY OR RELATING TO

Celebrated Cantabs.

Τὸν λόγον σου θαυμάσας ἔχω.—PLATO.

DEDICATED TO THE STUDENTS OF LINCOLN'S INN,

BY SOCIUS. (pseud.)
Richard Goode

THIRD EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

LONDON:
CHARLES MASON, WINE OFFICE COURT,
FLEET STREET.

1836.

x

P R E F A C E
TO
THE FIRST EDITION.

I HAVE often, during my residence in Cambridge, regretted that many very facetious and richly-spiced anecdotes, and smart sayings, should only be handed round the University by *tradition* ; and not only are they entirely lost to the world, but many—I believe I may add, a very great number—of the members of the University, are almost ignorant of their existence. Hence I resolved to compile the

Facetiæ Cantabrigienses ;

and I trust I shall be, if not commended, at least pardoned, for so doing. The eye of the reader will sometimes come in contact with an anecdote which is already familiar to him : this he will perhaps forgive ; as my aim is, not only to make him acquainted with strangers, but also to collect the lost sheep, which are to be found scattered up and down, in various publications, and, like the Jews, have no particular resting-place.

Being myself a mortal enemy to *long prefaces*, I shall make my bow by observing—that most men are occasionally troubled with *ennui*, or, as it is sometimes denominated—

“THE BLUE DEVILS;”

and I know of no better remedy for such maladies, than that afforded by a perusal of the

FACETIOUS.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

LET it not be thought by any Cantab to whom this edition of our *Facetiæ* may come, greeting, that we have "set down aught in malice," it is what we altogether disown. We have endeavoured to keep in view the maxim of our favourite, Horace, "*desipere in loco*," lest it should be said of us, "*mentis desipiebant*," and we be forthwith clapped into a straight jacket. We are told that one son of our *Alma Mater*, a fellow of a College, perusing some dainty morsels contained in our first edition, exclaimed, "*mentis emotio*," 'Bravo, bravo! Excellent!' but when he came to an Epigram in which he himself played *first-fiddle*, he threw down our brat in a *furor*. We recommend him to case himself in the following coat of mail, under favour of which he will not be the first man that has hid his ears:—

"I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think I care for a satire, or an *epigram*? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him."—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Act v. S. 4.

We owe apologies to the readers of our first edition for some *errors* contained therein, which arose from our

literary bantling having, from accidental causes, been prematurely brought forth without the aid of its regular accoucheur, who has often regretted that his obstetric aid was not afforded in time ; here we have managed things better, and we are modest enough to exclaim, by way of finale—

—— “ Get you gone, you dwarf ;

“ You *minimus*, ”——

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Act III. S. 2.

or in the words of Southey, as quoted by that celebrated Cantab, Lord Byron :—

“ Go, *little* book, from this my solitude !

I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways !

And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,

The world will find thee after many days.”

DON JUAN. Canto I. Stanza 222.

FACETIÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANTAB.*

No. I.

———— me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.—HORACE.

“WHAT everybody says, must be true.”—So runs the proverb; and if *that* be true, I really can perceive no reason why that which everybody *does*, should not also be accounted necessarily correct. And as everybody, from the “*Justified Sinner*,” down to the “*Opium-Eater*,” and the “*Footman*,” have thought proper to confess—I, who am a newly-graduated Cantab, and who have as much to answer for (God help me!) as the worst of them, may, perhaps, be allowed to confess also. Besides, they say, that to unburden one’s conscience, and to pour forth one’s follies and one’s sins into the attentive ear of a confessor, does, like tincture of rhubarb to the disordered bowels, administer a balm, a comfort, and a relief, which is at once indescrib-

* We have made bold to transplant, for the edification of our Academic Readers, especially those in *embryo*, the above excellent paper, from that mirror of prose writing, BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE.

able, and “devoutly to be wished.” All this, as far as regards the rhubarb, I can perfectly understand, and cordially assent to; as to the confession, I am determined to try its boasted effects, and to quack myself at least for once. If this be a wise resolution, my conduct in the selection of a confessor must, I am sure, strike everybody as being extremely judicious. A confessor should be a discreet and uncommunicating individual; and as secrecy is to be looked upon as his primary and indispensable qualification, I have made choice of the public for my confessor, because I have a well-grounded conviction that *it will go no farther*.

But—avaunt, ye ancient pedagogues, who “prepare young gentlemen for the universities”—ye phlebotomists, with crabbed Greek in your mouths—with crabbed frontispieces to those animated Lexicons and Graduses, your heads—and with crabbed sticks and long birches in your hands—avaunt!—for here you will be shocked with a recreant disciple, who, forgetting all your warnings, and all your instructions, never read a single hour in the day—who cut Chapel, Hall, Lectures, and Gates, day after day, and night after night—who persisted in playing at billiards at Chesterton—in attending Newmarket meetings—in hunting twice a-week—and in encouraging, exciting, and patronizing wine parties and mid-night revels, instead of cramming for examinations, writing for prize poems, and reading for honours.

With this warning I conclude my preface, and now begin, as in private duty bound, with

MY INITIATION.

When I reached Cambridge, my first business was to beat up the quarters of my old school-fellows who had been emancipated from the thralldom of our common pedagogue, Doctor Jones, twelve months before that favour was extended

to Pill Garlic. The awkwardness one feels at entering the University is the most unpleasant, and (for the first day) the most invincible sensation that can be imagined; besides, I had heard a great deal of the College sparks, and of the tricks and cheats that were commonly practised upon unsophisticated and unsuspecting Fresh-men; so that I had determined to put myself under the guidance and protection of some of my old friends who were second-year-men, and, consequently, not to be taken in. But at every room in College to which I directed my steps, I found the door *sported*,* and every lodging-house-keeper, of whom I had occasion to inquire, returned me the same answer. "Gone to Newmarket, and will not be back till evening," was the reply to all inquiries. Finding, therefore, that I had no chance of meeting with any one to whom I was personally known before night, I resolved to run all hazards, and resigned myself into the hands of the College Mercury, a sort of *Fresh-man's Vade-me-cum*, or *Young Gownsmen's best Companion*; who, having heard of my arrival, had been dogging me at every turn, and seemed determined not to lose sight of me for a moment.

This worthy personage I shall introduce to the reader under the name of Mr. Ferret; and, in doing this, I am merely repaying the civility he exercised towards me in making me acquainted with some fifty individuals within the space of an hour—"College laundress, sir—Sempstress, sir—Grocer, sir—Want a gyp,† won't you, sir?—This

* *Sported*.—The door being *sported*, simply means that it was shut. The rooms in College are like the chambers in the Inns of Court, having an outer door and an inner one. The outer is called the *sporting door*, and is a very useful barricado against duns. They are used by *reading men* to keep out idle visitors; and by others to prevent the entrance of visitors of a more troublesome nature, before mentioned.

† *Gyp*.—A gyp is a man who brushes clothes, wakes men for chapel, runs of errands, and waits at table. His perquisites are innumerable; but he is a necessary part of every gownsmen's establishment. The word gyp is *classical*, however barbarous it may sound, being derived from

here's one of them as belongs to Trinity—very honest young fellow, sir—College hair-cutter, sir," &c. &c.—and so on ad infinitum, which, in this case, is the Latin for "even down to the shoe-black."

This Ferret was, in every sense of the word, the "Freshman's Directory;" his business was to point out the college-tradesmen to new-comers;—he attended them to choose their rooms, and performed a variety of other little offices, the trouble of which bore an inverse ratio to the pay he received. He first carried me to a tailor; and here the ceremony of introduction, by the worthy Ferret, first began—"Mr. Shears, college-tailor, sir"—"This here's Mr. Mab-bry o' Trinity."—Mr. Shears was a very forward, but smooth-spoken sort of a tailor, (as, indeed, they all are, except when they come for money,) who assured me, among other things, that he had *turned out* coats which had passed for Stultz's own cut; and concluded a very modest, but somewhat protracted, encomium upon his own talents, (which, by the bye, is written, committed to memory, and annually recited to Fresh-men by masters, men, and errand-boys,) by declaring, that he should be most happy to *wait upon me*. This was the only part of his oration that I gave the slightest credit to; and he did not even speak the truth in this; for he grumbled most unhappily because he had to *wait upon me* some twenty or thirty times, perhaps, for his money. Of Mr. Shears, I procured a cap and gown; and having contemplated my new costume in the glass, I sallied forth with some awkwardness, but with considerable pride, to search the rooms in the town. The College was already full. In the course of our perambulations, I saw a great many very neat and commodious apartments, which I fancied would suit me extremely well; but Ferret was of a different opinion, "*a vulture*," "*a bird of prey*;" and no person who has had the misfortune to retain one in his service will think this etymology at all forced.

ferent opinion. He had always some objection against them—the street was either too noisy or too dull—or the distance from College would be *uncommon inconvenient* for morning chapel—or the landlady was none o' the most 'commodating—or fifty other things, which it was purgatory to listen to, and with the repetition of which I shall not trouble the reader—As Dido said to the Trojans, “Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.”—Suffice it to observe, that although I really felt grateful to Ferret for the very extraordinary trouble he was taking to procure me a comfortable settlement, I became at last so fagged and annoyed with running up and down stairs, that I told my “fidus Achates,” that if he did not know of any rooms which he thought *would* suit, I should certainly brave all the noise, and the dulness of the streets—the unaccommodating dispositions of the landladies, together with the inconvenience of the distance, and secure the first rooms that came in my way.

“Why, as to knowing o' rooms, sir,” replied Ferret, “I can't say but I do know o' some unaccountable nice 'uns,—only you see, sir, we never thinks it right to interfere—we wishes gen'lmen to choose for themselves like.” With this, he quickened his pace, and after leading me through two or three dirty little streets, ushered me into a set of apartments which were of themselves inferior, perhaps, to the worst of those which I had already rejected. As to their situation—a baker's shop was on one side, and a tallow-chandler's on the other. However, I took them immediately, and contented myself with setting Ferret down as a barbarian of execrable taste. But I was entirely mistaken; for when I asked what was my landlady's name, Ferret, screwing up his mouth into something between a simper and a grin, replied, “*I'm landlord*, sir—this here's

my house—find it wery comfortable, I assure you—honourable Mr. Rattle lodged here last, sir—it was him as made all them holes in the chimley-piece, and as drew them there queer faces on the ceiling—an't they funny, sir?—but they're wery nice rooms for all that, sir, though I says so, as don't ought to say it perhaps—Wish you good day, sir.”
—Exit Ferret.

I was at once so ashamed and so angry, that I was utterly unable to reply. It was in vain that I endeavoured to convince myself that Ferret really believed these to be the *best* rooms I had seen. They were his own—and Ferret had *taken me in*, in every sense of the word. In spite of all my boasted prudence, and my previous knowledge concerning the college-servants, I had been made a dupe of before I had been in Cambridge two hours. The fact was too glaring to be denied—I threw my cap and gown upon the floor in disgust, and myself upon the sofa—tried to sleep—a sure remedy for ill-temper—but it would not do;—and trivial as the circumstance may appear, it haunted me perpetually; so that, resuming the academic garb, I determined to take a walk, and amaze myself with contemplating the Cambridge lions.

But here again a new mortification was in store for me. Alas! ye unhappy Fresh-men, how much are ye to be pitied! To say nothing of your first year's examination, with plucking* and the little-go* in perspective; the miseries you endure, and the mistakes you perpetrate during the first two or three days, are matters which a graduate even can scarcely look back upon without a shudder. I had scarcely proceeded a dozen paces, when I observed the

* To be pluckt, is to be found wanting in the examination scales—and the little-go, is a new classical examination lately instituted at Cambridge.

eyes of everybody upon me. The gownsmen looked, smiled, and passed on; the snobs* stood still, and grinned; and two lounging, careless fellow-commoners, who were coming towards me, fairly burst out into an open laugh, and exclaimed, in passing, "*My God, how fresh!*"—This inexplicable and unlooked-for behaviour actually stupified me. I knew not whether to return or proceed, when Ferret put his head over my shoulder, and told me that my gown was *wrong side outwards*. This communication decided my destination. I rushed home, and as I once more contemplated my figure in the glass, the feelings of the bashful man, when he had wiped his face with the ink-stained handkerchief, were calm, collected, and even enviable, if compared with mine. Has the reader ever become so unequivocally fuddled—so happily, and so completely tipsy, as to perpetrate all manner of follies, even to the putting on his coat hind part before, and mistaking the punch-bowl for his hat? If he have not, and if he have seen no one *pergræcari* to this extent, (I beg leave to say that *I* have, and so has O'Doherty, I'll be sworn,) he can at least fancy a votary of the jolly god in such a situation, and may thus form some idea of my woful and ridiculous appearance. My cap was put on hind part before, and looked precisely as though I had upon my head a punch-bowl, or some more offensive utensil. My gown was not only wrong side outwards, but I had also stuck my arms in the sleeves—very naturally, as the reader will suppose—and as I thought; but the fact is, that there is a hole at the middle of the sleeve, through which the arm should come, the remainder hanging loose from the elbow; and my new mode of wearing the gown had given it very nearly the appearance of a coat put on hind part before. The cause of the risibility of the

* For the benefit of the unsophisticated reader, a snob is, at Cambridge, *everybody who is not a gownsmen*.

gownsmen, and of the snobs, was no longer a secret, and I resolved not to appear in the streets again that day. One would have supposed that *enragé* as I was before, this circumstance would have driven me mad; but no—after a few minutes it had quite a contrary effect. They may talk what they will of weighing so long upon a passive spirit, that at length it breaks; and of overloading the heart with grief, till it can contain no more, and then it bursts; for my part, I believe in no such doctrine—once wet through, it may rain on as long as it pleases; deprive me of a bottle of wine and a clean shirt a-day, and fortune cannot render my misery one jot the greater, even if she reduce me to a sweeper of crossings, or a shoe-black. And this second mishap, instead of adding to my uneasiness, entirely removed it. It acted upon me in some such way as a violent debauch would upon a man labouring under a severe bilious attack, which makes him sick, and carries away, at “one fell swoop,” both the bile and the ill-effects of the debauch.

The paroxysm over, I laughed as heartily as the best of them, and ordered Ferret to show up the candidates for my patronage, or, as they more wisely ask, “for my *custom*.” There is a wide difference between the two. As our old pedagogue used to say, in descanting upon the peculiar force of some Greek verb, “There is an idea of continuance and continuity” conveyed in the word *custom*, which is not always observed. At least my worthy grocer did not appear to understand it, for I asked him to explain what he meant by *custom*, and he replied, “buying your groshery at my shop, sir.” In hiring a gyp, washerwoman, sempstress, &c., and in promising my custom to tradesmen, I observed one very curious circumstance. Among some fifty candidates, there were only *three* names—they were all Ferrets, Jones’s, or Thomsons; and it was not till I had resided at Cambridge some time, that I made the disco-

very, that among all the tradesmen and college-servants, which may be about five hundred in number, there are not, perhaps, more than *twenty* different names. This is easily to be accounted for. In the infancy of the university, these offices might very easily have been engrossed by *five* or *six* persons, and from that time they have become hereditary. From the names of these five or six persons, some *patronymics* have been formed, and the generations have gone on from age to age with all the regularity and uniformity of the epic poems of Greece or Rome. Like them, too, they have had, as one may say, their *episodes*. Their daughters have married—taken the names of their husbands, as most married women do—and these husbands have divided the *spoil* with their fathers or brothers-in-law—they have been admitted as accomplices, in the acts of fleecing gowns-men—or, as *they* would call it, “of *serving them*.”—Thus, then, by the original names, the *patronymics*, and the intermarriages, or episodes, the whole number, which, by a very liberal calculation, I have stated at twenty, may be very easily accounted for, and made up.

Having at length completed my establishment, which I selected according to the greater or lesser marks of roguery upon the countenances of the candidates, I took my dinner in my own rooms, and then began to unpack my books, and to make some show of literature in the Cambridge way. And now that I look back upon that day, I must confess that I continued perfectly consistent, and that it was always my practice to *shelf* my books. The first that I laid my hands upon, were abridgments of the works of Lavater, and of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. I lamented much that I had not consulted these in my preceding occupations, for I confess that I was then a very great Bumpiologist, and I still think that Nature does sometimes write a very legible hand upon the *phizmahogony* of some people.

As to the *bumps*, I know very little about them—though, at the same time, I would stake my existence, that I would pick out Hazlitt's and Leigh Hunt's skull from those of the whole universe.

But, to return to my confession: I made lots of good resolutions—I was never to go to wine parties—I was to read for Honours, I was to read six hours a-day—cut all gay acquaintances—never drink punch, and therefore to refuse all invitations to suppers—I was what?—I really cannot tell, for the gyp of my old friend Stamford made his appearance with a note from his master.—Stamford had found my card in his door, and was but just returned. The style of this letter was then quite new to me, and I preserved it as a *curiosity*. Silly young man! Did you ever receive one in a different style while you were at Cambridge? Never: you might as well have taken bad English to a Yankee—a pig-tail to a Chinese—folly and dishonesty to a Radical, or a mummy to an Egyptian, and then call them curiosities. I confess it. The epistle of my friend, however, ran thus:—

“DEAR MOBAY,

“See by your card you're come up—devilish glad of it—must sup with me to-night—no come off—must see you—excuse haste—just returned from Newmarket—tell you all about the *runs* when I see you—had a cold ride homewards, damned woolly—but Sir Oliver was up, so we struck the flax into the Tits, and they came along in grand style with

“Your's truly,

“HARRY STAMFORD.

“P.S. Feed at nine.”

What was to be done? Violate all my good resolutions as soon as they were made? Impossible! But then this

was a broken day—I was tired, and could read nothing that night; and, if I could, to refuse to sup with an old friend whom I had not seen for some months, where I was sure also to meet with many others from whom I had been separated for a much longer time, appeared to me too bad even for a *leading* man, which is saying a great deal. Thus did I cogitate, while the gyp stood scratching his head, and I at length replied that “Mr. Stamford might expect me at nine.”—“The practice of my resolutions may be deferred till the morrow,” said I, “and in the meantime I will endeavour to improve them in theory.”

This was a fatal step. First impressions are always lasting, as every body has observed before me, and as I now observe, because it answers my purpose—not that I believe it. It appears to me, like most common-place sayings, to be utterly false and unphilosophical. As it is with proverbs and classical quotations (of which old pedants of *seventy*, and their disciples of *seventeen*, are so fond), so is it with this—by them, you may prove anything; there is nothing so absurd or so vicious, and at the same time nothing so wise or so virtuous, but may be equally supported and maintained by a proverb or a classical quotation. I have heard a robustious, perriwig-pated lecturer, from his chair of state, thunder out—“To be sure, gentlemen, as Ovid says, ‘*Rara est concordantia fratrum* ;’” and as the vulgar proverb runs, ‘two of a trade can never agree,’” and I have seen the luckless wights scribble the Professor’s words with all the eagerness imaginable in their notebooks. So I have seen them also within half-an-hour take down such words as these, hot from the mouth of the same great authority—“Unquestionably, the author is right—Phædrus, you know, has said, ‘*Simile simili gaudet* ;’” and we have also a correspondent sentiment in our proverb, ‘Birds of a feather flock together.’” Most people will

differ from me in this sentiment, I dare say, but I shall not think it the worse on that account—I had it from my *experience*. The worst of those men who are sentenced to be hanged at the Old Bailey, are sure to have come of the most *honest* parents; and then you see there's John Cam, a Radical—his father never taught him this—he had no such example in his younger days. I know that Timothy Tickler will say that *soft* substances will receive any impression whatever, that the *runder* are the more lasting, and that *par consequence* my last instance is a bad one; but no matter, let it stand.

Well, then, for my own convenience, I will allow, that “*first impressions are always lasting* ;” though, upon a second writing, the sentiment seems rather contradictory in itself.

The fascination of that night's amusement triumphed over the dull and disgusting routine of Cambridge reading, and I became what they call *rather a gay man*, instead of a hard reader. I will not say that, had the latter been somewhat more tempting, I should have embraced it; no, I believe that I was naturally inclined to pleasure, and that the bad taste which is so conspicuous in Cambridge studies, merely contributed to increase that tendency, or, at all events, to remove the qualms of conscience which affected me when I first abandoned my design of reading. It might, however, have happened without this, and I shall not lay my follies upon a bad system, which has already too much to answer for. The pictures of Alma Mater, which are to be seen in the Cambridge Calendars, may, for aught I know be very good ones; and the milk which is there to be perceived flowing from her breasts, may be very good also; but he must be a sturdy logician indeed, who will convince me that it is at all comparable to the *milk-punch* which we get from the College butler.

However, as Stamford's supper hour is not yet arrived, I have time to show that I was not an utter profligate—a naturally ill-disposed renegade, but that I had really some just cause for disliking and abandoning the mode of life which I at first made choice of. Nor can I possibly take any surer means to effect this purpose, than by giving the reader a faithful sketch of the life and pursuits of a reading man at Cambridge.

He comes up to the University, for the most part, in a pepper-and-salt suit, with blue worsted stockings, high shoes, and a York-tan-glove complexion, with few brains, but with industry and a strong constitution. But what does he read?—The literature of his own country? He scarcely knows his own language. The poets and orators of Greece and Rome, culling their beauties in sentiment and style?—No. Does he peruse the histories of Greece and Rome, and perceive the destructive mania of the people for what they miscalled *Liberty*? Does he observe that the *liberty of the subject* was the sole cause of the ruin and destruction of these classical states, and that though they were *republics* when they *fell*, it was by the fostering hands of virtuous *kings* that they were led from barbarism and ignorance, and that it was by the same persons that religion, morality, and the most salutary laws, were established, both in Greece and Rome, but especially in the latter? Does it not occur to him, that though there was a Tarquin at Rome, there was a Codrus* at Athens; and

* Codrus, his history, his virtues, and his patriotism, are forgotten; but the vices of Tarquin are fresh in the recollection of all popular declaimers. They take occasion to show in their speeches and declamations (even at Cambridge), that monarchy was abolished at Rome on account of the vices of the latter; but they will not remember why the same form of government was discontinued at Athens. They forget that the only reason assigned is, that the Athenians thought no one worthy to fill the seat of him who had in so gallant a manner sacrificed his life to ensure his subjects a conquest over their enemies.

that the patriots of Athens and of Rome, if for one moment compared to the Codrus of the one, and the Numa Pompilius of the other, sink into insignificance and contempt? Does he, I say, “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” these volumes, speaking facts, and then thank God that he lives under a monarchical government? Certainly not.—He reads Greek and Latin that he may be able to translate it—to bring forward grammatical rules for every turn in the sentence, and to cite parallel passages. This is the only end he has in view. He derives not a single additional idea from the authors he may happen to peruse, nor does he wish to do so. To understand the force of the Greek particles μ and τ , &c. so well as to write down how many times, and in what passage of each classic author, they are to be found, is to him one of the splendid acquirements, because it would ensure a high place at the College or University examinations. As to classic history, his sole object is to *get up* pedigrees, and the dates of battles, births, marriages, accidents, and offences. That history is “philosophy teaching by examples,” is a fact entirely unknown to him; and he never once perceives how many valuable and useful lessons may be drawn, even by the dullest reader, from these far-famed pages; which, however beautiful they may be, have something yet more interesting and important to recommend them to our notice; for they record the causes of the ruin of the States of Athens and of Rome, and prove to any man with a grain of comprehension, that republicanism was then, as it has since been, and as it ever will continue, the ultimate destruction of every nation which adopts so dangerous a form of government; and that the people, the liberty-loving populace, when the mastery is theirs, have always been found more arbitrary, and more cruelly unjust, than the veriest despots of the East. But he knows nothing of all this: He is continually told, (and

he believes it,) that Greece and Rome were the hot-beds of all that was good, beautiful, and praiseworthy in learning, in morals, and in politics;—he is sure to remember that these were *republics*.

There is yet another class of reading men, who never look into a classical book—such are mathematicians, who refuse to believe anything that does not admit of a mathematical proof.* They labour, perhaps, more than the classical humdrums above-mentioned, and these two divisions of literary Frankenstein-monsters, having pursued the same dull routine for *three* years, become at last wranglers, or first-class-men; and are then turned loose into civilized society, the merest automatons, and the most barbarous savages, that ever wore breeches and stood upon two legs.

There are, no doubt, many honourable exceptions to the above characters; but they are like angels' visits, and the plums in school-boys' puddings,—“few and far between;” and that the generality of them are precisely as I have sketched them, will be denied by few persons who have, like myself, graduated at Cambridge. Now, to be beaten by such men, will not do even at college. The contest, to be sure, is one of *constitution*, and not of *talent*; for the man who can read mathematics for twelve hours a-day, must, though he be ever so great a blockhead, inevitably take a better degree than a man who has twenty times the talent, but whose constitution will not admit of his reading more than *three* hours a-day.

Upon this subject I have much more to say, but I shall

* It is related of a late mathematical professor, that being persuaded by a friend to read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he went home one evening, took off his coat, and read it through. His friend asked him if he did not think it very beautiful—“Beautiful!” exclaimed the Professor; “why, it's all assertion—the fellow does not *prove* anything from beginning to end.”

reserve it till I come to the confession of my peccadilloes in a Cambridge examination. For the present I shall confine myself to the conclusion of my day of *Initiation*—I might have said, of *Probation*.

The sound of St. Mary's bell aroused me from my meditations, and reminded me that the hour of nine was already past. I hastened to Stamford's rooms, and the appearance they exhibited was so singular, that I almost forgot to ask the owner how he was, and to return his salutations. Over the mantel-piece, was the ancient and ever-to-be-remembered picture of an incipient Bachelor of Arts, with the words—“*Post tot naufragia tutus* ;” at the foot of it. This was surmounted by a pair of foils, single-sticks, and a fowling-piece ; and, as we have no occasion for bells in College, two pair of boxing-gloves usurped the place of bell-pulls on either side the fire-place. The card-racks were filled with impositions and chapel retributions.* In the corners of the room were fishing-rods, sticks, and whips of all sorts and of all sizes, from the tandem to the dog-whip. The walls were covered with caricatures and sporting-plates ; the floor was strewn with broken cups and torn gowns ; a few neglected books occupied the spacious and dusty shelves, like the people who are left to take care of houses, “the leases of which are to be sold.” “Euclid,” and “Wood's Algebra,” seemed to constitute the whole of Stamford's reading,—“Boxiana,” and “Life in London,” of course excepted,—these were upon his sofa. Such a chaos, or dust-hole, if the reader will, are the rooms of a *gay* gownsman.

* Impositions are punishments for irregularities, and are sent upon a slip of paper, worded thus—“A—— or B—— to learn 100 lines of *Homer*, beginning at line 24th of 21st Book.” And if a man should not go to chapel the stated number of times in any one week, he receives a similar slip of paper, desiring him to make up the deficiency in the ensuing week, “By order of the Senior,” or “Junior Dean.”

I was not allowed to contemplate this novel sight without interruption. Stamford observed my astonishment, and clapping me on the shoulders, exclaimed, "What, symptoms of being fresh already, Peregrine? Pr'ythee, exchange your *green* coat for *duffield*, or everybody will perceive that you are but just *up*,* and *down* to nothing. You take no notice of your old friends, nor do you seem inclined to give me an opportunity of introducing you to any new ones."

This ceremony concluded, we sat down to supper, and at this distance of time I recollect nothing of it, except that it was extremely good, and very speedily dispatched. The circumstance which made the greatest impression upon me, was the appearance of our festive board upon the removal of the cloth. At one end of the table, two enormous bowls of milk-punch sent forth a delicious odour, which was rivalled by the fumes of two similar bowls of rum and brandy-punch that graced the other end; while a vessel of "magnitude immense," containing bishop, in which nutmegs, cloves, and roasted lemons, were revelling together, occupied the middle of the table; for the purpose, as it seemed, of preventing the above-mentioned beverages of the same *species*, but of different *genera*, from going to loggerheads. Biscuits, olives, pipes, and cigars, were also to be seen, not to mention whiskey, wine, and other liquors, in case any one preferred them to punch. I am happy to say, there was no such Goth present.

To describe the jovial and noisy revelry of that night, would be impossible. The reader may easily conceive that it was not altogether orthodox, and yet I must confess, that I thought it the happiest of my life; nay—I still look back

* Coming to the University, is called *coming up*, and leaving it, *going down*. The silly and contemptible slang of *being down*, is too well known to be explained here.

upon it with pleasure, and with my mouth watering. Everybody was agreeable—all (bating the songs) was harmony—all good fellowship, and amusement. Each man had his jokes, his songs, and his puns, and if the dæmon of Discord had joined the party *in propria persona*, I verily believe, that his influence would have been lost—his pestilential breath uncontaminating, and himself the only unpleasant person in the company.

The only rules and regulations which I thought at all likely to create disturbance (but which, by the by, there was no occasion to *enforce*—everybody understood and conformed to them), were those of making each person sing in his turn, “whether he could or not;” and of insisting upon every one putting his glass into his pocket before he replenished it. The latter institute, they informed me, was for the purpose of preventing any gentleman shirking, or filling upon heel-taps. This certainly appeared to me very like compelling a man either to get drunk or to spoil his coat; and the law is not altogether consistent (as some have asserted) with the term “*Liberty Hall*,” which is usually applied to a gownsman’s room. But I cannot by any means agree with these persons. The word *Liberty* is properly understood by very few indeed. Men have taken it into their heads that it means “doing just as you like,” and therefore, that it is the best and most desirable thing in the world. Now, I should like to empty my wash-hand-basin upon the heads of such persons, and tell them that *I liked it*, and that they ought not to grumble, because “*Liberty*” is “*doing as one likes*.” The fact is, that this definition is merely an individual, a selfish one, and inadmissible, because it will not apply to the community at large. Liberty is, properly speaking, the indulgence of one’s inclination, so far as it is unannoying and unprejudicial to one’s neighbour. There can be no objection to a

man's burning his own house, provided that it stands upon his own property, and at a proper distance from the goods and chattels of other persons; but I should think it extremely unpleasant, if the flames were to spread to mine, and if my sum total of earthly possessions were to be sacrificed to his Nero-like *penchant* for bonfires. Moreover, I should as soon think of passing the *taxes* when the collector called, as I should of passing my glass at a drinking-bout. It is unreasonable to refuse contributing your share towards defraying the expenses of the government of the country in which you have the privilege of residing; and it is (as I, a sturdy stickler, think) equally foolish to refuse to quaff your share of the liquor. If you do not like these things, go and live with Yankees, and never join a bacchanalian revel. I can tell you, gentle reader, that if I be king, or president (I don't mean an American, but a drinking censor), you shall pay your taxes, and drink your wine; or, I'll put you in prison in the one case, and give you salt and water in the other. I would do this out of respect to the interests of the community. Do you suppose that the rest of your countrymen are to pay your taxes, or that the remainder of your companions are to drink your liquor?—But I must return to the party, or I shall be fined a bumper; notwithstanding this digression has been solely for the edification of the reader, in his civil and political opinions.

I have very little more to confess respecting the events of that memorable evening. The reader will doubtless already have anticipated that I was in some degree indebted to the good offices of my friends for reaching my domicile in safety. The only excuse that I can offer for this offence is, that I was a brute;* and it is the invariable

* Brute—I do not mean because I was drunk, as the worthy Mr. Colman has said, “a drunkard fellow is a *brute's* next neighbour;” but be-

custom at College to make such persons *drink* themselves into the acquaintance of senior and junior sophs.

About three o'clock in the morning we separated. Stamford and his gyp let us carefully down into the street by means of two blankets, which, for aught I know, formed as good a staircase as ever carpenter made in this world. This was not absolutely necessary; we might have made our exit by the gate, in the usual way, but a tender solicitude for the character of our host induced us to risk spoiling our own *gait*, instead of using that of the College. The reputation of having parties to so late an hour is not altogether the way to keep on good terms with the "higher powers" (vulgò *Dons*); nor is it over advisable, because, if one should happen to get into any *serious* scrape, previous good character, and regularity, would have as much influence with the Vice-chancellor at Cambridge, as it would with a jury at the Old Bailey.

To conclude, however, for the present—we reached our respective rooms in safety, nor do I recollect that any particular mischief was committed by the way. One man, indeed, upon whom the punch had made more impression than the rest, took down the sign of the "Blue Boar," and hung it over the gate of St. John's;* and, as we passed down Jesus' Lane, another committed a depredation upon a board, with "men-traps set here" upon it, and fastened the same to the dwelling of two maiden ladies.

cause, in the eyes of college-men, I was so esteemed, whether drunk or sober. A gownsmen is called a *brute*, till he is matriculated;—from that time, till the end of his first year, he is a *Fresh-man*—then a junior soph—and, finally, a senior soph. Soph is said to be derived from σοφός a *wise man*, and so is lucus, à non *lucendo*, together with *parcæ* à non *parcendo*.—Vide Ainsworth, Lempriere, &c. ad verb.

* The men of St. John's College are thirty-six, called "*Johnian Hogs*." The cause of this appellation has never been satisfactorily explained.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANTAB.

No. II.

I AM extremely happy to hear* that my Confessions have already performed very essential services at Cambridge, and that they have worked miracles upon the *reading* part of the "Gentlemen of the first year," who made their appearance at that University in October last.

I understand that not one of them has dared to accept an invitation to a supper party—that they actually hold their noses and take to their heels if one of the gyps should happen to pass them with a bowl of punch—and that *Peregrine Mobray* is inscribed in large letters over each of their mantel-pieces. "For what purpose?" the reader will perhaps ask.—Why, I am credibly informed by divers Masters of Arts, Fellows, and Private Tutors, that if the eyes of their pupils, wandering from mathematic lumber, should chance to fall upon my name, their devotion for circles, squares, sines, tangents, and *id genus omne*, is instantly re-kindled and revived, and that they apply themselves to their labours with renewed vigour; in fact, that the very mention of me has become a complete bugbear and scare-crow to indolence and convivial parties among reading men of every year and of every college, and I should not indeed be at all surprised if the Dons

* I take this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of divers letters, directed to "Peregrine Mobray, Esq." Masters, Fellows, and Tutors, have written to me, begging me to continue these papers, as zealously, and in much the same style, as the Ordinary of Newgate exhorts criminals before the Debtors' Door to confess all they know. Sisters, maiden aunts, and blue-stocking matrons, write, with tears in their eyes, *hoping* and *trusting* that my conduct will be a warning to their dear Thomases, Johns, &c. (Freshmen, I suppose); while some of my old college companions have congratulated me upon "*putting the Brutes up to a thing or two.*"

were to offer me a Fellowship for the sake of calling me into residence, and exhibiting me as a warning to all incipient reading men. Poor Ferret has written me a most doleful epistle, beginning with "O krue! sur," in which he informs me that he is *ruined*, (or, as he writes, that his "bred is deprived of im, and his liveleud gorn,")—that no one will take the rooms which I occupied, and that my Confessions have made so great an impression upon the reading men, that one of them actually broke a poor Frenchman's head with the new edition of Maltby's Thesaurus (in quarto) for exhibiting the wooden Punch under his window. I have desired a man of my acquaintance to move into the rascal's rooms immediately; and I have forwarded him ten pounds, as I told him, by way of *douceur*, for "showing him up in print," as he calls it; and my worthy landlord has said, that if all *dowers* were like that, he would have a set-to every day of his life. My gyp, who was also a Ferret, (in word and deed,) has not forgotten to favour me with an epistle also, telling me that he "*don't want no blunt, but he hopes that I wont think of telling the story of Hebe and Ganymede.*" With his request, however, I certainly cannot think of complying. The story, which he is so anxious about, is far too good to be consigned to oblivion. It is simply this—I found him one day very tipsy, with his face dreadfully scratched, and his eyes in mourning (as it seemed) for the loss of two of his front teeth. Upon inquiry, it turned out that he had had the misfortune to learn to read—to obtain a translation of Anacreon—and to embrace the doctrines of the Teian bard. Nor did his troubles end here. He actually mistook the gin and water at the Vine Tavern for the "juice of the grape" in Anacreon—and was prompted, on the day in question, by his evil genius, to call the waiter Ganymede, and the bar-maid his fat little Hebe. Neither of these personages, however,

appear to have understood the compliment, for the waiter assaulted poor Ferret most furiously, swearing that "*he would not be called names by a damned gyp like him,*"—and the bar-maid, declaring, with tears in her eyes, that it was a vile calumny, joined the fray, *tooth and nail*, and told him that "*she would teach a scrub like him to call an honest girl his fat little He—b—h.*"

But to leave these correspondents, and attend to communications from a more respectable quarter, I must inform the reader, that, notwithstanding the favour with which my Confessions have been received by many of the Dons, there has been some fault found with me for not tracing my decline and fall gradually, instead of plunging at once *in medias res*. By these means—by thus detailing the symptoms of the disease—I might, I am told, have put all Freshmen on their guard against the inroads of the same. "It is a complaint that should be checked very early in its career," observes the author of the letter in which this suggestion is contained. Now, if that gentleman, whom I take to be one of the Professors of Medicine, (and who appears to regret that I have not compiled a kind of "*Buchan's Domestic Medicine,*" for the use of under graduates) mean to insinuate that I was one of that numerous class of Freshmen who read themselves purblind during the first term, and are then estranged from the orthodox path by some evil-disposed person or persons unknown,—he is altogether mistaken. My apostacy was not, in my opinion, owing to any dislike to fair and manly study, but to the style of Cambridge reading, (which I have faithfully described in my former paper,) and to a very violent attack of *μαθηματικο-φοβία*, which I never could get the better of. I tried the *object* of my dread as in hydrophobia; but, God bless you, gentle reader, it made me ten times worse. For the benefit of my last-mentioned correspondent, I will state

my case as *faithfully*, and, for the sake of my readers, *in as few words*, as possible. I came up to Cambridge with the intention of reading for Honours;—my first night's debauch certainly made me waver, but soda water and a red herring* would in all probability have restored me to my good resolutions on the following morning, had not the first mathematical lecture disgusted me, and had not I made the discovery that my classics would be of little or no use, if unaccompanied by a very extensive stock of mathematics, which I always detested.

So much, then, for my apostacy from the faith, which I had the misfortune to hear preached *ten* terms at Cambridge, viz. that "the chief end of man was to learn mathematics." As to the follies I committed, and the scrapes I got into, during my under-graduateship, the reader may attribute them to what he pleases. For my own part, I should think that an unlucky propensity for mischief, and a great deal of time upon my hands, are causes as likely to have produced such effects as any that can be assigned.

And now, having dispatched my correspondents, I will, with the reader's permission, resume the thread of my discourse, and continue my confessions from the last Number of Mr. Ebony's excellent Magazine — that periodical of periodicals.

When I awoke in the morning, I had but a confused and vague recollection of the events of the preceding evening. While hurrying on my clothes, I endeavoured to bring to mind how, and when, I got home; but my attempts were vain — my retrospective optics were completely *punched* out, and I contented myself with discovering that I had at least reached my rooms in safety. However, as I awoke in time for morning chapel (seven o'clock), I conceived

* The doctrine at Cambridge is, that soda-water and a red-herring will sober any one. I rather doubt it.

that I could not have been *very* tipsy,* although my parched lips and flushed cheeks seemed to insinuate the contrary. My cogitations and my dress completed, I went to chapel for the first time—found the men half-dressed—quite asleep—(some stretched at full length upon the benches)—and the *reader* galloping through the service à *toute bride*. I supposed that he had either wagered to *get over* the prayers in *ten* minutes—(such things have been)—or, that he was paid as some journeymen carpenters are, by the *piece*, and not by the *hour*. But the actual reason for his indecorous speed was, I apprehend, that he, in common with his auditors, was anxious to get to bed again—a very common practice among collegemen, and, moreover, a very pleasant one. No man can possibly understand and relish the luxury of bed, if he have never half dressed himself—ran out for a quarter of an hour, or ten minutes—felt all the shivering misery of getting up—and then indulged himself by going to his warm bed again. This for the *winter*. In *summer*, if the reader would taste a second sleep in perfection, let him jump out of bed (will-he nil-he), wash his hands and face, and then, returning to the place from whence he came, compose himself again to slumber. I am aware that many persons have not resolution enough to follow these prescriptions, and they are very much to be pitied—and the only substitute for the above luxuries which I can recommend them, is to order themselves to be called every half hour from *seven* o'clock till *ten*, to reflect upon the misery of getting up for one minute,

* For the benefit of the *unsophisticated* (meaning, of course, *Fresh-men*), the term *drunk* is too often misapplied. If a man, after being put to bed, retain sense enough to hold by the sheets, it is unfair and ungenerous to call him drunk. He may be *tipsy*, *bosky*, *cut*, or anything but *drunk*. If, however, he be so far bereaved of all sense as to roll out of bed as fast as you put him in, I am afraid that he must then lie under the stigma of being drunk.

and then turn round again and go to sleep. If the morning should happen to be frosty, let them, by all means, put their toes out of bed for a moment or two, just long enough to feel the cold, and then draw them in again.

But, to leave *men* and *sleeping in general*, and to confine myself to Cambridge in *particular*, the reader must be informed, that Cantabs are compelled to leave their warm beds at seven o'clock every dark winter's morning, to go to chapel, whereby they run the risk of breaking their shins against the scrapers as they run along the streets—to say nothing of catching cold from the Cambridge fogs, which are as heavy as mathematicians, and as damp as horse-ponds. These are the men for a second sleep.

During my stay in chapel, I was particularly struck by the altar-piece, which was perpetrated, I believe, by West—perhaps when he was drunk, or very bilious—and while I contemplated the gaudy daub, which is as tasteless in design as it is unskilful in execution, I was completely at a loss which to admire most—the extremely good opinion which the artist must have had of his own productions before he could expose such a painting to the public eye, or the good-natured simplicity of the persons who suffered Trinity Chapel to be the scene of the exposure. These worthy gentlemen, whoever they may happen to have been, were certainly men after Sterne's own heart, "who would be pleased, they knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

The painting is supposed to represent the Archangel Michael (or some other of those angelic commanders, who are indebted to Milton for their commissions) in the act of thrusting Satan into the bottomless pit. This task, which does not appear to be by any means an easy one, Michael is performing by goading the swarthy Cæsar-aut-nihil on the head with a spear. West could not surely have supposed that,

" Finding no hole in his coat,
He pick'd one in his head."

If such were really his opinion, our artist's acquaintance with ecclesiastical history must have been very confined indeed. The devil is described in the picture as a yellow, middle-aged, ill-looking kind of personage. His shoulders are adorned with small black wings, and his mouth with large white teeth, like a chimney-sweeper's, both of which make so formidable a display, that one feels inclined to advise Michael to look to his toes, which are situated much nearer his Satanic majesty's mouth than prudence would suggest. Talking, by the by, of the devil, it has often struck me as a very extraordinary circumstance, that poets and painters should have entertained such various and conflicting ideas of the *person* of that individual; and, in this place, one is particularly amused if one compares the representation of him on canvas, by West, with the description of him in poetry, by the celebrated scholar* whose effigy is situated at the other end of the chapel. Some idea of the *former's* portraiture has been given — the *latter* runs thus:—

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
The Devil's a-walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm on the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on.

And over the hill and over the dale
He rambled, and over the plain;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

" And pray now, how was the Devil dress'd?"—

" Oh, he was in his Sunday's best:
His coat it was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail went through."

The reader may laugh — but want of knowledge as to the person of the devil is no subject for merriment;—the

* Professor Porson.

matter ought to be looked into, and some accurate information upon this point should be obtained. It would be impossible for any good Christian to recognise him now, even if he were to cross his path. The Whigs, when they have done with Missionary Smith, will perhaps turn their attention to this negligence on the part of Ministers. After the share they took in that business, it will be quite impossible for them to *lower* themselves in the opinion of the country; and as Parliament is about to be dissolved, it will make a very excellent finale for them—(and if they do not *invent* something, God knows what they can find to prate about!) Not to mention that it will furnish one of the best examples extant of *Babç* in Whig speechery.

The reader has perhaps been supposing all this time, that it has escaped my memory that Horace had told the Pisos,—

“pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.”

But it has not; I recollect it very well, only I deny the truth of his observation, and cannot help thinking that this luckless line and a half has brought more hot-pressed duodecimo volumes of poetry upon the public, than all the gold-beaters and chandler-shop-keepers in the united kingdom will get rid of by Doomsday.

I have rather bolted from the course, I believe, in the last sentence or two; but as I had to confess that I was rather *amused* than *edified* at chapel, it was perhaps worth while to give a reason for the wickedness that was in me. I will now proceed.

The service concluded, I hastened home for the purpose of breakfasting and preparing for lectures. The reader will judge with what surprise I contemplated my domicile, which I found so completely metamorphosed, that I scarcely knew it again. Divers holes were bored in my mantel-

piece, and a red-hot poker was lying in the middle of my carpet; my books, which I had arranged with so much care and trouble on the preceding day, were in utter disorder; my sofa was torn; the frame of my looking-glass studded with cards, bearing the names of men I never heard of; and——But to describe all the changes that had taken place during my short absence would be impossible, and I shall merely furnish one more subject in the picture—My gyp was busily employed in scratching my beautifully varnished tea-caddy with a penknife!

Of course I should not long have continued a silent spectator of the scene, even if Ferret had not broken silence with, “Hope you an’t the worse for last night’s work, Sir?”—persevering, at the same time, with the greatest industry in demolishing my tea-caddy, and turning the edge of my penknife.—“As to last night’s work,” I replied, “I recollect very little about it; but whatever harm I may happen to have sustained from *that*, this *morning’s* work seems likely to turn out much more injurious. Why don’t you put down the knife?—what the devil do you mean by destroying the things in that manner? Put down the knife, I say, and tell me instantly who has been amusing himself with tearing my sofa, decorating my rooms with the cards of men I never spoke to in my life, and”——“Who, Sir?” interrupted Ferret,—“come, that’s a good un—Who, Sir?—Why, who should it be but myself?—all my own, Sir, upon my”——“Your own, you scoundrel, you!—and how dare you?”

“Dare!—come, that’s a good un—dare!—Oh, oh! I see how it is—you don’t recollect what you told me last night, sir, eh?—Cut to the *nth**—pretty goings on for a Freshman, sir; Lord, how cut you must have been!”

* Cut to the *nth*, means *infinitely* cut.

"Cut!" I exclaimed, looking in the glass, "cut—where?"

Ferret grinned.

More than ever enraged with the incomprehensible dog, I seized him by the collar, declaring, that if he did not instantly explain the meaning of what I saw, I would break every bone in his skin.

"Well, sir," replied Ferret, "be patient, and I'll tell you all about it. You see, sir, when you came home last night, I let you in, and lighted you up to your room. Well, sir, I see directly that you were tipsy like—or, as we say, *cut*; and says I to you, Do you want anything to-night, sir? With that you seizes me by the collar, as you did just now, and says—Ferret, says you, if you don't make my rooms like a senior Soph's, I'll break your head for you; and if I find anything fresh about them when I get up in the morning, I'll cut your throat for you. Well, you see, sir, I did as you said. As to the sofa being torn a little, why, Lord bless you, sir! it may as well be done now as not—you'll be sure to get a hole or two in it at the first wine party you give;—and then you see, sir, it looks knowing like to have plenty of cards stuck in your glass, 'cause it's like a gay man; and, as I didn't know the names of your friends, I took the liberty o' putting them up there till I found 'em out."—By this time I had been enabled to give a pretty shrewd guess at my condition on the preceding night, and replied, "Well, well, Ferret, I cannot contradict you—perhaps I did tell you so; but why deface the tea-caddy?"

"Lord, sir, this an't a *face*—I an't been a-drawing no faces on it—Look here, sir, I've writ *DOCES*."

"*Doces*? and what is the meaning of *doces*?" "My eyes, sir! don't you know the meaning of *doces*?—why *doces* is the Latin for *Thou Tea-chest**—I've heard a great

* The late Lord Erskine is said to have been the author of this pun execrable.

many gentlemen say so, and seen 'em write it on their tea-caddies too—though some on 'em certainly prefers *hæc canis*—can't say I understand the meaning of that—Do you, sir?" "Make me some *bitch** directly," was my reply—Ferret disappeared.

Breakfast is unquestionably a very pleasant thing to the principals, but as I am not yet convinced that its interest extends to the looker-on, I shall take the liberty of requesting the reader to accompany me at once to the lecture-room,—supposing that I have already crammed myself with eggs, toast, coffee, and the first five propositions in Euclid. And here I must be allowed to remark once for all, that if I should seem to pass from one place to another somewhat too rapidly, it is because the intervening events are either unimportant or uninteresting.

"*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur*," which, for the benefit of mathematicians, I translate, "events are either related to the reader, or he is to *suppose* them to have taken place."

I reached the door of the lecture-room about five minutes before the appointed time.—This work of supererogation in the duties of punctuality, most men are guilty of for the first week,—but they soon get the better of it. There I found some fifty or sixty "gentlemen of the first year," looking so fresh, so neat, and so dreadfully nervous, or so superlatively impudent, that I never recollect to have witnessed a more amusing spectacle than was presented to me in contemplating the different expressions of countenance and of manner with which my fellow-sufferers entered upon the first lecture.—*C'est le premier pas qui coute*, in the university career, as well as in walking six leagues after having undergone the unpleasant operation of decapi-

* The word *tea* is never used at Cambridge. It is always called *bitch*.

tation. The clock struck nine—no one stirred—each man appeared to have an insuperable objection to be the *first* to enter the lecture-room. For my own part I wished the matter over, and putting my hand upon the latch, a dozen officious gentlemen indicated their inclination to do the same thing. We entered, and I had leisure to take a more complete survey of my companions. In the countenances of a few was depicted all that agitation which bespoke the diffidence of their character, and a dread of making a worse appearance than the rest; others exhibited an easy carelessness, which resulted from the confidence of their being what is called *well up with their subjects*;—while another class of men displayed in every act, in every feature, that unblushing boldness which was inspired by the consciousness that they *knew* nothing about the subjects, and, what is more, that they *did not wish to know anything about them*.

The latter class of individuals come up to the *Varsity*, (as they would term it,) with the professed intention of being *varmint** men, and if they be not expelled before the period of their under-graduateship is expired, they will in all probability leave the finest feathers in their caps a prey to those ruthless gentlemen called moderators;—or, in other words, they will stand a very good chance of being plucked. These persons amuse themselves in the lecture-room by telling good stories—writing droll verses—drawing caricatures—and, in fact, by exerting their utmost skill for the purpose of distracting the attention of some hard reader who has the misfortune to be seated near them. But the *ne plus ultra* of their ambition is to make some poor wretch

* “*Varmint men.*” The reader is particularly requested not to confound *varmint* with *gay* men. The former are *slang* men. Badger-baiting and cock-fighting form their most favourite pleasures. The latter indulge in the sports of the field, in convivial parties, balls, &c., and are, generally speaking, *gentlemen*.

burst into a fit of laughter while he is in the midst of demonstrating a proposition in mathematics, or construing some very affecting passage in a Greek tragedy. The latter they affect by an extemporaneous parody, or a doggrel version of the lines which the unfortunate object of their pleasantry may happen to be translating. The former, too, is managed in much the same way. It is done by burlesquing the problems which are given out by the tutor for solution. I recollect finding myself seated by one of those facetious gentlemen whose opposite neighbour, a lank-haired, sallow-looking Freshman, of a very studious and sedate cast, begged that he would be kind enough to favour him with the last question proposed by the Tutor; assuring him at the same time how sorry he was to trouble him. The individual to whom this inquiry was addressed, replied, with a degree of gravity unparalleled even in the annals of stoicism, that he was not exactly *sure*, but that he believed it to be an equation involving one unknown quantity, and that to the best of his recollection it ran thus:—

“Given, the dimensions of a ship, the weight of her cargo, and the surname of the first mate, to find the christian name of the owners.” This was copied with the greatest rapidity, and many thanks by the inquirer, who, for the first two or three minutes, was unable to detect the joke. When he did discover it, the look of mingled shame and anger which he darted at his informant beggars all description. I was greatly amused by it—almost as much as by the blunder which another ill-starred Freshman committed on the same day. In demonstrating, *viva voce*, a proposition of Euclid, he had the ill luck to meet with the expression, “*produce the straight line K to L:*”—the ill luck, I say, because this gentleman happened to come from London, and by a dreadful *lapsus linguæ* peculiar to the metropolis, he gave us an idea that he had taken a much

deeper view of the subject than the father of Geometry himself—For, in a voice which was heard throughout the room, he expressed his intention of “*producing the straight line K to Hell.*”

Mistakes like these are very grand occurrences indeed. If it were not for the blunders perpetrated in a mathematical lecture, I verily believe that there would be more suicides committed every day at Cambridge, between the hours of *nine* and *eleven*, than all the coroners in the kingdom would decide upon in twelve months. I have myself been more than once tempted to become *felo de se*, by laying a violent penknife upon my throat; and I really think that, after being crossed in love and reading, I should also have been crossed (or, cross-roaded, if the reader pleases) in my funeral, had it not been for the respect I entertained for my tutor, who was really a very worthy man. I reflected that there would have been a deodand of five pounds upon his Euclid, (the innocent cause of my death, and which may be got for five shillings anywhere,) and I refrained.

But now, reader, it is time that I should give you some idea of the lecture at which I took fright. To repeat the whole of it would be of very little service to any one, and I shall content myself with giving a few of the more remarkable passages in that lecture of lectures, with which our tutor, Dr. Cosine, annually* favours the Freshmen on his side; at least, such *was* his custom; what his occupation may happen to be at the present writing, I really cannot say; for the worthy Doctor has now departed *that* life, changed his black gown for a white one, and his lecture-room for the chapel. Alas, poor Cosine! “Othello’s occupation’s gone.”

* This lecture was annually repeated by the late Dr. Cosine, for nearly twenty years.

The Doctor was accustomed to give two or three preparatory *hems!* and then to begin somewhat after this fashion:—

“ Gentlemen,—As this is a mathematical university—as the road to the good graces of our Alma Mater lies through mathematics only—classics, at the same time, be it observed, not being *altogether useless* acquirements in this seminary of sound learning and religious education, since they will be found profitable for the newly instituted classical tripos; yet, without mathematics, classical learning will be of no avail whatsoever, as no one is qualified to sit for classical honours unless he shall have previously gained a place in the mathematical tripos;* which shows, Gentlemen, that I have rightly stated the subject, in asserting that the road to the good graces of our Alma Mater lies through mathematics, and through mathematics only. Well, gentlemen, this being the case, it has for many years been a custom with me to prove, that the authorities of this university have, in their wisdom, rightly considered *mathematics* as the *maximum*, and *classics* as the *minimum*, of human erudition; and this object I have for many years been accustomed to attain, by discussing the comparative merits of logic and mathematics, as far as they tend to the acquirement of the art of right reasoning.

“ Nothing, gentlemen, has tended so much to propagate and to perpetuate error, as the art of logic.—She, gentlemen, was the mother, so to speak, that at once *begot and brought forth* the monster called error; then, gentlemen, she made this monster her child, which is not only itself a ‘*monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*,’ but which makes *cui lumen ademptum* of us all;—

* There are now two kinds of *Honours* at Cambridge—classical and mathematical; but to obtain the former it is necessary first to have gained the latter.

then, I say, to speak in the figurative language of the classics, she made this monstrous child of hers drink of those immortal fountains, (I forget what they were called, but I recollect they are mentioned somewhere in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,) so much celebrated by the ancient bards, thereby making her inhale immortality;—which circumstances, gentlemen, will easily account for the semper-existence of error in the doctrines of every set of men, mathematicians alone excepted;—so that, to borrow a beautiful metaphor from the glorious science upon which I lecture,—a metaphor, gentlemen, which I am surprised that none of our great poets have hit upon,—to borrow, I say, a beautiful and correct metaphor from the science of mathematics, I would call this *error* a *surd*.—For, gentlemen, as the root of that quantity which is denominated a *surd*, can never be extracted, so it is impossible to eradicate error from the minds of those unenlightened individuals who have given themselves up to the study of logic.—Gentlemen, a facetious poet of our own country has *drawn two lines*,—I beg pardon, has *written* two lines, which, if they be not precisely true, are, at least, pretty nearly so. I mean *the poet Hudibras*, who says,—

‘ For all the rhetorician’s rules
Teach nothing but to name their tools.’

(Here the worthy Doctor was accustomed to laugh, and I eagerly seized this opportunity of giving vent to my risibility. I would have given the world to have been allowed the same indulgence when he came to his *ab surd* metaphor.)

“ And, gentlemen,” (the Doctor was accustomed to continue,) “ that I may not seem to advance anything without good and sufficient proof, I pledge myself to prove *anything*, no matter how absurd, by the syllogisms of logicians. For instance, gentlemen,

'A bullock has a liver,
But I also have a liver.
Therefore, I am a bullock.'

Can anything be more ridiculous? Gentlemen, I have no patience with a science or an art that can be thus prostituted to the indiscriminate defence, right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.—With much less equanimity can I look upon those men whose judgments are so shamefully perverted, that they feel no shame in asserting that, for its *ingenuity* at least, if for nothing else, the art is not to be despised.—Ingenuity indeed!—Why, if logic be ingenious, much more, then, are mathematics ingenious. Show me the logician who, with all his boasted ingenuity, can prove that '*one equals two*.'—Now the mathematician can prove it. *I can prove it, gentlemen; I will prove it.*

"Let $a=x$, then $ax=x^2$; now, take a^2 from each side of the equation; then $ax-a^2=x^2-a^2$, that is, $a(x-a)=(x+a)(x-a)$; divide both sides by $x-a$, then $a=x+a$, that is, $a=2a$, (for $a=x$); and, therefore, $1=2$.—*Q. E. D.*

"This, gentlemen, is no *jeu d'esprit*—no punning, quibbling proof, but a true, incontrovertible algebraical proof. Admire, gentlemen, admire the glorious and omnipotent science of Algebra, which can prove so much—which can demonstrate, by the use of a few letters, that which the uninitiated in its mysteries would pronounce to be impossible. But I have not done yet. By the same science, I can prove that '*NOTHING divided by nothing equal two*.'

No one can dispute that $\frac{a^2-x^2}{a-x}=a+x$. This is quite clear.

Now, assuming, as we did before, that $a=x$, and supposing the value of a to be 1, then it will follow that $\frac{0}{0}=2a$, and

therefore that $\frac{0}{0}=2$."

This was *too* much, and I really felt myself called upon to make some reply to the "*ingenuity*" and "*excellence*" of a science, which was thought to be so much superior to logic, because the latter could be "prostituted to the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong." I interrupted the worthy Tutor, by remarking, that, as he had before proved *one* to equal *two*, *nothing* divided by *nothing* must, of course, equal *one*. He hesitated for a few minutes, and then replied, "Sir, I like an inquiring spirit, but I must not be interrupted in my lecture. For the present, however, let me observe, that you will have greater cause for wonder yet:—we have a quantity, sir, in algebra, *less than nothing*."

I closed my book in consternation and despair.

And now, worthy reader, I wish to leave off for the present, and yet I do not exactly know how to accomplish the same without appearing somewhat abrupt. I almost wish that I had been confessing rapes, murders, treasons, and so forth, that I might here "sink back exhausted at the bare recollection of my crimes," after the laudable example of the heroes of many tales of horror now extant. Then I could perhaps persuade Mr. Ebony to suffer his compositor to close with divers little asterisks, as is the custom with the Minerva press authors. But unfortunately I have no *deeds of blood* to atone for; and I shall therefore conclude with endeavouring to put my readers in good humour at parting, by relating a favourite illustration of the doctrine of ratios, which our Tutor, who sometimes *did* the facetious, was in the habit of favouring us with. Talking of ratios, he was accustomed to say, "Gentlemen, in finding the ratio between any proposed quantities, it is absolutely necessary that these quantities should be in some measure related to, should have some affinity with, each other. For instance, gentlemen, it would be ridiculous for any one to

ask me how far it was from the foot of Westminster Bridge to the first of April."

Au revoir, gentle reader, I really must conclude for the present.

THE TRIPOS DAY.

Men may talk of horrors as they like. Virgil has painted strongly the horrors of a great city taken by storm; and De Segur has described, as he beheld them, (and what colouring could add to their intensity?) the horrors of the most disastrous retreat in the annals of mankind. But of all the horrors I have experienced in a tolerable eventful life, the most terrific were those of that eventful morning in the January when I took my degree at Cambridge. When I beheld the awful Tripos-Papers affixed to the pillars of the Senate-house. I have known something of the horrors of a storm, as well as those of a harassed march; but what are these to the horrors of that eventful moment, which, in the eyes of the first seat of learning in the known world, (as my worthy ancient tutor used to call it,) is to stamp you a man of talent, or a blockhead for ever. The soldier can but lose his life, for it is impossible for any man who is fit to be called a soldier to lose his honour. His life is the stake which he daily plays for; and as he is hourly seeing others lose that stake, his mind accustoms itself to the idea that his turn may come next. When his turn comes, he dies honoured and lamented, at least by his relatives, if he has any, and his name having been creditably mentioned in the *Gazette*, soon sinks into respectable oblivion. But far otherwise is it with the unhappy Cantab who has the misfortune, on the morning of the awful Friday, to see his name near the bottom, or even in the last half of the long list of Granta's honours. The blighted hopes and the baffled exertions of years—the early promise of better things

—and the dawning fame of the University Calendar, rise in terrible array before his saddened memory. Woe be unto you, O Junior Optimes! who shall comfort you? Bright visions of military glory may dance before the glazing eye of the expiring soldier, but no visions of future fame come to console the last moments of the university life of the hapless wight who is dubbed “Optime,” where he once hoped to be able to write “Wrangler” after his name. He is damned to everlasting fame in that imperishable record, in which he once fondly hoped to see his name transmitted with honour to latest posterity. It is, indeed, an awful morning. The doors of the Senate-house, as every Cantab knows, and as those who are not Cantabs may know if they chose, are not thrown open till the moment when St. Mary’s clock begins to strike the hour of eight, but long before that the street before the Senate-house is covered with a capped and “toga’d” crowd of eager aspirants after fame, and of, if possible, fully more eager strugglers for life. For, with perhaps the greater number, the question is not one of honour but of life. Among these candidates for the goodly degree of Bachelor of Arts, there generally reigns a profound silence. All eyes are fixed with painful earnestness upon the valves of that portal which is to be to them, on this occasion, the gate of life or death. It may be, perhaps, that some of the more hardy or reckless may attempt a smile or a laugh; but it is such a smile as I have seen a poor devil put on when he felt the horrors of sea-sickness enveloping his soul. Far more usual is it to see haggard faces, and sunken and blood-shot eyes—for the preceding night is often one of strange but acute suffering. I have known men attempt in vain to drown in inebriety the thought of to-morrow; it returned upon their stupified minds with renewed and overpowering force, and wrung from the eyes which had not wept for years, bitter and

piteous, yet ludicrous, tears in their maudlin sorrow. I remember a friend of mine, who was not much given to the melting mood, when sober, saying to me, "I never passed such a night of misery as the last; I got drunk to get over it the better, but by G—d, I cried like a child." When the clock strikes, and the doors are thrown open, then comes the tug of strife. A tremendous rush is made to the door, which carries every thing along with it, Moderators, Proctors, and bull-dogs. Within, what a scene of uproar and confusion.*

"Continuo auditæ voces vagitus et ingens,
 Τῶν πολλῶν que animæ fientes in limine primo."

In the year in which I took my degree, being fatigued with the labours of the week, I did not awaken on the Friday morning till a few minutes before eight. I made all possible haste to the scene of action; and, although quite cool when I left my rooms, I began to feel no small perturbation as I approached the Senate-house. There were several stragglers about the door; and on the very threshold I encountered one of the Moderators. A man was putting a question to him at the moment. I thought I might as well ask him about my place also, particularly as I observed that the pillars, on which were suspended the fateful tablets,

* We can bear testimony to the truth of the above description of *our favourite Mag*: and remember a Sidney man, well known to all men of his own standing by the *nom de guerre* of "Brassy —," who stood *funking* on the eventful morn, lest he should not be thought worthy to be numbered with the "Chosen Twelve"—"The Apostles"—as the last dozen of the οἱ πολλοὶ are dubbed, on ascertaining that he had "saved his bacon," rushing from the Senate-house, exclaiming, "Huzza, d— me, but I'll go and have a shave now;" and in truth he wanted it, for he had not had one during the whole week, and a stranger would have supposed he had been sporting *fur à la Russe*, to protect him from the intense cold, for it was during a Siberian January—but it was a *funk-ation*, and an operation in the then state of his *nerves*, would have been more terrible in its consequences, than the effects of the whole dozen had on Hodges. *Vide Peter Pindar.*

were at present utterly inaccessible. "Can you tell me where I am, Sir?" said I. "Your name, Sir, if you please?" "———" "I can't tell your place exactly, Sir, but I'm afraid you are rather low," said the Moderator, and I walked forward. There I beheld a scene of confusion and misery, a region of rewards and punishments, compared to which the hell of the ancient poets is a trifle. On the present occasion, there seemed to be a general dissatisfaction in regard to the rewards;* indeed, the greater number seemed to consider the rewards as punishments. There generally is a considerable number of disappointed men; but on this occasion, far, far the greater part belonged to that class. Here and there, indeed, you might perceive a smiling and joyous countenance. But, in general, those about me presented such a rueful character and unusual length of visage, that even in the midst of my own individual misery, I could not restrain my laughter. I have often wondered since at the coolness with which I received the tidings that I had fallen so far below the place affixed to me by my friends and instructors. I know not whether it arose from actual indifference, which is hardly possible, or from a perversity of disposition, which has often inclined me to laugh when others were not merry. "My prospects in life are ruined," said one. "Who would have thought it?" said another. "It's a dam'd bore," cried a third. But what was the misery of the generality when compared to the voiceless woe—the unspeakable anguish of that devoted band—that forlorn hope, in the University language, yclept, The Spoon-bracket."

* We cannot miss the opportunity, now afforded us, of bearing testimony to the justice which, at Cambridge, marks the distribution both of College prizes and University honours; indeed, the long list of distinguished names which the degrees furnish, of men who have risen to the highest stations, both civil and ecclesiastic, with only industry and merit to recommend them, speaks volumes for Cambridge.

“—— Quis talia pando
Temperet a lacrymis?”

I had myself the distinguished honour to belong to this gallant and far-famed band. Nay, more, I was the most distinguished man in it.

“I twined with oak my laurel leaves.”

I carried off the single diadem of the “Wooden Spoon.” Single as yet, though there have been rumours of late of their making a second, third, &c. spoon. And truly, the honour is so great a one that it is almost too much for one man to bear. It was, indeed, as Cromwell said of the victory at Worcester, a crowning mercy. And here let no Wrangler or lofty Optime turn up his nose at the mention of that respectable and devoted body of men, the “Spoon-bracket”—a body of men who nobly throw themselves into the breach between their comrades and danger, for here, as in a retreat, the rear is a post of honour. Moreover, report whispers, that of late years, there have been men in the Spoon-bracket, aye, and even below it, who are likely to make both a greater and more respectable noise in the world than any scholastic Wrangler who ever wrangled or wrote. For my own part, wooden-spoon as I was, *non collegisse pœnitet*, although, after a lapse of years, I rejoice that fortune drove me from the University, instead of tempting me to trifle away my life there, on the goodly emoluments of a fellowship of thirty, or even of sixty pounds a year. I have led on a forlorn hope of a different kind since I obtained my wooden badge of honour, and have entwined it with a laurel that will endure as long, perhaps, as my name shall be recorded, as the last of the Optimes. But to return to my narrative.—When I returned to the solitude of my own rooms—when the bustle and the sense of the ludicrous, which had directed my

mind, vanished—when the pride that had supported me in the hour of trial, in some measure, deserted me, I was compelled to own that my situation was truly horrible; and *that* was indeed an hour of deep humiliation and bitter disappointment. To have to send the news to your friends—to be pestered with condolences, and dunned for explanations—worst of all, to be looked down upon by those you despise from your very soul—these are ills which at least some of those who have gone before, as well as those who have succeeded me in the distinguished career, must have deeply felt. It is a trite remark, that evils never come singly.

“ Hic aliud majus miseris multaque tremendum
“ Objicitur ——— ”

in the shape of a dun's knock at the door, which was immediately succeeded by the apparition of the dun himself. These worthy gentlemen keep a sharp eye on the University rolls of fame, and, like the good Samaritan, they bestow their kind attentions upon those whom the rest of the world desert in their afflictions. From my own experience, I assure the future heroes of the spoon, that however they may be deserted by their other friends in the time of need, they are sure of being visited by the duns. And now let me not be thought to write either in sorrow or in anger, but in entire good-humour. Whatever feelings of vexation I may have had at the time, have long since been dissipated into empty air. I always looked upon University honours with the most profound indifference; not, Heaven knows, that my fortune was independent of them, but because I had always other aims in my reading than to cram either mathematics or classics into the striplings of other generations. I set to work and read mathematics with some vigour for the last year I was at Cambridge. I read on and *understood*, and remembered each succeeding part

as long as it was necessary for what succeeded. But to "*keep up*" constantly every paltry artifice which mathematicians frequently make use of to obtain the desired conclusion, was a task which my soul abhorred. After the preliminary steps, I went over in this way, with delight and admiration, the first book, or volume as it is called in Cambridge, of the sublime Principia of Newton; and this was almost the only subject I knew pretty well at the degree examination. I also read with pleasure a good deal of French mathematics; but by the time the examination came on, they had almost entirely escaped my memory. My idea was, that the mind was more benefited by a long train of reasoning passing through, without having it always before it, and retaining only the grand results to which it led, than by being contented with keeping before it a more circumscribed course of reasoning, and less important results. The excellent scholar and sound mathematician who was my private tutor in the long vacation before I took my degree, not being fully aware of my habit of reading, was so far deceived by the satisfactory manner in which I read with him, as to say that I should be a good wrangler. As I was, as far as regarded University honours or emolument, a martyr to my opinion, I may perhaps be excused the egotism of introducing it here. But, though in my reading I thus far followed my own devices, I am far from thinking that I derived no benefit from my University career. On the contrary, I consider myself as having derived from it benefits which I have felt hitherto, and shall feel to the last day of my existence — habits of study and attention, and a liberal and independent style of thought. I shall always look back to the years of my residence there as among the happiest of my life, and with a mixture of regret and pleasure to the college friends among whom these years were spent, and many, many of

whom I shall behold no more. With all thy faults, sweet Granta, I love thee still. And, indeed, with all her many imperfections and abuses, she approaches, perhaps, as near to perfection as it is possible for any human institution of the kind to do, and nearer than any has yet done. She is worthy of the men who founded her, and almost worthy of the great and free people in the midst of whom she now flourishes—the great, and noble, and liberal, and enlightened sanctuary of the wise and free.

UTOPIA.

A Satire, in imitation of a Mathematical Examination Paper; said to be written by a Gentleman of Sidney Sussex College, A. D. 1816.

1.—Find the *actual value* of 0, and from thence explain the general expression of a man sending a *circular letter* to his creditors.

2.—Construct a *craniometer* on the principle of the *hydrometer*, pointing out the uses to which such an instrument will be applicable.

3.—An orifice is cut reaching from the surface to the centre of the Earth; in what time will a *cub* of given magnitude descend with the velocity in a chase of a given number of miles?

4.—Find the periodic time of the *honey-moon*, and determine, in general, when the *horns* are first apparent.

5.—The successive ascents of wind in the stomach are in *musical progression*: required a proof.

6.—Where must an eye be placed to see distinctly the books missing from the University Library, the fountain of the Nile, and the author of these problems?

7.—Given that a man can stand twenty-four hours on

two legs; show that the same man can stand twelve hours on one.

8.—Investigate an expression for the law of the *centrifugal force of modern extempore discourses*.

9.—To determine the least possible quantity of *material* out of which the modern dress of a fashionable female can be constructed.

10.—Prove all the roots of *radical reform* to be either *irrational* or *impossible*.

11.—Given the three sides of a steel triangle immersed in *sulphuric acid*: required a solution of the triangle.

12.—Compare the eccentricities of Lord Stanhope, the comet of 1811, and Sir Frederick Flood?

13.—Reconcile Hoyle and Euclid, the latter of whom defines a point to be without magnitude, the former to equal five.

14.—Sum your rental to N terms by the method of increments, your debts *ad infinitum* by the differential method.

15.—Find practically the nature and length of a *lunar caustic*.

16.—Seven funipendulous bodies are suspended from different points in a common system at the *Old Bailey*: to find the centre of oscillation.

17.—Required to express the *function* of a sinecure.

18.—To compare the dimensions of the base of the Hottentot Venus, and that of the broad-bottomed administration.

19.—The curve is an old woman bent double very nearly; determine the point of *contrary* flexure, and find, if possible, the *latus rectum*.

20.—Find the whole area of the *wooden spoon*, and compare that of the *Holy Land* with the area of that part of it generally called *Clapham Common*.

21.—Investigate the magnifying power of the eye of the Baron Munchausen, and show that any straight line placed before it will form a *conic section*, no other than the *common hyperbola*.

22.—Construct a theorem, by the assistance of which the periodic time of *status pupillaris* may be extended to any number of *terms*.

23.—In the general equation (Algebra, Part Second), show that the probable reason why Wood invariably uses *p* and *q*, in preference to the other letters of the *alphabet*, may be deduced from the general expression, *mind your P's and Q's*.

24.—Given a *Berkshire pig*, a *Johnian pig*, and a pig of *lead*; to find their respective *densities*.

PORSON'S VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

Soon after the late Professor Porson returned from a visit to the Continent, at a party where he happened to be present, a gentleman solicited a sketch of his journey. Porson immediately gave the following extemporaneous one:—

“ I went to Frankfort and got drunk
 With that most learned professor, Brunck;
 I went to Worts and got more drunken
 With that more learned professor, Ruhnken.”

THE COLLEGE BELL!

At a party of *Grandeess*, where “a reason *fair* to fill the glass again” was wanting, one of the *Big-wigs* proposed, that each gentleman should toast his favourite *Belle*: and when it came to the turn of Dr. Barrett (who happened to be one of the *Quorum*) to be called on for the name of the fair object of his admiration, he very facetiously gave—
 “The College Bell!” *Vivat Collegium Sancti Petri!*

× "I'M ASLEEP."

A Cantab being out of ready cash, went in haste to a fellow-student to borrow, who happened to be in bed at the time. Shaking him, the Cantab demanded, — "*Are you asleep?*" "*Why?*" says the student. "*Because,*" replied the other, "*I want to borrow half-a-crown.*" "*Then,*" answered the student, "*I'm asleep.*"

JOHN BO-PEEP.

Tom Randolph, who was then a student in Cambridge, having stayed in London so long that he might truly be said to have had a *parley with his empty purse*, was resolved to see Ben Jonson with his associates, who, as he heard, at a set time, kept a club together at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar. Accordingly, he went thither at the specified time; but, being unknown to them, and wanting money, which, to a spirit like Tom's, was the most daunting thing in the world, he peeped into the room where they were, and was espied by Ben Jonson, who seeing him in a scholar's thread-bare habit, cried out, "*John Bo-peep come in!*" which accordingly he did. They immediately began to rhyme upon the meanness of his clothes, asking him if he could not make a verse, and, withal, to call for his quart of sack. There being but four of them, he immediately replied—

I John Bo-peep,
To you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece;
If that you are willing,
To give me five shilling,—
'Tis fifteen pence a-piece.

"By J——," exclaimed Ben Jonson (his usual oath), "I believe this is my son Randolph; which being made known

to them, he was kindly entertained in their company, and Ben Jonson ever after called him his son.

“YOU’LL GET THERE BEFORE I CAN TELL YOU.”

Mr. Neville, formerly a fellow of Jesus College, was greatly respected for his peaceable and inoffensive manners, but distinguished by many innocent singularities, uncommon shyness, and stammering of speech. Dr. Caryl has observed, “that when he used *bad* words he could talk fluently.” A sudden address from a stranger would disconcert him beyond measure. In one of his solitary rambles, a countryman met him, and inquired the road. “Tu—u—rn,” says Neville, “to—to—to—” and so on for a minute or two; at last he burst out, “*Damn it, man! you’ll get there before I can tell you!*”

CAMBRIDGE ETIQUETTE.

Cambridge Etiquette, the observance of which is carried to a ridiculous height by some men, has been very happily caricatured by the following anecdote, the offspring of some wit-inspired wag. *On dit*, a gownsman, one day wending along the banks of the Cam, and observing a luckless son of his Alma Mater in the agonies of *drowning*, he very pathetically exclaimed, “What a pity it is I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman, that I might save him;” and walked on, leaving the poor devil to his fate. “*O mores!*”

“I’M BLIND TOO!”

Not a Sidney, but a side-walker (*id est*, a certain Cantab who *shys* along his uncouth way, eyeing his *dexter shoulder*), met, as it perchanced, the blind muffin-man who daily perambulates the streets of Cambridge, and came suddenly in contact with him at the turning of a corner.

The concussion of two *such* bodies, acting upon them like a severe shock of electricity, *floored* poor *dexter*, and brought our muffin-man down upon his bot—m. “Can’t you see I’m blind?” roared the latter. “How should I,” replied *dexter*, not a little disconcerted by the accident, “when I’m blind too?” “*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

SIR ISAAC.

Sir *Isaac* Pennington and Sir *Busick* Harwood were as famous at a *pun* as at a *dose*. The former one day called on his friend, Sir *Busick*, to inquire after his health, and, on shaking him by the *dexter* paw, said, “Sir, *be you sick?*” Sir *Busick* replied, instantler, “*Sir I sick!* I never was better in my life.”

A SHINING CHARACTER.

During a ball at Huntingdon, a fellow who was by occupation gyp and shoe-black, alias black-guard, at Trinity, equipped himself from his master’s wardrobe, and sent up his card, “Mr. Hutt, Trin. Coll., Cambridge,” and, being admitted, was presented to a partner in due form, a young lady of some attractions. Unfortunately for Mr. Hutt, his superior *polish* caught the eyes of two legitimate Trinitarians, who happened to be present, and were so impertinent as to hint, unless he started, they would “take the shine out of him.”

WEAKNESS OF PARENTS.

Many parents send their boys to College at the age of nineteen or twenty, with the same outfit, as to pocket-money, wardrobe, &c., as would be passing well, were College a boarding-school: but if they will trouble themselves to inquire, they will find that, on arriving at the University, John is no longer *Jackey*, but a *Gentleman*—no more mas-

ter, but *mister*. A good lady from the North, sending her darling to Trinity, a few years since, not only took especial care to load him with school-cakes, &c., to be divided amongst his fellow-collegians, but actually addressed an epistle to the lady of the late Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Milner, desiring her "*to see the sheets were well aired*." Another lady, not long since, actually escorted her "boy" to St. John's College, and, waiting on the tutor, desired to know "if he would be *senior wrangler*?" "I don't know," replied the good man, pulling up his inexpressibles; "*that remains to be seen*." Poor fellow! he never could, nor ever will, arrive at the rank of B.A., though he boasts of having studied mathematics two years at Paris!

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Mr. A—, of Trinity, who was a dab at facetiæ, caught a Tartar one day, at a *viva voce* examination, in the person of Mr. Lynam, now preacher at the Magdalene. "Can you tell me," said the examiner to Mr. L., "who was king in Israel when Jonah was in the whale's belly?" "The Prince of Wales," answered L., which disconcerted the former, and gave the latter an equal fame for repartee.

DESCEND—ASS!

Once on a time, a *Ten-year-man*, of Trinity Hall, who, having just returned from the wars, and finished slaughtering the French, betook himself to the hacking of Latin and Greek, and, "egad," as Johnny Abernethy says, "pretty work he made of it."

This *ci-devant* son of Mars, like others of his standing in the world and in the University, had now to contend in single combat with that renowned champion, the veteran Esquire Bedell, John Beverley—in other words, he was required to keep an *act* in the Divinity Schools. Like others

of his vocation, he had acquired all the tact, spirit, and perhaps somewhat more, of the gay-men of the University with whom he had been a *bon-vivant*. He had, moreover, the discretion to enter at a gay-college, viz. Trin. Hall—the most *lawless* of the seventeen forming this ancient and renowned University. The gay-men, his associates, had, however, been just long enough at Eton, Westminster, or Harrow, &c., to discover beforehand, that the gallant soldier's defeat was a dead certainty. They clearly perceived that, in a war of words, and especially of Latin words, however colossal his person, however portentously terrific the red glare of his eye-balls might be, John Beverley was a match for a whole regiment of such heroes, so sure it is that “knowledge will prevail,” as an old cockney-bred lady I used to know, said. Much fear being anticipated, an uncommon number thronged the schools, and the farce, or rather pantomime, equalled their expectations. Let the reader imagine himself seated with a few scores of *varmint-men*, most of them in the schools for the first time, with the two combatants on either side, stationed in the opposite rostrums by way of vantage-ground, and, like a presiding deity, the then Right Rev. Bishop of Bristol, on a still more elevated rostrum, on the same side as the respondent. The sly old fox, John Beverley, who knew his way through all theological subtleties as well as he did into his ancient unmentionables, you behold on the left, eyeing his antagonist with the look of one no-wise intimidated. On the right hand, you have before you the most striking contrast between war and peace. The gigantic dimensions (he was about six feet four inches high, and about twenty stone weight,) the swarthy, sun-burnt visage, resembling that of the sun himself in a fog, or my grandmother's warming-pan, and the fiery contentious eye, all proclaim the man of war; whilst the diminutive form of the Professor, Dr. Kaye,

with his mild, beneficent, expressive features, as distinctly marked the man of peace and intelligence. But now John Beverley commences the attack, by dealing about his "flabbergasted" antagonist his knock-down arguments. On the delivery of each and every one of them, the man of war, finding himself without weapons, and as empty of Latin as of argumentation, works about his head-piece to and fro in all directions, but, for the life of him, can shake nothing out of it. Now a thought strikes him, and, rising with the majesty of a Goliath, he prepares to *do for* John Beverley at one blow. But alas! he cannot find Latin. After stammering for five minutes, then resting his heavy head upon his brawny *fisty-cuffers*, he turns round to the man of peace, who, giving him one word of the lingo, the defence again begins, and would go on—but then the man of war halts at the next word. In this manner was conducted through several rounds, the whole battle, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. At length the scene became droll, and the mirth so indecorous, that the Professor was constrained to pronounce aloud—" *Descend-as.*" The respondent, by the aid of his little English, being "up to" this scrap of Latin, immediately took the hint, and dismounted. Although the term always implies the disgrace of a complete failure, yet the wags, his gay friends, now surrounded him, and congratulated him upon his unheard-of victory over John Beverley, and finally bore him off to a dinner and "to the bottle," to celebrate the same.—We rather suspect our friend *Rectus* is in an *error*, and has placed Beverley on the wrong stool.

THE MAUDLIN LOVER.

On dit, that a Cantab, who was enamoured with the substantial attractions of the Cambridge ladies, had the following trick put upon him by a party who were up to his for-

tune-hunting propensities. It was agreed amongst them, that a gent. who boasted a *lily-white hand*, and who might, as Lady Ann says of a noble Lord in "Almack's," be fairly called "*fairly fair*," (being caught by a quiz with his hand hanging out of bed with a kid glove upon it,) should personate a lady, *id est*, a female snobbess, and write a despatch love-letter to this *maudlin swain*—which was done instanter, and forwarded by the gyp through the College-post, describing her future expectations and present possessions, and appointing an interview at the back of the College at nine next evening. It was resolved, *nem. dis.*, to have lots of fun at the expense of the maudlin lover, who, being a philosopher, and therefore up to symbolicals, shall be called Lubin. The bait took, the hour arrived, and Lubin was seen prostrate at the feet of his dulcinea, giving loose to his amorous transports. And although his *he-she* had been rehearsing the part, so extravagantly ludicrous were Lubin's raptures, that *Sir-Madam* confessed she was obliged abruptly to dismiss the fallen captive, to prevent an actual discovery of the trick put upon him. Another meeting followed, and Lubin persuaded the "dear creature" to consent to "lope" off with him at four A.M. a week after. The bride, accompanied by the bride's-maid (a *real* female of a certain class, who had been prevailed on to assume the character,) were to meet Lubin a mile on the road to Huntingdon, from whence they were to be transported to the Fountain, where a friend of Lubin's, curate of the place, was to tie-them-together. Away went Lubin and his party, and away went many a tilbury and tandem, filled with choice spirits desirous of witnessing the catastrophe. Lubin was anxiously waiting the arrival of "Father Paul," fearful lest he should be detected by the friends of *Monsieur-Mademoiselle*, who might be in pursuit, when a whole posse of Cantabs (some of whom were

his particular friends) entered the room, convulsed with laughter at the result of a wager (they pretended) that the man with a "*lily-white hand*" could be passed for a lady. Lubin believed them—nevertheless he swore a few round oaths, looked shy at *Madame*, talked big about honour, and finished by thinking with Falstaff, that "discretion is the better part of valour," forgave them, and sat down to a "devilish fine dinner," which concluded the entertainment: after which, the bride, bridegroom, and bride's-maid, trundled back to old Granta, as merry and vehemently vociferous, and as lastingly felicitous, as if under the enlivening influence of a full-faced honey-moon!

DR. JOHN HEY,

When he kept a public *act* in the schools at the University of Cambridge, towards the conclusion of the disputation, availed himself of the arguments of Dr. Beattie and others of the *Scotch school*. Dr. Watson, who was then Regius Professor of Divinity, and abundantly well read in ancient theology, burst forth with the following *apophthegma*, "*Quid hi Scotti sentient, nescio; sed quæ sentire debent, benè scio!*"

LOAVES AND FISHES.*

Soon after Mr. Pitt became *Premier*, he happened to be in Cambridge at the Commencement, when the late Dr. Paley, author of *Moral Philosophy*, &c. was appointed to preach the sermon before the heads and the members of the different colleges, in the University church. Mr. Pitt, who was then a young man, was one of the congregation. Many of the members of the University, from the official

* Paley is said, by one of his biographers, to have denied the truth of this anecdote, but at the same time acknowledged, he should have been very likely to have done so.

situation he had obtained, and his connection with them, being their representative in Parliament, anticipated church-preferment through his interest. On this occasion Dr. Paley, remarkable for his independent spirit, chose the following pointed text:—

“There is a lad here, which hath *five barley loaves* and *two small fishes*: but what are they among so many!”—
JOHN vi. 9.

A SINE.

A student, at an examination in Trinity College, being required to define a *Sine*, gave the following laconic answer:—“An evil and adulterous generation seek for a *Sine*, but they shall not find one, except that of the prophet Jonah.”

ST. JOHN'S HEAD ON A CHARGER.

A fellow of St. John's College, walking with a friend, who was a stranger in Cambridge, by chance met the master of his college, Dr. Wood, on horseback; and on his friend asking who the gentleman on horseback was, he facetiously replied, “*It is St. John's head on a charger.*”

BISHOP BLAIZE.

An honest publican, who was his neighbour, in order to testify his respect for the late Bishop Watson, took down his long-established sign of Bishop Blaize, and substituted for it the head of Dr. Watson. A wicked wag of the University, who was afterwards Bishop of Bristol, wrote the following epigram on the occasion:—

“Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
No proverb e'er was juster;
They've ta'en down Bishop Blaize, do you see,
And put up Bishop Bluster.”

THE CAUSEWAY.

Dr. Harvey, of Trinity Hall, made a causeway for about three miles from Cambridge towards Newmarket, and one morning, as he was overlooking the workmen, a certain nobleman, who suspected the doctor's inclinations to popery, said to him, "I suppose, doctor, you imagine this the highway to heaven."—"No, no, Sir," replied the doctor, "for in that case I should not have met you in this place."

ELEGANT RETORT.

It is no uncommon occurrence in the University of Cambridge, for the under-graduates to express their approbation or disapprobation of the Vice-chancellor, on the resignation of his office. Upon an occasion of this kind, it seemed a certain gentleman had enacted some regulations which had given great offence to those gentlemen *in statu pupillari*; and, when the senate had assembled in order that he might resign his office to another, a great *hissing* was raised in disapprobation of his conduct; upon which, bowing courteously, he made the following elegant retort:—

"*Laudatur ab his.*"*

THE TEETH POWER.

A fellow of St. John's College, remarkable for his predilection for algebra, being one day seated at table near a gentleman of the same college who was a professed *punster*, was in the act of putting some *apple-pie* into his mouth; on which his friend facetiously observed—"That he was raising *apple-pie* to the teeth (*th*) power."

* The Oxford version of a similar tradition is,—

"*Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.*"

Referring in the latter phrase to the *claps*.

✂ METAPHYSICS.

On a time, a certain personage, enjoying his afternoon's pipe with the late Professor Porson, turned triumphantly to the Greek professor, and said "Porson, with all your learning, I do not think you well versed in metaphysics."—"I presume you mean *your* metaphysics," was the reply.

At another time, when something which the same gentleman had written and published much interested the public attention, and occasioned many squibs, paragraphs, and controversial letters in the newspapers, Porson wrote the following epigram:—

"Perturbed spirits spare your ink,
And heat your stupid brains no longer;
Then to oblivion soon will sink
Your persecuted ——monger."

ANIMALS THREE MILES LONG.

Dr. Sydal, Bishop of Gloucester, used to say, that a person of his college, Corpus Christi, Cambridge, not famous for his *acumen*, once asserted that there were animals several miles long: this was said in a large company, and when the persons present began to stare, and to express their doubts of the fact, he said he could demonstrate the thing to any of them who would come to his chamber. In a day or two some went, upon which he took out his compasses, and going to a *map* which hung up in his room, he first measured the figure of an animal engraved thereon by way of ornament, and then clapping them to the scale of miles, saying, "Look you there, gentlemen, this animal is at least three miles long, and there are others of greater dimensions."

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

A party of Cantabs one day, walking along a street in Cambridge, espied an ass tied to a door, and being in want of an object wherewith to kill a little time, they resolved to play *bumpkin* a trick, who, having disposed of his wares, was enjoying his pipe and his pint within doors. The Cantabs were not long at a loss what to be at, one of them proposing that the *panniers* should be put upon his back, and the bridle on his head, whilst the rest led the *ass* astray. In this condition stood the scholar, when bumpkin, who had by this time finished his pipe and pint, came to the door; all amazement at what he saw, he stood gaping for a minute or two, when the Cantab thus addressed him:—"You must know, Sir, that I quarrelled with my father about seven years since, and, for my disobedience, I was changed into the degrading shape of an *ass*, to endure every hardship for that space of time; which being now expired, you are bound to set me at liberty." Bumpkin, believing the tale, took off the panniers and bridle, and set the scholar at large. A few days after, Bumpkin went to a neighbouring *country fair* to purchase another *ass*, in lieu of the one he had lost; and, after viewing different beasts, to his no small surprise, his old identical ass was offered to him; which, on seeing its master, brayed most piteously in token of recognition; but Hodge, nothing moved thereat, passed on to another, exclaiming—"So you have quarrelled with your father again, have you? But dang me if I'll have you again!"

"I DIDN'T GET IT."

A certain doctor, head of a college, stood candidate for a professorship which happened to be vacant at the same time

his lady was delivered of a fine boy. A friend called on the doctor about the time the professorship was decided, and for which he was one of the unsuccessful candidates, to congratulate him on the birth of his son; and accordingly, in the usual phrase, "wished him joy." The doctor being rather deaf, and mistaking his meaning, replied rather smartly, "*I didn't get it;—I didn't get it.*"

ST. PETER A BACHELOR.

In the list of benefactors to Peter-House is Lady Mary Ramsay, who is reported to have offered a very large property, nearly equal to a new foundation to this college, on condition that the name should be changed to *Peter and Mary's*; but she was thwarted in her intention by Dr. Soame, then master. "Peter," said the crabbed humourist, "has been too long a *bachelor* to think of a female companion in his old days."

THE NIGHTCAP.

The Rev. George Harvest, fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, with a good heart possessed many oddities. One night, seated amidst all the pageantry of politeness with Lady O—and the family, in the front box of a London theatre, poor Harvest on pulling out his handkerchief, brought with it an old *greasy nightcap*, which fell into the pit. "Who owns this?" cries a gentleman below, elevating the trophy at the same time on the point of his cane; "Who owns this?" The unaffected Harvest, little considering the delicate sensations of his friends, and overjoyed at the recovery of this valuable chattel, eagerly darts out his hand, seizes the cap, and in the action cries out, "It is mine!" The party were utterly disconcerted at the circumstance, and blushed for their companion, who rather expected their congratulations at the recovery of his property.

A CUNNING SHAVER.

It is sufficiently notorious that Porson was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person ; indeed he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion he went to visit a friend, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was anxiously expecting a barber. On Porson's entering the library where he was sitting, the gentleman started up, and hastily exclaimed, "Are you the barber?"—*No, Sir,*" answered Porson ; "*but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service.*"

X ARCHBISHOP HERRING IN PICKLE.

Herring, afterwards archbishop, slipt down a bank, and fell into the mud in a ditch near St. John's College. A wag, passing by at the time, exclaimed, "There, Herring, you are in a fine pickle now !" A Johnian, to which college the immemorial privilege of punning had been conceded in the Spectator's time, and who had consequently a disposition to be pleased with *puns*, went home laughing most immoderately all the way at the joke. Some of his fellow-collegians inquiring the cause of his merriment : "I never heard," said he, "a better thing in my life. Herring, of Jesus, fell into the ditch in the piece, and an acquaintance said, as he lay sprawling, 'There, Herring! you are in a fine *condition* now!'" "Well," said his companions, "where is the wit of it, pray?" "Nay," he said, "I am sure it was a good thing when I heard it."

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

It has been a custom in the University, from time immemorial, to *cap* the Vice-Chancellor. A student meeting Dr. —, Master of Clare Hall, when he held that

office, and omitting to pay him the accustomed compliment, the doctor, conceiving it to be an insult to his dignity, stopped the student, exclaiming, at the same time, "Do you know who I am, Sir?" The student, taking his glass, coolly eyed the doctor from head to foot, answering, "Upon my word, Sir, I have not that pleasure." "Sir," said the doctor, "I am the Vice-Chancellor." "Indeed!" said the student: at the same instant, *capping* the doctor, he walked on.

EPIGRAM BY A PLUCKED MAN.

Every Cantab, it is presumed, knows where Shelford Fen is, and that it is famous for rearing geese. A luckless wight, who had the misfortune to be *plucked* at his examination for the degree of B. A., when the Rev. T. Shelford was his examiner, made the following extemporaneous

EPIGRAM:

"I have heard they *pluck'd* geese upon *Shelford* Fen,
But never till now knew that *Shelford* pluck'd men."

THE MERE SIGNS OF THE BEAST.

We remember making one of a party of Cantabs, who from curiosity formed a part of a congregation at a Methodist *crib* in Green Street, Cambridge, when the following attack was made *at us* by an illiterate cub, yclept a preacher, "St. Paul never was at the *Varsity*," (meaning the University) roared out the fanatic, suiting the action to the word with a grin and a thump; "as for the B. A.'s, and the M. A.'s, and the D. D.'s, they are the mere signs of the Beast!"—A row followed this uncourteous and unprovoked sarcasm of course, and the consequence was, we were forbidden by the Dons to enter again there, and one man will easily call to mind his being confined to college walls a term, on account thereof.

CURIOSA.

The following Curiosa were copied from a MS. of Porson's: whether they are his own, is not ascertained.

Qu . . . a . . . d . . . t . . . d p . .
 . os . . . nguīs . irus . risti . ulcedine . avit
 H . . . sa . . . m . . Ch . . . m l . .

Mors mortis mortī mortem nisi morte dedisset,
 Æternæ vitæ janua clausa foret.

"I CAN GET THROUGH."

In the cloisters of Trinity College, beneath the library, are grated windows, through which many of the students have occasionally, after the gates were locked, taken the liberty of passing, without an *exeat*, in rather a novel style. It so happened that, as a certain Cantab was in the act of drawing himself through the bars, and being more than an ordinary mortal's bulk, he stuck fast. Whilst he was in this dilemma, one of the fellows of the college was passing by, who, stepping up to the student, asked him, in rather an ironical tone, "if he should assist him?" "Thank you," was the reply, "I can get through!" At the same instant he drew himself on the outside.

PARLIAMENTARY CASE.

Bishop Andrews, who was master and a great benefactor of Pembroke Hall, was one day at court with Waller the poet and others. While King James was at dinner, attended by Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, and Neale, Bishop of Durham, his Majesty said to the prelates:—"My Lords, cannot I take my subjects' *money* when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?" Bishop Neale quickly replied,—“God forbid, Sir, but you should: you are the

breath of our nostrils." On which the king said to the Bishop of Winchester,—“Well, my Lord, and what say you?”—Sir,” replied Andrews, “I have no skill to judge of Parliamentary cases.”—“Come, come,” answered his Majesty, “no put offs, my Lord; answer me presently.”—“Then, Sir,” said Andrews, “I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale’s money, for he offers it.”

SALUTING A DOG WITH HIS OWN LATIN.

During the time that Mr. F. was Moderator, a dog one day happened, not being initiated in the etiquette necessary to be observed, to stray into the schools at Cambridge, when a student was keeping an act. It fell to the turn of Mr. F. to preside that day, and the moment the poor dog made his entré, Mr. F. thundered out the following apophthegma—“*Verte canem ex!*”

AS GREAT A ROGUE AS HIMSELF.

Jemmy Gordon, a well-known character in Cambridge, once went to the late Bishop of Bristol, of facetious memory, who was then Master of Trinity College, to request that he would give him *half-a-crown*. “So I will,” replied the bishop, “if you can find me as great a rogue as yourself.” Jemmy Gordon, nothing doubting but he should be able to accommodate the bishop, and obtain the desired half-crown, went immediately to Mr. B—, who was at that time one of the Esquire Bedells of the university, and told him the bishop wanted to speak with him. Mr. B—, not suspecting Jemmy’s trick, went directly to the bishop, followed, unperceived, by Jemmy Gordon; and on entering his presence, he desired “to know his lordship’s pleasure?” The bishop, to his surprise, said he had not sent for him! But Jemmy Gordon, who was nigh at hand, informed his lordship, “that he told him he would give him half-a-crown if

he could find as great a rogue as himself, and having produced Mr. B—, he claimed the promised reward." The bishop was so well pleased with the joke, that he gave Jemmy the half-crown.

PALEY.

Soon after he had completed his fifteenth year, went to Cambridge, accompanied by his father, to be admitted a sizar of Christ College; to which society his father had belonged before him. He performed this journey on horseback, and used often thus humorously to describe the disasters which befel him on the road:—I was never a good horseman, and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. I was lighter than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious:—My father on hearing a *thump*, would turn his head half aside, and say,—‘Take care of thy money, lad.’”

MODERN LEARNING,

Exemplified in the form of a College Examination.

A JEU D'ESPRIT,

Said to be written by the late PROFESSOR PORSON; and intended as a *Satire* on the mode of Examination at Oxford.

METAPHYSICS.

Professor.—What is a salt-box?

Student.—It is a box made to contain salt.

Professor.—How is it divided?

Student.—It is a salt-box and a box of salt.

Professor.—Very well; show the distinction?

Student.—A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

Professor.—Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

Student.—Yes, by a partition.

Professor.—What is the use of this division?

Student.—To separate the *coarse* from the *fine*.

Professor.—How ! Think a little.

Student.—To separate the *fine* from the *coarse*.

Professor.—To be sure : to separate the *fine* from the *coarse*. But are not salt-boxes otherwise distinguished?

Student.—Yes, into possible, probable, and positive.

Professor.—Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

Student.—A possible salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold, in the joiner's hands.

Professor.—Why so?

Student.—Because it hath not yet become a salt-box, having never had any salt in it, and it may probably be applied to some other use.

Professor.—Very true ; for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps may never have, any salt in it, can only be termed a possible salt-box. What is a probable salt-box ?

Student.—It is a salt-box in the hands of one going to buy salt, and who has sixpence in his pocket to pay the shopkeeper ; and a positive salt-box is one which hath actually and *bonâ fide* got salt in it.

Professor.—Very good ; and what other divisions of the salt-box do you recollect ?

Student.—They are divided into *substantive* and *pendent*. A substantive salt-box is that which stands by itself on a table or dresser ; and the pendent is that which hangs against the wall.

Professor.—What is the *idea* of a salt-box ?

Student.—It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box, when no salt-box is present.

Professor.—What is the *abstract* idea of a salt-box ?

Student.—It is the idea of a salt-box *abstracted* from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

Professor.—Very right: by this you may acquire a proper knowledge of a salt-box: but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a *salt idea*?

Student.—Not unless the idea hath the idea of salt contained in it.

Professor.—True: and therefore an *abstract* idea cannot be either *salt or fresh, round or square, long or short*: and this shows the difference of a salt idea, and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

Student.—It is essential: but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an accidental property of that box.

Professor.—Very well, very well indeed. What is the salt called with respect to the box?

Student.—It is called its contents.

Professor.—Why so?

Student.—Because the cook is content, *quod hoc*, to find plenty of salt in the box.

Professor.—You are very right. Now let us proceed to—

LOGIC.

Professor.—How many *modes* are there in a salt-box?

Student.—Three: bottom, top, and sides.

Professor.—How many modes are there in salt-boxes?

Student.—Four: the *formal*, the *substantive*, the *accidental*, and the *topsy-turvy*.

Professor.—Define these several modes.

Student.—The formal respects the figure or shape of the box, such as a *circle*, a *square*, an *oblong*, &c.; the substantive respects the work of the joiner; and the accidental

respects the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

Professor.—Very well: what are the consequences of the accidental mode?

Student.—If the *string* should break, the box would fall, and the salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a passion; and this is the accidental mode and its consequences.

Professor.—How do you distinguish between the bottom and the top of a salt-box?

Student.—The top of a salt-box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom is that which is lowest in all positions.

Professor.—You should rather say the uppermost part is the top, and the lowest part the bottom. How is it, then, if the *bottom* should be *uppermost*?

Student.—The top would then be lowermost, so that the bottom would become the top, and the top the bottom; and this is called the *topsy-turvy* mode, and is nearly allied to the accidental, and frequently arises from it.

Professor.—Very good: but are not salt-boxes sometimes single, and sometimes double?

Student.—Yes.

Professor.—Well, then, mention the several combinations of salt-boxes, with respect to the having *salt or not*.

Second Professor.—Hold! hold! you are going too far.

Governors of the Institution.—We can't allow further time for logic; proceed, if you please, to—

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Professor.—What is a salt-box?

Student.—It is a combination of matter, fitted, framed, and joined, by the hands of a workman, in the form of a box, and adapted for the purpose of receiving and containing salt.

Professor.—Very good. What are the *mechanical powers* engaged in the construction of a salt-box?

Student.—The *axe*, the *saw*, the *plane*, and the *hammer*.

Professor.—How are these powers applied to the purpose intended?

Student.—The *axe* to fell the trees, the *saw* to split the timber, the—

Professor.—Consider! It is the property of the mallet and wedge to split.

Student.—The *saw* to slit the timber, and the *plane* to smooth and thin the boards.

Professor.—How! Take time, take time.

Student.—To thin and smooth the boards.

Professor.—To be sure: the boards are first thinned and then smoothed. Go on.

Student.—The plane to thin and smooth, and the hammer to drive the nails.

Professor.—Or rather tacks. Have not some *philosophers* considered *glue* as one of the mechanical powers?

Student.—Yes; and it is still so considered: but it is called an inverse mechanical power; because, whereas it is the property of direct mechanical powers to generate motion, *glue*, on the contrary, prevents motion, by keeping the parts to which it is applied fixed to each other.

Professor.—Very true. What is the mechanical law of the *saw*?

Student.—The power is to resist as the number of *teeth* and *force* impressed, multiplied by the number of strokes in a given time.

Professor.—Is the *saw* only used in slitting timber into boards?

Student.—Yes; it is also used in cutting boards into lengths.

Professor.—Not lengths. A thing cannot be said to be cut into lengths.

Student.—Shortnesses.

Professor.—Very right. What are the mechanical laws of the *hammer*?

Governor.—We have just received intelligence that dinner is nearly ready; and as the medical class is yet to be examined, let the medical gentlemen come forward.

PRINCE'S METAL.

When the Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, came over to this country, five of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower declared for his highness; but the other two would not come into the measures. Upon which *Dryden* said, "that the seven golden candlesticks were sent to be assayed in the Tower, and five of them proved *prince's metal*."

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
 Trinity College Cambridge—there resided
 One Harry Dashington; a youth excelling
 In all the learning commonly provided
 For those who choose that classic station
 For finishing their education.
 That is—he understood computing
 The odds at any race or match;
 Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;
 Could kick up rows, knock down the watch,
 Play truant and the rake at random,
 Drink, tie cravats, and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
 So far from working reformation,

Seemed but to make his lapses greater ;
 Till he was warned that next offence
 Would have this certain consequence,—
 Expulsion from his *Alma Mater*.

One need not be a necromancer,
 To guess that, with so wild a wight,
 The next offence occur'd next night ;
 When our incurable came rolling
 Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
 And rang the college bell.—No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third
 Made the street echo its alarum ;
 When, to his great delight, he heard,
 The sordid *Janitor*, old Ben,
 Rousing and growling in his den.
 “ Who's there ?—I 'spose young Harum-scarum.”
 “ 'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry.”
 “ Aye, so I thought, and there you'll tarry.

“ 'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed ;
 You know my orders—I shall lose
 My place if I undo the door.”
 “ And I,”—(young hopeful interposed)
 Shall be *expelled* if you refuse ;
 So, pr'ythee”——Ben began to snore.

“ I'm wet,” cried Harry, “ to the skin,
 Hip ! hallo ! Ben !—don't be a ninny ;
 Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
 So tumble out, and let me in.”
 “ Humph !” growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
 Half overjoyed, and half in dudgeon,

"Now you may pass ; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."

"Look on the stones, old Cerebus,"
Cried Harry, as he passed the gate ;
"I've dropped a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain, which never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success ; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd ;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast !

With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice ; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.

"Who's there ?—"Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate—
I know my duty—'tis too late—
You wouldn't have me lose my place ?"
"Pshaw ! Mr. Dashington ; remember
This is the middle of November.
I'm stripp'd ;—'tis raining cats and dogs."
"Hush, hush !" quoth Hal ; "I'm fast asleep ;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.
"But, hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."
"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.

“No ; all or none—a full acquittance ;—
 The terms, I know, are somewhat high ;
 But you have fix’d the price, not I—
 I won’t take less—I can’t afford it ;”
 So, finding all his haggling vain,
 Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
 Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

“Surely you’ll give me,” growl’d th’ outwitted
 Porter, when again admitted,
 “Something, now you’ve done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking.”
 “Oh ! surely, surely,” Harry said,
 “Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
 And you’re half-drown’d and quite undress’d,
 I’ll give you—leave to go to bed !”

N. M. M.

INTREPIDITY, ABILITY, AND ROGUERY.

On the sudden elevation of Bonaparte to the supreme direction of affairs in the French republic, Dr. Paley observed to a party of gentlemen who were dining with him a few days after the intelligence of that extraordinary event, “That the French were rapidly approaching to absolute monarchy again : the conventional government was established on a very broad basis, which has been narrowed on every subsequent alteration, and is progressively tending to a point.” In allusion to the various actors who had successively filled the busy scene, in that distracted country, from the commencement of the revolution, he still more forcibly remarked, “That in similar convulsions, none can ultimately succeed in bearing sway, but men of great *intrepidity*, great *ability*, and great *roguery*. Without great *intrepidity*, no man will intentionally venture on so hazardous a career ; without great *ability*, no man can get

forward ; and without great roguery, no man can bring his designs to a successful close."

THE ART OF APPLYING FIRE.

A certain Cantab, who was fellow of a college, and resided a short distance from the town in a neighbouring village, was suspected, by some of his *bons vivans*, of keeping a certain *fille de joie*, and with which they had often accused him ; but he invariably denied the fact. They, however, resolved to adopt some plan to unravel the mystery. At length, one of the party, in concert with another of their joint companions, who was *un bel esprit*, with all his wits about him, hit upon the following expedient for ascertaining the fact, viz. :—That he and his companions should, at midnight, proceed to the village on horse-back, where resided their friend, taking with them a *bundle of wet straw*. This they did, being especially provided with every necessary for carrying their design into effect. After having reconnoitred the outposts, lest they should be taken by surprise, finding all quiet, they placed the *wet straw* under the window of their unsuspecting friend, who was fast locked, either in the arms of Morpheus or *mademoiselle*. Having fired the straw, they set out shouting, with stentorian voices, "*Fire, fire, fire !*" This soon alarmed the enamoured pair, and the stratagem succeeded to their utmost wishes ; for, in a few moments, *mon cher ami* rushed from the house, with no covering on but his *shirt*, followed close by his *inamorata*, veiled in her *chemise*.

PRAYER FOR AN ENEMY.

A Cantab, having been offended by the mayor of Cambridge, who was by trade a butcher, resolved to take an opportunity of being even with him, when it came to his turn to preach before the corporation. This happening soon after, in his *prayer* before the *sermon*, he introduced

the following pointed expressions:—"And since, O Lord! thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies, herein we beseech thee for the right worshipful the mayor: give him the strength of Samson, and the courage of David; that he may knock down sin like an ox, and cut the throat of iniquity like a sucking-calf; and let his *horn* be exalted above his brethren."

CHARACTERISTICS.

Dr. Richard Farmer, the celebrated commentator on Shakspeare, was formerly master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was very remarkable for many eccentricities, and made his likes and his dislikes so well known, that they became almost a proverb in his days. There were three things, it was said, which the master of Emmanuel loved above all others, viz.:—*Good old port! old clothes! and old books!* And three things which nobody could persuade him to perform, viz.:—*To rise in the morning! to go to bed at night! and to settle an account!* When in Cambridge, if an old house was pulled down, the master of Emmanuel was always there, in an old blue great-coat and rusty hat. When in London, he was sure to be found in the same garb at an old book-stall; or standing at the corner of a dirty lane, poring through his glass at an old play-bill. It is related, that Pitt once offered him a bishopric; but the social delights of a pipe and a bottle in Emmanuel parlour outweighed, in his estimation, the dazzling splendour of a *mitre*. He is said to have possessed that species of generosity which results rather from inattention than from a knowledge of the use of wealth; but it seems he parted with his money as easily as he obtained it. To his honour be it spoken, many a person in distress experienced his liberality; and it was frequently bestowed on learned men and learned publications, of which he was the unwearied patron.

A FORTUNATE EXPEDIENT.

A gentleman of Trinity College, travelling through France with a friend, in what, on that side of the water, was called a chaise, was very much teased with the mode of travelling, particularly as they made so little progress, and he wanted to reach the next town at a set time. He tried gentle means of persuasion to induce the postilion to urge his steeds, but in vain. After floundering about in French, till he was out of all patience, for he was no great dab at it, and, withal, not being in possession of any of those *emphatic* phrases which are equivalent to such as Englishmen are accustomed to vent their anger in, he bethought himself, that, if he was not understood, he might at least frighten the fellow by using some high-sounding words; and collecting all the powers of eloquence of which he was master, with the voice of a Stentor, he roared into the ear of the postilion: "*Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, Durham!*" which the fellow mistaking for some tremendous oath, accompanied with a threat, had the desired effect, and induced him to increase his speed.

QUOTING.

Porson, having spent an evening at a friend's house a short distance from town, was brought the next morning to visit his friend's neighbour, who had a learned library, and a house full of books; and, after apologizing for his dress and shoes, which were not his own, but supplied, with the rest of his clothes, by his companion (he having got wet through the night previous), and quoting Horace in two places for the awkwardness of a shoe too tight or too loose, and Theophrastus and Theocritus, he provoked one of the company to observe, "That the way to make the greatest expedition was to run, as the French and Dutch and Scotch women do, with their slippers in their hands, when they are

pressed for time;" and quoted Æschylus, where it is said, in the Prometheus, "I hurried out of the carriage without sandals." Upon this, Porson started upon his feet, and, fired, as a strict sportsman is when he hears a strange gun in the preserve which he keeps for his own shooting, no sooner were the three words pronounced, than he gave Stanley's comment and parallel passages upon them; for such was the local mechanism of his memory, that, mention a line in any classic, and he would not only tell what followed, but the subsequent clause. But to proceed: he quoted a similar passage from Bion, which, consisting of a broken line, a whole verse, and a broken one, he made the most of them, and thundered them out with a menacing gesture, and a strong emphasis on the last words, "without sandals." The gentleman, who had innocently begun the match, and had never seen Porson before in a room, was struck with the earnestness of his manner and apparent displeasure, and determined neither to give up nor sit still, but to follow the professor, and do as he did; he therefore, too, stood upon his legs, and roared out, in the words of the next quotation in Stanley from Theocritus, "Arise, nor stay to put the sandals on your feet." The professor was startled to find his opponent on the same ground with himself, and so near at his heels; but doubting if it were not by mere accident, he took the next passage from Horace that followed in the commentator, to which he added the remark of Stanley that concludes his note: namely, "that water-nymphs went unshod, and for that reason Homer gives Thetis the epithet of silver-footed;" and here, for he was in the habit of seeing every body and every thing out, as usual, he had the last word.

THE PETITION.

Dr. Boldero, formerly master of Jesus College, had been

treated with great severity by the protectorate for his attachment to the royal cause, as was Herring, at that time Bishop of Ely, in whose gift the mastership of Jesus College is vested. On a vacancy of the mastership occurring, Boldero, without any pretensions to the appointment, in plain English plucks up his spirits, or, in Homer's language, *speaks to his magnanimous soul*,* and presents his *petition* to the Bishop. "Who are you?" says his lordship, "I know nothing of you! I never heard of you before!" "My lord," replied Boldero, "I have suffered long and severely for my attachment to my royal master, as well as your lordship, and I believe your lordship and I have been in all the *gaols* in England." "What does the fellow mean?" exclaimed the bishop, "Man! I never was confined in any *prison* but the *Tower*!" "And, my Lord," said Boldero, "I have been in all the rest myself!" The bishop's heart was melted at this reply, and he granted Boldero's petition.

THE PRESIDENT

Of a certain college in Cambridge was one evening listening at the door of one of the under-graduates of his college, suspecting something improper to be proceeding within. The student by some means having acquired a knowledge of the snare, taking the *pot de chambre* in his hand, he suddenly opened his door, and discharged the contents over the president, accompanied with a kick, exclaiming, at the same time, "Get down, you rascal! I'll tell the president of your listening at my door!"

STOMACHUM.

When Morton, afterwards Bishop of Durham, stood for

* ——— εἰπεὶ πρὸς μεγαλήτορα θυμὸν.

the degree of D.D. at Cambridge, he advanced something which was displeasing to the professor, who exclaimed, with some warmth, "Commoti mihi stomachum!" To which Morton replied, "Gratulor tibi, reverende professor, de bono tuo stomacho, cœnabis apud me hâc nocte."

MAPS.

Mr. John Nicholson, formerly a well-known bookseller in Cambridge (a full-length portrait of whom, painted by Reinagle, hangs in the entrance to the public library), originally hawked *prints* and *maps* round the colleges for sale, and it was his custom to bawl at the entrance to the staircases which led to the rooms where the students kept "Maps!" From this circumstance he was, by the gownsmen, so named; and the following hexameter was circulated through the University on the occasion:—

Μαπς αὐτοῦ κίλισσι θιοι, ἀνδρεῶδε Νιχολσον.

TRANSLATED.

Snobs call him Nicholson! a plebeian name,
Which ne'er would hand a snobite down to fame,
But to posterity he'll go,—perhaps,
Since Granta's classic sons have dubbed him *Maps*!

PRIOR.

Prior kept his fellowship of St. John's College, Cambridge, till his death, and used to say—"The *salary* will always insure me a *bit of mutton and a clean shirt*!"

DROPSICAL.

From the number of *bores* made in Cambridge, your attention is not unfrequently attracted by a small fountain playing. Some gentlemen one day discoursing on the subject, it was facetiously observed by Dr. Godfrey, then Vice-

chancellor, "That, although Cambridge had been *tapped* very often, it was still very dropsical!"

WISEACRES.

Ben Jonson, being one evening at a tavern-club, seated at the upper-end of the table, amongst his ingenious sons, and talking of nothing but poetry, was often interrupted by a country gentleman, who would permit no other discourse to pass about than what tended to tillage and husbandry; what rich pasture ground was in his county, the price of corn, and the care of cattle. This so incensed old Ben, that he could forbear no longer, but let fly at him in his language. "Thou clod," said Ben, "why dost thou mingle thy dirty discourse with our sublime fancies? I tell thee, for every acre thou hast of land, I have ten acres of wit!" "Have you so, Sir," replied the gentleman; "I cry your mercy, good *Mister Wise-Acres*!" Ben Jonson was so highly taken with the jest, that he swore he was never so pricked by a *hobnail* in all his life.

VERY EASY TO WRITE LIKE A FOOL.

Lee, the dramatist, who was educated at Trinity College, was confined four years of his short life in Bedlam. When a sane idiot of a scribbler mocked his calamity, and observed that it was easy to write like a madman; Lee answered, "No, sir, it is not easy to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool!"

THE BRASS PLATE.

The first year that "*Poor Robin's Almanack*" came forth (about A. D. 1666,) there was cut for it a brass plate, having on one side of it the pictures of King Charles the First, the Earl of Stafford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Derby, the Lord Capel, and Doctor Hewit; all

six adorned with wreaths of laurel. On the other side was Oliver Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, Scott, Harrison, and Hugh Peters, hanging in chains; betwixt which were placed the Earl of Essex and Mr. Christopher Love. Upon this plate, Mr. Lewis Griffin, a Cantab, wrote the following lines :—

Bless us ! what have we here, what sundry shapes
 Salute our eyes ! Have martyrs too their *apes* ?
 Sure 'tis the war of angels, for you'd swear
 That here stood *Michael*, and the *Dragon* there.
 Tredecant is outvied, for we engage
 Both Heaven and Hell in an *octavo page*—
Martyrs and *traitors* rallied six to six,
 Half fled unto *Olympus*, half to *Styx* ;
 Joined with two *Neuters*, some condemn, some praise,
 They hang betwixt the *halters* and the *bays* :
 For 'twixt *Noll's* torment and great Charles's glory
 There, there's the *Presbyterian purgatory*.

SCRAPING THE PROCTOR.

A custom formerly prevailed of *scraping the proctor*, or any other university officer, who had rendered himself obnoxious by any particular measure. "I myself," says Dr. Disney, in his memoirs of Dr. Jebb, "was one of the offending gallery ; but whether an offender or not, I will not say, for I do not recollect, though too prone to mischiefs of that kind." After a few names had been taken down, comes Mr. *Homer*, of Emmanuel, now deceased. "What is your name, Sir?" said Purkess, the other Proctor : "*Homer* of Emmanuel," was the reply. "Sir," said the proctor, "you are attempting to impose upon me ! *Homer*, do you say?" "Yes, Sir," he answered, "*Homer* of Emmanuel !" "Very well, Sir." After two or three

more names, comes a gentleman of my year." Your name, Sir?" said the Proctor. "*Pindar*, of Queen's!" was the answer. "Sir," vociferated the Proctor, "I will not be insulted in this manner? I insist upon it, Sir, that you tell me your name?" "My name is *Pindar*, of Queen's," was the reply, "and, if you don't like that, I have no other to give you!"

A TRANSPORTING SUBJECT.

The subject for the Chancellor's English Prize Poem, for the year 1823, was *Australasia* (New Holland). This happened to be the subject of conversation at a party of Johnians, when some observing that they thought it a bad subject, one of the party remarked, "It was at least a *transporting* one."

COMPLETING A STANZA.

It is related that Dr. Mansel, then an under-graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, by chance called at the rooms of a brother Cantab, who was absent; but he had left on his table the opening of a poem, which was in the following lofty strain:—

"The sun's perpendicular rays
Illumine the depths of the sea;"

Here the flight of the poet by some accident stopped short; but Dr. Mansel, who was seldom (if we may credit fame), lost on such occasions, illuminated the subject by completing the stanza in the following very facetious style:—

"The fishes, beginning to sweat,
Cried d—n it, how hot we shall be!"

HANGING ONE'S SELF.

Paley was always very fond of attending courts of law,

to hear the trials. When a boy, he is said to have attended York Assizes, to hear the trial of Eugene Aram, a man of extraordinary learning and acuteness. The trial was for the murder of Daniel Clark, and he was convicted on the evidence of Richard Houseman, an accomplice, and his own wife. The evidence brought forward, and the ingenious defence of Aram, made a strong impression on the mind of Paley. He seemed to attribute the conviction of the prisoner, in a very great measure, to his own defence ; for, many years after, when he was conversing with some friends about the lives of some obscure and undeserving persons having been inserted in the *Biographia Britannica*, and one of the party exclaiming, " Eugene Aram, for instance !"—" Nay," replied Paley, " a man that has been hanged has some pretensions to notoriety, and especially a man who has got himself hanged, as Eugene Aram did, by his own cleverness."

ALCOCK.

The device of John Alcock, founder of Jesus College and Bishop of Ely, is conspicuous in every part of that college, and is a *pun* upon his name. It is a *cock* perching upon a *globe*. On one window was a cock with a label from its mouth, with this inscription : Εγω ειμι αλεκτωρ. To which another, on the opposite side, bravely crows in answer—
οὕτως και εγω :—

“ ‘ I am a cock !’ the one does cry :
And t’other answers—‘ So am I !’ ”

EPIGRAM.

At an examination in the University of Cambridge, the examiner, whose names was *Hawkes*, proved a very talkative man ; indeed, so much so, that some of the students,

undergoing examination, requested one of their companions, rather famous for trite sayings, to make an epigram upon him. He immediately answered :—

“ Hawkes
Talks !”

PORSON AND THE GERMANS.

Porson was a great master of *Iambic* measure, as he has shown us in the preface to the second edition of his *Hecuba*. The German critic, Herman, whom he makes to say, in his notes on the *Medea*, “ We Germans understand quantity better than the English,” accuses the professor of being more dictorial than explanatory, in his metrical decisions. Upon which the professor fired the following epigram against the German :—

Νηὶ δεις ἱστὲ μίτρων ὦ τευτονες, αὐχ μὲν υς δ' ου,
Παντες πλην Ἑρμανος, ὃ δ' Ἑρμανος σφόδρα Τευτων.

The Germans, in Greek,
Are sadly to seek ;
Not five in five score,
But ninety-five more,—
All, save only Herman,
And Herman's a German.

DEFINITION OF HAPPINESS.

At an examination for the degree of B.A. in the Senate House, Cambridge, under an examiner whose name was *Payne*, one of the moral questions was—“ Give a definition of happiness?” To which one of the candidates returned the following laconic answer, — “ An *exemption* from *Payne*.” Some persons are so unfortunate as to buy their wit at a great price, as was proved in the above case ; for

on the gentleman declining to apologise to Mr. Payne, he was suspended from his *degree*, for a very considerable time.

× ONE TONGUE SUFFICIENT FOR A WOMAN.

Milton was asked by a friend, "whether he would instruct his daughters in the *different languages*?" To which Milton replied,—“No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman!”

A NEW READING.

Towards the close of the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, he was talking very freely to some of his friends of the vanity and vexations of office; and alluding to his intended retirement, quoted from Horace the following passage:—

“Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti :
Tempus abire tibi est.”

“Pray, Sir Robert,” said one of his friends, “is that good Latin?” “I think so,” answered Sir Robert; “what objection have you to it?” “Why,” said the other drily, “I did not know but the word might be *bribe-isti* in your Horace.”

A SAYING OF LORD BACON.

James the First, King of England, asked Lord Chancellor Bacon,—“What he thought of the French ambassador?” His lordship replied,—“that he was a tall proper man.” “Aye,” said his majesty, “but what think you of his headpiece?”—“Sir,” said Lord Bacon, “tall men are like high houses, wherein commonly the uppermost rooms are worst furnished.” ✓

CATHERINE HALL.

A lady, whose nephew was a student at Cambridge, meeting a Cantab, an acquaintance, asked him, "how he conducted himself?" "Why truly, madam," was the reply, "he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall!" "I protest," said she, "I feared as much; he was always hankering after the *wenches* from a boy!"

NEWTON.

Sir Isaac is reported to have said, a little before he expired,—“I don't know what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself by now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the *great ocean of truth* lay all undiscovered before me.”

STERNE

Was bred at Jesus College, Cambridge, where it is said he studied very little, laughed a great deal, and was particularly fond of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of being singular, without guile, and possessed of considerable talents whenever he thought proper to use them. The following is a tale told by himself:—"I happened," said he, "to be acquainted with a young man who had been bound apprentice to a stationer, in Yorkshire; he had just then finished his time, set up in London, and rented a window in one of the flagged alleys in the city. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck upon it, with a wafer, the following—

“ ‘ ADVERTISEMENT.

“ ‘ Epigrams, Anagrams, Paragrams, Chronograms, Monograms, Epitaphs, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Epilogues,

Madrigals, Interludes, Advertisements, Letters, Petitions, Memorials on every occasion, Essays on all subjects, Pamphlets for or against Ministry, with Sermons upon any Text, or for any Sect, to be written here on reasonable terms, by
A. B. PHILOLOGER.'

"The uncommonness of the titles occasioned numerous applications; and at length I used privately to glide into my office to digest the notes or heads of the day, and to receive the earnings, which were always directed to be left with the memorandums; the writing to be paid for on delivery, according to the subject. The ocean of vice and folly," says Sterne, "that opened itself to my view during the time I continued this odd department of my life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I realized a small sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed the horrid scene."

THE FOX.

A student of St. John's College, who was remarkable for his larks and eccentricities, during the time he was dining in hall, called to a *bon-vivant* at another table, to say, "that he had got a fine *fox* in his rooms, for him!" This being overheard by the *marker*, who was a kind of mongrel fetch-and-carry to a certain dean, and who understood the student in a literal sense, he took an early opportunity to inform the dean of the circumstance. The student was very soon summoned before the master and seniors, for what he knew not; however, on entering, he was informed, "they had learned he kept a *fox* in his rooms—a thing not to be tolerated by the college." "It is very true," replied the accused; "I have a *bust* of CHARLES JAMES FÖX, at your service!"

DEFINITION OF A FELLOWSHIP.

Through an avenue of trees, at the back of Trinity College, a church may be seen at a considerable distance, the approach to which affords no very pleasing scenery. The late Professor Porson, on a time, walking that way with a friend, and observing the church, remarked, "That it put him in mind of a *fellowship*, which was a long dreary walk, with a church at the end of it."

FAWKES.

Francis, an ingenious poet and divine, was educated at Jesus College, where he took his degrees in arts. He obtained the united vicarages of Orpington and St. Mary Cray, in Kent. He has jocosely related the stratagem he employed to acquire these livings. Dr. Herring was then Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Fawkes, having written a few miscellaneous subjects, committed them to the press, and published them. He made choice of the archbishop for his patron, and prefixed to his poetical labours a dedication to that prelate. Pleased with the compositions of the young poetical divine, his grace honoured him with a general invitation to his table, and added, "the oftener I see you, I shall be more obliged to you." "I took him at his word," says Fawkes, "engaged lodgings at Lambeth, and dined with his lordship every day, for upwards of three-quarters of a year. During that time, however, many hints were given me, that my visits were too frequent; but I never thought proper to understand them, the archbishop's general and unqualified promise being a sufficient warrant for my presence. In a word, I stuck so close to him, and persecuted him so much with my company, that he gave me the livings merely to get rid of me."

BEN JONSON,

When the archbishop of York sent him from his table
an excellent dish of fish, but without drink, said—

“ In a dish came fish
From the arch-bis-
Hop was not there,
Because there was no *beer*.”*

SMART'S SAYING OF GRAY.

Those who remember Mr. Gray when at the University of Cambridge, where he resided the greater part of his life, will recollect that he was a little prim fastidious man, distinguished by a short shuffling step. He commonly held up his gown behind with one of his hands, at the same time cocking up his chin, and perking up his nose. Christopher Smart, who was contemporary with him at Pembroke Hall, and used to say that “ Gray walked as if he had fouled his small-clothes, and looked as if he smelt it.”

BALLAD-SINGING.

Dr. Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, was a great humourist in his words and actions. “ After he was D. D.” says Aubrey, “ he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon. On a market-day, he and some of his companions were at the tavern by the Crosse (which by the way was one of the finest in England). A ballad-singer complained that he had no custome; he could not put off

* The above *facetia* is a humorous translation by equivalents of the following *Latine*:—

Mittitur in disco mihi piscis ab Archiepisco-
-Po non ponatur quia potus non mihi datur.

his ballads. The jolly doctor puts off his gowne and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and, being a handsome man, and having a rare full voice, he presently vended a greate manye, and had a great audience."

THE HYSON CLUB.

There was a society established at Cambridge, in the year 1757, by the Wranglers, when Dr. Waring was senior, and Mr. Jebb second, called "*The Hyson Club*." The members were accustomed to meet for the purpose of drinking tea, and holding rational conversation. Several of the highest characters in the university were already enrolled amongst its members, when Doctor, then Mr. Paley, became an associate, soon after his establishment in the tuition of Christ College. No particular subjects of discussion were proposed at their meetings; but accident, or the taste of the individuals, naturally led to topics, in which literary men might fairly unbend themselves from severer pursuits. In a debate, one evening, on the justice and expediency of making some alteration in the ecclesiastical constitution of this country, for the relief of tender consciences, Doctor Gordon, fellow of Emmanuel College, and afterwards precentor of Lincoln, an avowed Tory in religious politics, when vehemently opposing the arguments of Mr. Jebb, a strenuous supporter of all such improvements, exclaimed, with his usual heat, "You mean, Sir, to impose upon us a new church government." "You are mistaken, Sir," said Mr. Paley; "Jebb only wants to ride his own horse, not to force you to get up behind him."



WAY OF USING BOOKS.

Sterne used to say, "The most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as some people do lords, learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance."

TROPHIES.

A French nobleman once showing Matthew Prior the palace of his master at Versailles, and desiring him to observe the many *trophies* of Louis the Fourteenth's victories, asked Prior, if King William, his master, had many such trophies in his palace. "No," said Prior, "the monuments of my master's victories are to be seen everywhere but in his own house."

THE COST OF FASHION.

Lord Mansfield, being willing to save a man who had stolen a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which the prosecutor cried out, "*Ten-pence*, my lord,—why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds*!" "Oh," says his lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*!"

POPISH ZEAL.

The Popish party, not content with the indignities they had heaped upon the person of Archbishop Cranmer, actually burnt, publicly, his book on the sacrament. This being told him, he exclaimed, "Ah! they have honoured it more than it deserved, for I hear they burnt it with the *New Testament*." Which was the fact.

COMPLAINT AND WISH.

Dryden's wife complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her, and finished her complaint with saying, "I wish I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company." "Yes, my dear," said Dryden, "I wish you were a book—but an *Almanack*, I mean, for then I should change you every year."

QUAINT EPITAPH.

Doctor Fuller having requested one of his companions, who was a *bon-vivant*, to make an epitaph for him, received the following, with the conceit of which he always expressed himself much pleased,—

"Here lies Fuller's earth!"

PATIENCE.

A fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the eve of his departure from the university, preached at St. Mary's upon these words—"Have patience with me, and I will pay you all;" and, owing a large sum of money in the town, enlarged mightily on the first part of the text,—*"Have patience."* "Now," says he, "I should come to the second part of the text, *and I will pay you all*; but, having pressed too long on your *patience*, I must leave that till the next opportunity; so pray have patience with me!"

BUT ONE GOOD TRANSLATION.

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, Lord Chesterfield said, "The original is indeed excellent; but everything suffers by a translation—except a bishop!"

"THERE I LEAVE YOU."

The witty and licentious Earl of Rochester, meeting with the great and learned Isaac Barrow in the Park, told his companion that he would have some fun with the rusty old pot. Accordingly, he went up with great gravity, and, taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow, saying, "Doctor, I'm your's to my shoe-tie." The doctor, seeing

his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, "My lord, I'm your's to the ground." Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, "Doctor, I am your's to the centre." Barrow, with a very lowly obeisance, replied, "My lord, I am your's to the antipodes." His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am your's to the lowest pit of hell!" "*There*, my lord," said Barrow, sarcastically, "*I'll leave you!*" and walked off.

JUDGMENT.

James the Second, when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton the poet, and asked him, amongst other things, if he did not think the loss of his sight a *judgment* upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles the First. Milton answered,—“If your Highness think my loss of sight a *judgment* upon me, what do you think of your father's losing his head?”

THE TOBACCO-STOPPER.

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as was to be expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities, which ever accompany a great genius. Knowing that he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady: a pause of some minutes ensued; he seemed a little uneasy; “O the timidity of some!” thought the lady—when, lo! Sir Isaac had got hold of her hand. The lady cast her eyes down towards the floor, and the palpitations began: he will *kiss* it, thought she, no doubt, and then the matter will be settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew

the captive hand near his *head*; already the expected salute vibrated from the hand to the heart—when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore-finger, what he much wanted—a *tobacco-stopper*!

THE FORCE OF SATIRE.

Jacob Johnson, the most eminent of his profession as a publisher, having refused to advance Dryden a sum of money for a work upon which he engaged, the incensed bard sent a message to him, and the following lines, adding, "Tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more:"

"With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled face,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air!"

Johnson felt the force of the description; and, to avoid a completion of the portrait, immediately sent the money.

A-LIQUID.

Porson, once conversing with a party of congenials, seemed at a loss for *something* to cheer the inward man, the conversation having arrived at a standstill—and drawing his glass mechanically towards him, he took up one bottle, and then t'other, without finding wherewithal to replenish; which a friend observing, he inquired what the professor was in search of? who facetiously answered, 'A-LIQUID!'

THE LATIN GERUNDS.

At another time, when the Professor made one of a set party, the conversation turned on the subject of punning, when Porson observing, that he could pun on any subject, a person present defied him to do so on the Latin Gerunds

—which however he immediately did in the following admirable couplet :

“ When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was—*DI—DO—DUM.*”

JOSHUA BARNES.

Of the above learned Cantab, Dr. Bentley, the celebrated critic, once observed, “ That he had as much Greek, and understood it about as well, as an Athenian Blacksmith.”

VERBO DIGNUS.

The Rev. Mr. Wodsworth speaking on some occasion when Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the subject of discourse, on a gentleman, who was of the party rising to refute an observation which escaped the Rev. Gentleman, Dr. B—tt, a Petrenchian, said, he might spare himself the trouble, “ for, “ observed the Dr., “ he is not *Verbo Dignus*—(Words Worth.)

DOCTOR GLYNN'S BEAUTY,

Is pretty notorious amongst his brother Cantabs ; and not less so, perhaps, amongst those who have seen the excellent engraving of him, (of which there exists a copy in Maudlin Library) than to those of his own standing. A wicked wag of the University, determined to render his ugliness immortal, has handed it down from generation to generation by the following—

EPIGRAM.

“ This morning, quite dead, Tom was found in his bed,
Although he was hearty last night ;
’Tis thought, having seen Dr. Glynn in a dream,
The poor fellow died of affright.”

TILLOTSON,

Who was then Archbishop of Canterbury, on King William's complaining of the shortness of his sermon, answered, "Sire, could I have bestowed more time upon it, it would not have been so long!"

THE POST-BOY.

Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Bonfoy, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short *post* fixed in the pavement, which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy standing in his way, said hastily, "Get out of my way, boy!" "That boy, Sir," said the doctor very drily, "is a *post-boy*, who never turns out of his way for anybody."

PUNNING

Was, at least, no *crime* in the days of the first Stuarts: neither kings nor nobles were above it. The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life, that he wrote to James the First, for assistance, in these words:—"Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far, that I, who have been born to a *bag*, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a *wallet*; nor that I, who desire to *live* to study, may be driven to study to *live*." The following, in a letter to Prince Charles, may not be so pardonable, particularly from so great a man:—wherein he hopes, "that, as the father was his *creator*, the son will be his *redeemer*."

THE POKER AND TONGS.

Porson's company, as may well be supposed, was

H

courted by all ranks, from the combination-room to the cider-cellar, for he mixed with all, and was to be found in both; and it was who should assist at his evening lectures, and who should carry away most from the oracle. But sometimes it would happen, as it does to most men, that he was *bedevilled*, and, pulling a book out of his pocket, read only to himself; at other times he was violent, and, catching the *poker* out of the fire, brandished it over his head, to the terror of the company. Of this trick, however, he was cured, once for all, by a spark of fighting notoriety, who, on seeing Porson seize the *poker*, and not being used to a furious Greek, but in the play, snatched up the *tongs*, observing, two could play at that game. Upon this, the professor, with a sneer of his own, said, "I believe, if I should crack your skull, I should find it very empty." "And if I should break your head," replied the Irishman, "I should find it full of maggots." This retort pleased Porson so much, that he returned the *poker* to the fire, and repeated a whole chapter of Roderick Random, analogous to the affair.

"EVER SINCE HE WAS A PUPPY."

There was a coffee-room at the principal inn where Sterne resided, about the time he wrote his "Tristram Shandy," where gentlemen who frequented the house might read the newspapers; one of the greatest enjoyments of Sterne's life was spending an inoffensive hour in a snug corner of his room. There was a troop of horse at that time quartered in the town; one of the officers was a gay young man, spoiled by the free intercourse of the world, but not destitute of good qualities. This young gentleman was remarkable for his freedom of speech, and pointed reflections on the clergy. Yorick was often obliged to hear toasts he could not approve, and conversations

shocking to the ear of delicacy, and was frequently under the necessity of removing his seat, or pretending deafness. The captain, resolving this conduct should no longer avail him, seated himself by Yorick, so as to prevent his retreat, and immediately began a profane, indecent tale, at the expense of the clerical profession, with his eyes stedfastly fixed on Yorick, who pretended not to notice his ill manners; when that became impossible, he turned to the military intruder, and gravely said, "Sir, I'll tell you my story. My father is an officer, and is so brave himself, that he is fond of every thing else that is brave, even his dog. You must know we have at this time one of the finest creatures of his kind in the world, the most spirited, yet the best-natured that can be imagined; so lively that he charms everybody; but he has a cursed trick that throws a shade over all his good qualities." "Pray, what may that be?" interrogated the officer: "He never sees a clergyman, but he instantly flies at him," answered Yorick. "How long as he had that trick?" "Why, Sir," replied the divine, "ever since he was a puppy!" The man of war for once blushed, and, after a pause, said, "Doctor, I thank you for your hint: give me your hand; I will never rail at a parson again."

HEBREW.

A Cantab, when on a tour in the country, chanced to enter a strange church, and after he had been seated some little time, another person was ushered into the same pew with him. The service had proceeded till the *psalms* were about to be read, when the stranger pulled out of his pocket a prayer-book, and offered to share it with the Cantab, though he perceived he had one in his hand. This generosity, the Cantab perceived, proceeded from a mere ostentatious display of his learning, as it proved to be in

Latin; and he immediately declined the offer by saying, "Sir, I read nothing but *Hebrew*!"

THE WHITE LION.

The Rev. George Harvest accompanied his patron into France, and during the necessary delay at some post-town, rambled after a bookseller's shop, and found one. There he amused himself awhile with his favourite companions, but at last reflected that his friends were in haste to depart, and might be much incommoded by his stay. He had forgot the name of the inn, and to expect *him* to find the road, merely because he had travelled it before, was to expect that *Theseus* should unravel the *Dædalean* labyrinth with the thread of *Ariadne*. Not a word of *French* could Harvest speak to be understood; but he recollected the sign of the inn was a *lion*; still how to make the bookseller comprehend this was the difficulty. Harvest, however, tall and sturdy, raised himself, to the no small terror of the bookseller, with projected and curvetting arms, into the formidable attitude of a *lion-rampant*; and succeeded at length, by this happy effort, in suggesting to the imagination of the staring Frenchman the idea of a *lion*! But another difficulty, of a more arduous nature, now presented itself; there were *black*, *red*, and *white lions*; of which last colour was the *lion* in question. Now, no two-footed creature under the sun could less exemplify the following maxim,—

"*That cleanliness is next to godliness,*"

than the hero of this adventure; for Harvest was habitually very slovenly in his person. However, to complete the aggregate, and impress the idea, not of a *lion* only, but of a *white-lion*, upon the *sensorium* of *Monsieur*, Harvest unbuttoned his waitcoat and displayed his *shirt*: but, alas! like the *mulberry-tree* of old,—

"*Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*"

This would have thrown but little light upon the subject, had not the polite Frenchman put a right construction upon the case, and extricated poor Harvest from his difficulty by a safe conveyance to—THE WHITE LION !

BILL PAID IN FULL.

At Wimpole, formerly the seat of Lord Oxford, but now of Lord Hardwicke, there was to be seen a portrait of Mr. Harley, the speaker, in his robes of office. The active part he took to forward the bill to settle the crown on the house of Hanover, induced him to have a *scroll* painted in his hand, bearing the title of that bill. Yet, soon after George the First arrived in England, Harley was sent to the *Tower*. This circumstance being told to Prior, whilst he was viewing the portrait, he took a pencil out of his pocket, and wrote on the white part of the scroll the date of the day on which Harley was committed to the Tower, and under it,—

“ THIS BILL PAID IN FULL.”

GRAY,

The poet, wrote the following character of himself, which was found in a pocket-book after his death :—

“ Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune :
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd,
No very great wit,—he believed in a God;
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.

EPIGRAM.

Porson, one day visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. P——, who at that time lived in Lancaster Court, in the Strand,

found him indisposed, and under the influence of medicine. On returning to the house of a common friend, he, of course, expected to be asked after the health of his relation. After waiting with philosophic patience, without the expected question being proposed, he reproached the company for not giving him an opportunity of giving the following answer, which he had composed in his walk:—

“ My Lord of Lancaster, when late I came from it,
Was taking a medicine of names not a few ;
In Greek an emetic, in Latin a vomit,
In English a puke, and in Vulgar a sp—w.”

LATIMER,

The pious and learned martyr, and Bishop of Worcester, who was educated at Christ College, Cambridge, and was one of the first reformers of the church of England, at a controversial conference, being out-talked by younger divines, and out-argued by those who were more studied in the *fathers*, said, “ I cannot talk for my *religion*, but I am ready to die for it.”

WHITE TEETH.

Professor Saunderson, who occupied so distinguished a situation in the University of Cambridge, as that of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, was *quite blind*. Happening, on a time, to make one in a large party, he remarked of a lady, who had just left the room, but whom he had never before met, nor heard of, that she had very *white teeth*. The company were anxious to learn how he had discovered this, which was very true. “ I have reason,” observed the professor, “ to believe that the lady is not a *fool*, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly, as she did for a whole hour together.”

JOHNIAN HOG.

The following, amongst other reasons, is given as the origin of the students of St. John's College being denominated *hogs*. A waggish genius espying a coffee-house waiter carrying a dish to a Johnian, who was seated in another box in the same coffee-house, asked, "if it were a dish of grains!" The Johnian immediately replied,—

"Says ——, the Johns eat grains; suppose it true,
They pay for what they eat; does he so too!"

"TU ES PORCUS."

There is a custom in the University of Cambridge of *huddling*, as it is called, or keeping an act, after the degree of *A.B.* is conferred. It so happened that a gentleman had to keep one, whose name was *Hogg*, under a moderator who was of St. John's College, the men of which college had obtained the appellation of *Johnian hogs*, as have the men of Trinity the appellation of *bull-dogs*; and many other names are applied to the men of the different colleges, for the origin of which there is little but traditional evidence. On Mr. Hogg's mounting the rostrum, he was addressed by the moderator, "*Tu es porcus*," (thou art a hogg.) To which Mr. Hogg retorted, "*Sed non e grege porcorum*," (but not of the herd of hogs).

NOVEL CONSTRUCTION OF A PAIR OF
BELLOWS.

At an examination in the Senate House, Cambridge, one of the questions given was, "to construct a pair of common bellows;" to which one of the students gave the following laconic answer:—"A pipe, two boards, a piece of leather, and a hole to put your knee in."

BACON.

Sir Nicholas, who was educated at *Corpus Christi*, or Benet College, Cambridge, being visited at his house by Queen Elizabeth, she observed, alluding to his corpulency, "that he had built his house too little for him." "Not so, Madam," answered he; "but your majesty has made me too big for my house."

PALEY'S CONCEPTION OF THE CHARACTER
FALSTAFF.

Paley, when young, was particularly fond of theatrical exhibitions, especially when any eminent performer appeared from the metropolis on the provincial boards near where he resided. This predilection never forsook him. In a provincial theatre, he always seated himself as near as possible to the front of the centre box. Conversing about the character of *Falstaff*, as delineated by Shakspeare, he remarked, "that amongst actors it was frequently misunderstood: he was a courtier of the age he lived in; a man of vivacity, humour, and wit; a great reprobate, but no buffoon."

VALUE OF NOTHING.

Porson was no less distinguished for his wit and humour, during his residence in Cambridge, than for his profound learning; and he would frequently divert himself by sending quizzical *morceaux*, in the shape of notes, to his companions. He one day sent his gyp with a note to a certain Cantab, who is now a D.D., and Master of his College, requesting him to find the value of nothing? Next day he met his friend walking, and, stopping him, he desired to know, "Whether he had succeeded?" His friend answered—"Yes!" "And what may it be?" asked Porson:

"*sixpence!*" replied the Cantab, "which I gave the man for bringing the note."

SERMON.

Dr. Dodd's sermon, which was preached to some Cambridge scholars extempore, from a hollow tree :—

(*Copied from an old Tract.*)

The following sermon was made and preached *extempore* by one *Parson Dodd*, who lived within three or four miles of Cambridge, and who having for nigh half a year, every Sunday, preached on the same subject, which was drunkenness, gave some of the Cambridge scholars occasion to be displeased with him, who thought he reflected upon them, they resolved to be even with the doctor when an opportunity should offer. Accordingly, chance one day led the doctor in their way: a company of *scholars* being walking, they saw the doctor some way off, coming towards them, and, all stopping at a gate that hung to a hollow tree, the doctor presently came up, and they spoke very friendly to him. "Your servant, Mr. Dodd." "Your servant, gentlemen." "Sir, we have one question to ask you." "What is that, gentlemen?" "Why, we hear you have preached a long time against the sin of drunkenness." "I have, gentlemen." "Then, doctor, we have one request you must and shall satisfy us in." "What is that, gentlemen?" "Why, that you preach us a *sermon* from a *text* that we shall choose for you." "Appoint your time and place, gentlemen, and I will do it." "The time is present, and the place is here, and that hollow tree shall be your pulpit." "That's a compulsion, gentlemen; a man ought to have time to consider what he is to preach." They insisted on a compliance, or they would use him ill; not minding any expostulations from the

doctor, they accordingly forced him into the *hollow tree*. The word they gave him for his *text* was *malt*! from which he preached the following short, but eloquent sermon.

THE SERMON.

My brethren, let me crave your reverend attention : I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach you a short *sermon*, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. Brethren, my text is *malt* : now I cannot divide it into *sentences*, because there are none ; nor into *words*, it being but one ; nor into *syllables*, it being but one also ; therefore, I must, and necessity will oblige or rather force me to divide it into *letters*, which I find in my text to be four, M, A, L, T. M, my beloved, is *moral*, A *allegorical*, L *literal*, and T *theological*. Moral, my brethren, is well set forth to show and teach you drunkards good manners ; wherefore, M my masters, A all of you, L listen, T to my *text*.

A, the allegorical, is when one thing is spoken of and another meant ; the thing spoken of is *malt*, the thing meant is the *oil* of malt, or rather the spirit or strength of the *malt*, properly called *strong beer* ; which you, gentlemen, make M your *meat*, A your *apparel*, L your *liberty*, and T your *treasure*. Now the literal is according to the letter, M *much*, A *ale*, L *little*, T *thirst*. Now the *theological* is according to the effects that it worketh, which I find in my text to be of two kinds : first in this ; secondly, in the *world* to come. Now the effects that I find it worketh in this world, are, in some M murder, in others A adultery, in all L looseness of life, and in many T treason. Now, the effects that I find it worketh in the world to come, are M misery, A anguish, L lamentation, and T torment. Now, my first use shall be a use of exhortation : M my masters, A all of you, L leave off, T tippling ; or else M my masters, A all of you, L look for, T torment. Now,

so much shall suffice for this explication; next only, by way of caution, take this for an inviolable truth, that a *drunkard* is the annoyance of *modesty*; the disturber of *civility*; a spoiler of *wealth*; the destroyer of *reason*; the brewer's *agent*; the ale house's *benefactor*; the *beggar's companion*; the *constable's perplexity*; his *wife's woe*; his *children's sorrow*; his *neighbour's scoff*; his *own shame*; and a *wilful madman*: by which he becomes a *true* and *lively* representation of a *walking swill-tub*, or a *tavern Bacchus*, in a monster of a man, by the picture of a *beast*. So, now, gentlemen, to conclude, I shall leave you, under the protection of the Almighty, to follow your own directions.

FAREWELL.

To say well and do well
 Ends with a letter;
 To say well it is well,
 But to do well is better:
 Then take the best part
 Set down in this rhyme,
 Consider it well,
 And act it in *time*.

"THEY ARE MINE."

A fellow of King's College, Cambridge, seated near an open window telling some bank-notes, was disconcerted by a breeze of wind suddenly blowing them out. He ran into the court in order to recover them, and, when below, looking up as they floated in the air, he espied the Provost looking down from an opposite window, upon which the disconsolate owner of the notes, in his anxiety, holding up his hands in a supplicating posture, exclaimed, *They are mine! They are mine!*

"IBI SUNT CUNICULI."

Some students *on a time*, went out shooting rabbits, and it so happened that they had one amongst their party who was unaccustomed to the sport. They gave him strict charge that he should not speak if he saw any game. After some time had elapsed, espying some rabbits, he bawled to his companions, "*Ibi sunt cuniculi!*" at which the game fled. Being reproved for disobeying orders, he answered, "Who the devil would have thought that rabbits understood Latin?"

REFORMATION.

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by the bishop in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said he, "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" said the bishop?" "The *reformation of myself*, my lord," answered the son.

AN EXPEDIENT.

A Cantab, who had run up a reckoning at a house of entertainment some distance from Cambridge, having no money withal to discharge it, hit upon the following expedient. The host being present, he began to condemn the wine, protesting it was execrably bad, observing—"that his taste was delicate, as his father was a wine-merchant; but, if the landlord would permit him to look at the cask, he had a composition with him which would make it better." The host consenting to try the experiment, they accordingly repaired to the cellar, when the Cantab bored a hole in the cask, and told the landlord to place his finger upon it, whilst

he stepped up stairs for the powder, which he said he had forgotten. The landlord, waiting a long time, and finding that the Cantab did not come down, out of all patience, went up, and, lo! his guest had departed.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Henry Erskine, being one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, said to her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your grace's society at Edinburgh?" "O!" answered her grace, "Edinburgh is a vile dull place: I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say, there's a vile dark morning,—I won't rise to day."

BACON.

A malefactor, under sentence of death, pretending that he was related to him, on that account petitioned Lord Chancellor Bacon for a *reprieve*. To which petition his lordship answered, "that he could not possibly be *Bacon* till he had first been *hung*."

DOG LATIN.

On a time, two fellows of a college in Cambridge, riding together towards the Gog-Magog Hills, it chanced that a dog ran in the way of one of their horses: upon which the gentleman, to show that he had been a sportsman in his youth, calls out "*bellum equus*." "Well done, old friend," cried his companion, "I see you have not forgot your *dog-latin*."

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

A priest sitting with his companions, over his beer, at the door of a country alehouse, as in those days they did not scruple to do, upon some one mentioning the arch-

bishop, who at the time was Cranmer, "That man," said the priest, "as great as he now is, was once but an ostler, and has no more learning than the goslings yonder on the green." Lord Essex, who was a great friend to Cranmer, hearing of it, despatched a messenger and had him apprehended. Some months after, the archbishop, who was entirely ignorant of the affair, received a petition from the priest, full of penitence for his imprudence, and supplicating for mercy. The primate sent for him, and inquired into the affair. "I hear," said he to the priest, "you have accused me of many things; amongst others, of being a very ignorant man. You have now an opportunity of setting your neighbours right in this matter, and may *examine* me, if you please." The priest, in great confusion, besought his grace to pardon him; and he never would offend in the same way again. "Well, then," says the archbishop, "since you will not examine me, let me examine you." The priest was thunderstruck, making many excuses, and owning he was not much learned in book-matters. The archbishop told him, he should not then go very deep; and asked him two or three of the plainest questions in the Bible: as, "Who was David's father? and who was Solomon's?" The priest, confused at his own ignorance, stood speechless. "You see (said the archbishop) how your accusation of me rises against yourself. You are an admirable judge of learning and learned men. Well, my friend, I had no hand in bringing you here, and have no desire to keep you. Get home; and, if you are an ignorant man, learn at least to be an honest one."

PROPER DISTINCTION.

An under-graduate, invited by the peculiar beauty thereof, had unconsciously strayed into the garden of a certain D.D., then master of the college adjoining. He had not

been there many minutes, when Dr. —— entered himself, and, perceiving the student, in no very courteous manner desired the young gentleman to walk out; which the under-graduate not doing (in the opinion of the doctor) in sufficient haste, Domine demanded, rather peremptorily, “whether he knew who he was?” at the same time informing the intruder he was Dr. —— . “That (replied the under-graduate) is impossible; for Dr. —— is a *gentleman*, and you are a *blackg—d!*”

PORSON.

It is related of Porson, that his mode of communicating knowledge was truly amiable, and liberal in the extreme. He would tell you all you wanted to know in a plain and direct manner, without any attempt to display his superiority, but merely to inform you; whereas, great scholars are apt to pride themselves on their brilliant parts, make a display of them, and leave you unenlightened.

When he was invited to subscribe to the Shaksperian Papers, he excused himself by saying, “that he subscribed to no articles of faith.”

He was fond of reading the Greek physicians, and, when he lived in the Temple, slept with Galen under his head; not that Galen was his favourite, but because the folio relieved his asthma.

The time to profit by Porson’s learning was *inter bibendum*, for, as Chaucer says of the Sompnour,—

“And when that he well dronkin had with wine,
Then would he speke no word but Latine.”

A WIFE LOST BY ABSENCE OF MIND.

Harvest, early in life, was to have been married to a daughter of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, but, forgetting

the day, he went out on a fishing-party. About twelve o'clock he starts up, and exclaims, "Lord bless me! I was to have been married to-day!" The lady, however, found consolation by uniting herself to the then Bishop of Bristol; and poor Harvest remained a solitary bachelor.

OXFORD VERSUS CAMBRIDGE.

In 1532, two "pert Oxonians" took a journey to Cambridge, and in the public schools challenged any to dispute with them on the following questions:—

An jus civile sit medicinæ præstantius?

In English, as much as to say,—What does most execution, civil law or medicine?—A nice point to decide. The other question, which formed the subject of serious argumentation, was the following:—

An mulier condemnata, bis ruptis laqueis, sit tertio suspendenda?

Ridley, afterwards bishop of that name, was one of the opponents on this interesting occasion; who administered the *flagella linguæ* to one of those pert pretenders to logic lore with such happy effect, that the other was afraid to set his wit upon him.

PALEY'S SKETCH OF HIS EARLY ACADEMICAL LIFE.

In the year 1795, during one of his visits to Cambridge, Dr. Paley, in the course of a conversation on the subject, gave the following account of the early part of his own academical life; and it is here given, on the authority and in the very words of a gentleman who was present at the time, as a striking instance of the peculiar frankness with which he was in the habit of relating the adventures of his

youth. " I spent (says Paley) the two first years of my under-graduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside and said, ' Paley, I have been thinking what a d—d fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try, and can afford the life I lead : you could do everything, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and I am now come solely to inform you, that, if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.' I was so struck (continued Dr. Paley) with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day, and formed my plan : I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself ; I arose at five, read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time its peculiar branch of study ; and, just before the closing of gates (nine o'clock), I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton-chop and a dose of milk-punch : and thus, on taking my bachelor's degree, I became *Senior Wrangler*."

FEAR CURED.

The poet Gray was remarkably fearful of *fire* ; and, that he might be prepared to meet any sudden danger arising from such a calamity, he always kept a ladder of ropes in his room. He used occasionally to exercise himself by *descending* and *ascending*, with a view to become expert in case of real necessity. This attracted the attention of some

of his more mischievous brother collegians, who determined to attempt a cure of this habit. Accordingly, in the dead of a very dark night, they roused him from his bed with a cry of "fire!" taking care to inform him the staircase was in a flame. Up went the window in an instant, and Gray hastened down his ladder with no slight velocity, into a *tub of water* which had been previously prepared to receive him. The joke operated as a cure on Gray; however, he would not forgive it, but immediately changed his college.

BETTER ACQUAINTED.

Dr. Howard, when rector of St. George, Southwark, went round with the parish officers collecting a brief. Among the rest, they called on a grocer with whom the doctor had a running account; and, to prevent being asked for a settlement, the doctor inquired if he was not some trifle in his debt? On referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of *seventeen shillings* against the doctor, who had recourse to his pocket, and, pulling out some *halfpence*, a little *silver*, and a *guinea*, the grocer, eyeing the latter with a little surprise, being well acquainted with the doctor's poverty, exclaimed, "Good God, Sir, you have got a stranger there!" "Indeed I have, Mr. Browne," replied the wit, at the same time returning it very deliberately to his pocket,—"*and, before we part, we will be better acquainted!*"

TOM RANDOLPH

Was a man of such pregnant wit, that the Muses may seem not only to have smiled, but to have tickled at his nativity. Once on a day, as it often happens in drinking, a quarrel arose between Randolph and another gentleman, which grew so high, that the gentleman drew his sword,

and, striking at Randolph, cut off his little finger; whereupon, in an extempore humour, Randolph instantly made the following verses:—

“ Arithmetic nine digits and no more
Admits of, then I have all my store;
But what mischance have ta'en from my left-hand,
It seems did only for a *cipher* stand;
Hence, when I scan my verse, if I do miss,
I will impute the fault only to this:
A finger's loss, I speak it not in sport,
Will make a verse a foot too short.”

THE RETORT.

In the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and who, not long before, had been employed by Queen Anne as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and the next morning paid a visit to the master of his college (then Dr. Gower, or Jenkins). The master was attached to Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a great respect for his character in the world; but he had a much greater opinion and respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to permit a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence; and therefore kept his seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand. A little piqued at his reception, Matthew Prior, who was not then noted as a *dab* at an epigram, thought the present too tempting an opportunity to be let slip. He therefore, on his way to the Rose, from his college, where he went to dine, composed the following epigram, which he addressed to the master:—

EPIGRAM.

“ I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;

But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay *homage* to the *queen*."

TRAIT OF PORSON.

The same spirit of independence, so strongly discernible in Porson's moral character, was also visible in his literary character; and he never appeared so sore, or so irritable, as when a Wakefield or a Hermann offered to set him right, or hold their tapers to light him on his way. He considered them, and others, on such occasions, as four-footed animals; and used to say, that, in future, whatever he wrote, he would take care they should not reach it with their paws, though they stood on their hind legs to get at it.

IMPROMPTU.

In a mathematical examination at Bene't, or Corpus-Christi College, Cambridge, a student, being required to define a *triangle* and a *circle*, made the following *impromptu* :—

" Let mathematicians and geometricians
Talk of *circles*' and *triangles*' charms;
But the figure I prize is a *girl* with bright eyes,
And the *circle* that's formed by her arms."

ELEGANT RETORT.

BY THE LATE LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

Lord Ellenborough, who was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, when Mr. Law, was so unfortunate as to make an enemy in the person of Lord Kenyon, who took

every opportunity of annoying him, and repressing his rising talents. In a cause where Mr. afterwards Lord Erskine was engaged as counsel on the opposite side, and who made a violent speech, containing some personalities which Mr. Law was obliged to notice, this conduct of the judge drew from Mr. Law, when he rose to reply, the following *elegant retort*, from Virgil:—

“ Dicta ferox non me tua fervida terrent
Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis.”

“ HOW D'YE DO, OLD CODGER?”

An under-graduate, soon after he had commenced residence in the University of Cambridge, and whilst he was distinguished by the appellation of *freshman*, thinking to *come it strong*, started one morning upon his nag for a breathing towards the *Gog-Magog Hills*! Seeing an old gentleman jogging along upon his *black charger*, he determined to join him for a *quiz*, and, riding alongside his man, he began with—“ *How d'ye do, Old Codger?*” His companion, nothing abashed, answered very coolly—“ *Pretty well, Young Codger!*” Finding he had mistaken his man, after a few more attempts at a *quiz*, which were retorted by his companion, who was no novice at such sport, the collegian put his nag into a round pace, and left his companion far behind. The Cantab having reached his college, he soon after joined some of his companions (who happened to be men of longer standing than himself), to whom he related his adventures; at the same time describing the *Old Codger*. From the description he gave, no doubt was entertained by them, but that the *Old Codger* was a certain D.D., who was then Vice-Chancellor. This information put the *freshman* in a *funk*, particularly when they added, that he would undoubtedly be *convened*, and, perhaps, *rus-*

ticated, for his insolence. Some few hours after, whilst he with the rest were over a bottle, a note was brought to our hero, requiring his attendance on Mr. Vice-Chancellor, to account for his impertinence in the morning. His friends expressed their concern, but recommended his going immediately. Agreeably to this advice, he set off for the doctor's residence, and, knocking at his door, was desired to come in. He immediately began by apologizing, and presenting the note he had received; but, on Mr. Vice-Chancellor saying he knew nothing of the summons, he found, to his no small chagrin, that the whole was a *hoax*.

DELIGHTS OF GERMAN TRAVELLING.

The erudite John Tweddell, Esq., whose remains lie mouldering in the bosom of his parent earth, at Athens, in the *Temple of Theseus* (the mysterious and ever to be lamented disappearance of whose *Researches* still remains to be accounted for), was at his death a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Speaking of German travelling, in one of his letters to a friend, A. D. 1796, he says:—"Our carriage is in complete condition still, and that is saying a great deal. Mr. Webb's was broken to pieces in the same roads—such roads! such inns! and such beds! I slept once or twice upon straw in preference; and, after all, upon combing my head, I found that I had *increased my family*—but this was not the effect of *being in the straw*." In another letter, to a lady about to travel, he writes on the same subject:—"You must make up your mind to bad accommodations, frauds, stoppages, &c.—I would have added, and dirty sheets, if I did not presume that you would have the precaution to take your own. Two pair will be sufficient, or even one, for there will be sufficient time to *wash* them while you change horses—there's comfort for you. You must take a provision of *small-toothed*

combs with you—your head will soon tell you why. Another thing which you must take with you is *patience*—you will want it at every inn. You will find the *first* horses yoked a hundred yards before the second horses: you may think that the reason of this is, in order to go before, for the purpose of ordering *dinner*; but it is not so."

TIT FOR TAT.

During the administration of the famous Lord Chatham, who was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, delivered a charge to his clergy, reflecting highly on the administration of the noble lord. It so happened, that the poet Mason preached a visitation sermon before the archbishop, in the Cathedral Church of York, soon after. Mason, who differed entirely from the archbishop in politics, facetiously chose the following text on the occasion:—"Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the *devil* he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee." *Jude* 9.

Soon after the preaching of this sermon, by Mason, some one was declaiming in the House of Lords against the clergy interfering in *politics*, and during whose speech Lord Chatham came into the house; but, not knowing what had passed at York, he leaned over a noble duke, lately deceased, and asked to what the speaker was alluding. On being informed, his lordship attacked the archbishop most eloquently, and so ably retaliated for the past, that the archbishop, wanting temper naturally, was disabled from replying with any coherence.

ETERNITY OF HELL TORMENTS.

Soon after the appointment of Mr. Jebb, fellow of Peterhouse, and Mr. Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, to

the office of *Moderators* for the first time, they sent Paley, then in his third year (the time at which every under-graduate who contends for mathematical honours does the same thing), an *act to keep* in the schools. Paley was prepared with the mathematical question, and, referring to *Johnson's Questiones Philosophicæ*, a book then common in the University, in which the subject usually disputed in the *schools*, and the names of the authors who had written on each side, were contained, he fixed upon two others, as not having been proposed for *disputation*, to his knowledge, before: the one against *capital punishments*,—the other against the *eternity of hell torments*. As soon as it was rumoured amongst the heads of colleges, that Paley, who was then young, and whose abilities were well known, had proposed such questions, the master of his college was desired to interfere and put a stop to it. Dr. Thomas consequently summoned him to the lodge, and objected, in strong terms, to both his questions, but insisted upon his relinquishing the *last*. Paley immediately went to the *Moderator*, and acquainted him with this peremptory command. Mr. Watson was indignant that “the heads of colleges should interfere in a matter which belonged solely (as he said) to him, for he was the judge of the propriety or impropriety of the *questions* sent to him.” “Are you, sir,” continued Watson, “independent of your college? If you are, *these* shall be the questions for your *act*.” Paley replied, “that he should be sorry to offend the college; and therefore wished to change the last question.” “Very well,” replied the Moderator, “the best way, then, to satisfy the scruples of these gentlemen will be, for you to *defend* the *Eternity of Hell Torments*.”—and, changing his *thesis* to the *affirmative*, he actually did so.

MATTHEW MATTOCKS.

A gentleman, who had just taken his degree of B. A., in the University of Cambridge, going down into the north of England, on a visit, immediately after, was asked by a person (whose pronunciation savoured of the provincial), "whether he knew

MATHEMATICS."

The Cantab, supposing that he alluded to a person of that name, who lived in the neighbourhood, replied—"I don't know *Matthew Mattocks*, but I know his brother *Richard*."

DOCTOR GLYNN'S RECEIPT FOR DRESSING
A CUCUMBER.

Dr. Glynn, whose name will long be remembered in Cambridge, was one of those beings who would occasionally unstring the bow, lest it should lose its elasticity. Being one day in attendance on a lady, in the quality of her physician, he took the liberty of lecturing her on the impropriety of her eating *cucumber*, of which she was immoderately fond; and gave her the following humorous receipt for dressing them:—"Peel the cucumber," said the doctor, "with great care; then cut it into very thin slices, pepper and salt it well, and then—*throw it away*."

EXTEMPORANEOUS VERSES.

The following extemporaneous effusion was poured forth by a gentleman of Bene't, or Corpus Christi College, Cambridge:—

Have you not heard the cock's loud crowing
Ere the day began to dawn?
Have you not heard the cattle lowing,
And the huntsman's sounding horn?

Have you not heard the church bells ringing,
 For some happy wedded pair?
 Have you not heard the sky-lark singing,
 Soaring in the limpid air?
 Have you not heard the tempest roar,
 Driving on the pelting rain?
 If you have heard all these, and more,
 Perhaps—you'll hear them all again!

PORSON'S POLITICS.

They never interrupted an harmonious intercourse with him, who pays this tribute to his memory, and to whom, in a moment of confidence, he gave, in his own handwriting, a pamphlet, written in answer to Mr. Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*. It is termed—"A *New Catechism for the Natives of Hampshire*." The humour of the *tract* consists in playing upon the expression "*swinish multitude*," said to have been applied to the common people by Mr. Burke. The following is the beginning and ending of the—

TRACT.

Question. What is your name?

Answer. Hog or Swine.

Q. Did God make you a *hog*?

A. No; God made me *man* in his own image: the right honourable *Sublime* and *Beautiful* made me a *swine*.

Q. How did he make you a *swine*?

A. By muttering obscure and uncouth spells. He is a dealer in the *black art*.

Q. Who feeds you?

A. Our *drivers*, the only real men in this country.

Q. How many hogs are you in all?

A. Seven or eight millions.

Q. How many *drivers*?

A. Two or three thousand.

Q. With what do they feed you?

A. Generally with husks, swill, draff, malt, grains, and now and then with a little barley-meal and a few potatoes; and, when they have too much butter-milk themselves, they give us some.

The following must be allowed not to be destitute of humour :—

Q. What are the *interpreters** called?

A. The black-letter sisterhood.

Q. Why do they give the office to women?

A. Because they have a fluent tongue, and a knack of scolding.

Q. How are they dressed?

A. In gowns and false hair.

Q. What are the principal orders?

A. Three : *writers*, *talkers*, and *hearers*; which last are also called *deciders*.

Q. What is their general business?

A. To discuss the mutual quarrels of the *hogs*, and to punish their affronts to any or all of their drivers.

Q. If two hogs quarrel, how do they apply to the sisterhood?

A. Each hog goes separately to a *writer*.

Q. What does the *writer*?

A. She goes to a *talker*.

Q. What does the *talker*?

A. She goes to a *hearer*, or *decider*.

Q. What does the hearer decide?

A. What she pleases.

Q. If a hog be decided to be in the right, what is the consequence?

• Judges.

A. He is almost *ruined*.

Q. If in the wrong, what?

A. He is *quite ruined*.

After some facetious remarks on the clergy, who are termed peace-makers, the dialogue proceeds:—

Q. How are these peace-makers rewarded?

A. With *potatoes*.

Q. What, all?

A. Ten per cent. only.

Q. Then you have still *ninety* left in the hundred?

A. No; we have only *forty* left.

Q. What becomes of the odd *fifty*?

A. The drivers take them, partly for a small recompense for protecting us, and partly to make money of them, for the prosecution of law-suits with the neighbouring farmers.

Q. You talk sensibly for a hog; where had you your information?

A. From a very *learned pig*.

The following is given by way of answer to the question—by what ceremony the *hog* is disenchanted, and resumes his natural shape:—

A. The *hog* that is going to be disenchanted, grovels before the chief driver, who holds an iron skewer over him, and gives him a smart blow on the shoulder, to remind him at once of his former subjection and future submission. Immediately he starts up, like the devil from *Ithariel's* spear, in his proper shape, and ever after goes about with a nickname. He then beats his hogs without mercy, and, when they implore his compassion, and beg him to recollect he was once their *fellow-swine*, he denies that ever he was a *hog*.

This curious dialogue thus concludes:—

Q. What is the general wish of the *hogs* at present?

A. To save their *bacon*.

Chorus of Hogs. —Amen!

STEALING.

A Johnian, now deceased, one day met a Trinity man, walking under the *piazza* of Neville's Court, of whom he had some knowledge. Going suddenly up to the Trinitarian, he addressed him with,—“Sir, you are a thief!” The Trinitarian, all astonishment at the tone in which the accusation was made, demanded an explanation, “Sir,” answered the Johnian, smiling, “*You steal from the sun.*”

THE CANONICAL WIG.

It so happened, one day, that Doctor Howard passed by the shop of a peruke-maker, when his pocket, which was too often the case, overflowed with emptiness. He saw a *canonical wig* in the window, which took his fancy very much, and, in order to obtain credit, he informed the master of the shop he was rector of St. George's Southwark, and chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales. Happy in the acquisition of such a customer, the hair-dresser, who had received the doctor's order to that effect, finished a wig with the utmost dispatch; but before he sent it home, he heard some whispers about the reverend doctor, which did not perfectly please him, and he therefore ordered his journeyman, whom he sent with the wig, not to deliver it without the money. “I have brought your wig, sir,” said the barber, when ushered into the doctor's presence. “Very well,” said his reverence, “put it down.” “I can't, sir,” replied the barber, “without the *cash*.” The doctor, who was just then very low in the pocket, and anxious to possess the wig, said—“Let me try whether it will fit me?” This was so reasonable a request, that the barber readily consented, and the doctor had no sooner put it on his head, than he ordered the poor barber out of the room, giving him to understand that, since it was sold to him, it was now become his property.

DO ILL.

At a party, in Cambridge, where the merits of a certain *belle* happened to be discussed, two Cantabs, who had some knowledge of the lady, took opposite sides, and contended very warmly for each other's opinion; indeed, so high did the question run, that they became quite clamorous on the subject. Upon which a lady of the party jocosely observed, "that she feared they would be obliged to end the affair by fighting a duel?" "In that case, madam," replied one of the Cantabs, "we should *do ill*!"

PRINCIPLE AND INTEREST.

It is related of the celebrated Burke, that he sent his son to St. John's College, Cambridge, to complete his studies; and after the young gentleman had resided there some time, the *bills* were of course sent to him by the tutor, for payment. Burke suffered them to remain unpaid, nor did he take any notice of the circumstance. The tutor, at length, grown tired of waiting payment, wrote to request, that, if it was not convenient for Mr. Burke to pay the *principal*, he would pay the *interest*. To this reasonable request Burke laconically answered:—"Sir, it is neither my *principle* to pay the *interest*, nor my *interest* to pay the *principal*."

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

When Paley was installed as sub-dean, in the Cathedral of Lincoln, 1725, he proceeded from thence to take his degree of D.D. in Cambridge. He preached his *Concio ad Clerum* in February, and on that occasion, as he was no poet, and little skilled in Latin prosody, he unfortunately pronounced the word *profugus*, *profūgus*. This blunder of Paley's gave rise to the following epigram from one of the University wits:—

EPIGRAM.

“ Italiam, fato *profugus*, lavinaque venit
Litora ;
Errat Virgilius forte *profugus* erat.

DR. JORTIN,

Who was of Jesus College, Cambridge, was once asked by a friend, why he did not publish his sermons—“ They shall sleep,” answered the doctor, “ till I sleep.”

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The effect of absence of mind is well exemplified in an incident which happened some time since to a well-known gentleman of Magdalen College, Cambridge. He had taken his *watch* from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend, entering his room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the *egg* in his hand, upon which he was looking intently, and the *watch* supplying its place in the saucepan of boiling water.

FLYING TO THE UTMOST BOUNDS OF INFINITE SPACE.

During the days of Bishop Hinchley, at a visitation sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, the preacher indulged himself in much speculative argumentation, and concluded by speaking, though rhetorically, by no means mathematically or metaphysically, of an *angel's flying to the utmost bounds of infinite space.*

DELICACY.

Dr. Jortin was, by some writer, once accused of *indelicacy*. All the world laughed at the conceit, and Jortin

himself was surprised into a *grin*. "How comes it, John," said a friend of his, "that you should have the reputation of less delicacy than the broker?" "I'll tell you," said the doctor. "Rambling one day in the environs of the zodiac, instead of making my bow and my speech, I happened to turn my posteriors upon *Ursa Major*!"

KILLING TIME.

Paley frequently mixed in card-parties, and was considered a skilful player at whist; but he would, at all times, readily forego the amusement for conversation with an intelligent companion. A lady once observed to him at a card-table, "that the only excuse for their playing was, that it served to kill time." "The best defence possible, madam," replied he, "though *time* will in the end kill us!"

COMPLIMENTS.

Mr. Yates, the celebrated master of the free grammar-school at Appleby, which he had taught with credit and success for half a century, when in his eightieth year, still retaining the vigour of his faculties, became intimate with Paley. Many of their mutual compliments are remembered by their intimate friends; amongst others, the following:—"Mr. Paley reasons like Locke," was the observation of Yates; "Mr. Yates writes like Erasmus," was the equally merited reply of Paley.

FACETIOUS SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF PAUL I. OF RUSSIA.

Tweddell, in a letter to one of his friends, dated Moscow, 1797, thus facetiously describes the character of *Paul I.* "He is," says Tweddell, "a great imitator of Frederic II., for which reason he wears great boots and hideous uniforms, and exercises his troops at six o'clock in the morning

without his hat on, when the cold is at sixteen degrees. He wishes to unite magnificence with economy—for which reason he makes superb presents to individuals, and great retrenchments in the general departments of the state. He certainly has the most brilliant court in Europe; it is truly splendid. On the day of his *coronation*, at dinner, the lieutenant-colonels presented his dishes upon one knee. How can this eastern despot pretend to unite such base servitude with his love of the military? He is capricious and minute—attaching weight to trifles. All the military are obliged to have long *queues*; a man with short hair cannot command his armies. General *Mack* would not have sufficient merit to be a *sergeant*, for he has the vice of *baldness*: the emperor would treat him as the naughty boys treated Elisha. He judges all men upon the model of *Samson*, and conceives their force to be in their *hair*. His first acts, such as the liberation of *Koskiusko*, placed him in a fair light, and made him appear brighter than he ought to appear. In short, *Paul* is a poor thing; he does not want sense, but he has not capacity to embrace a comprehensive system of measures. He is a little man standing on tip-toe; he *libels* dignity when he struts; and reminds me of a poultry-yard, when he traverses the palace in the midst of the dames of honour.

FULLER ALL OVER.

The Rev. Thomas Fuller, who was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, was in his day a great *punster*, and also a man of most lively wit. He was extremely corpulent; and one day, as he was riding in company with a gentleman of his acquaintance, named *Sparrowhawk*, he could not resist the opportunity of passing a joke upon him. "Pray what is the difference," said Fuller, between

K

an *owl* and a *sparrowhawk*?" "Oh," retorted the other, sarcastically, "an owl is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over!"

KEEPING A CONSCIENCE.

The great *controversy* on the propriety of requiring a subscription to *articles of faith*, as practised by the church of England, excited at this time (1772) a very strong sensation amongst the members of the two universities. At Oxford the high church were completely triumphant; but in Cambridge the discussion ran high, and exercised talents and ingenuity on both sides of the question, attended with no small asperity. Paley was personally attached to many of the reforming party; but, though favourable to their claims, he did not sign the clerical petition which was presented to the House of Commons for relief; alleging jocularly to Mr. Jebb, as an apology for his refusal, that "he could not afford to keep a conscience."

RETORT ON RETORT.

Dr. South, in his "Animadversions on Dr. Sherlock's Vindication of the Trinity," in 1693, occasionally reflected upon Archbishop Tillotson, for his "signal and peculiar encomium, as he calls it, on the reasoning abilities of the Socinians;" and, being desirous of knowing the archbishop's opinion of his performance, procured a friend of his to draw it from him, who gave it to this effect,—that the doctor wrote like a man, but bit like a dog. This being reported to Dr. South, he answered, that "he had rather bite like a dog, than fawn like one." To which the archbishop replied, that "for his part, he should choose to be a *spaniel* rather than a *cur*."

MEMORABILIA OF DR. PARR.

HIS CHARACTER.

Though Dr. Parr never feared to look truth in the face, he was, however, frequently afraid of treading on her heels. His physical courage was far below his intellectual intrepidity. He would often recommend, but not so often support. Although his penetration into character was at first sight almost miraculous, yet intercept his microscopic vision by the most minute matter, and his power vanished. His prejudices once excited, his judgment took its leave. Dr. Parr was always the easy prey of *minions*; not that he had a taste for degraded intellect, but he was its unconscious dupe. It is said of the whale, that he is steered in his course by a fish of very contemptible dimensions, and that a yet more insignificant one will alter the course of a ship. He delighted in cabals and *scenes*, or else he was their most unlucky victim: he believed in any tales, however ridiculous, against his oldest friends, when inoculated upon him by cunning; and in any neighbouring family quarrels or local feuds, he instantly took the field (on the side he happened to enter it) with the appetite of an Irishman, who, arriving at a *row*, is said to rush into the thick of it with the pious exclamation, "God grant I may take the right side!" This may be attributed to the natural simplicity of his mind and the warmth of his temper. The constancy of his friendships very far, very far, from equalling their ardour. His best friends could not always evade his determination to quarrel. The subject of his *advice* was a fearful cause of rupture: he did not know his own ignorance of the world, and yet was despotic enough to demand that the *whole* advice should be swallowed; "*Parr's entire*," or your licence of friendship was withdrawn for

three hundred and sixty-five days. His friends did not quarrel with him, but Dr. Parr with them. His placability, however, was equal to his irascibility; and when the tornado was over, the serenity of the natural atmosphere returned. He not only forgave his supposed injuries, but he forgot them. He greatly resembled Goldsmith—"he was no man's enemy but his own." Godwin said of him, that his friendships were far too easily gained and too easily lost to be of consideration to any man. Nor was this infirmity of his mind confined to his friendships. The most violent bursts of grief were often succeeded by absurd and ludicrous ideas, and loud bursts of laughter; so rapid and instantaneous were his associations. There was a scene-shifting and a pantomime in his mind most inexplicable. In his religious sentiments and simplicity he was Apostolic; while in his rural parish church he was the Pope in miniature, and the stranger would estimate Dr. Parr's piety by the length and diameter of his wax candles, and the weight of his communion silver! The wisdom of his morning library conversations was strangely contrasted with the nonsense of his drawing-room and table talk. He whom archbishoprics could not tempt, would almost bow the knee for a piece of plate; and coronets and mitres were the baubles he played with, as a child with its nursery toys. The morning sloven, with the rapidity of Pantaloon, was transformed into the drawing-room courtier; and his ravenous appetite for intellectual nutriment was only equalled by his epicurean gluttony. It was said that Dr. Parr possessed two mills—one to grind knowledge, the other to grind food. All these contrarieties would have been unaccountable if the history of man did not tell us, that it is one quality to form a judgment, and another to *act* upon it; that it is far easier to invent the most perfect system of virtue and worldly wisdom, than to

practice the least part; and that men may possess a profound knowledge of human nature, and yet know nothing of themselves. It was one of the most sagacious remarks of Bacon, that "books do not teach the use of books." It has been said, that a too long continuance at the university is not the best way to enlarge the mind; but if Dr. Parr could have afforded to have remained there longer, he would have reaped great profit. He would early have associated with characters, who, in the attraction of society, would have polished and refined his own: he would have been taught self-controul, and the more correct estimate of his own powers. As it was, the early professional situation of the assistant *pedagogue* was unlikely to break in the eccentricities of such a mind. His clerical *profession* also deprived him of that early discipline derived from commerce with the world, almost essential to *smelt* the rich ore of his intellect. Whoever critically examines the published writings of Dr. Parr, will soon perceive why he did not, and why he could not, produce more creditable works. He was, as it were, overlaid with acquired knowledge: the flood of his memory burst in on his own original powers and drowned them. He always forgot that there is little original contribution to be made to the knowledge of the world, but that the *tact* of authorship consists in supplying the modern wants in a modern mode. He never could clear his mind of its recollections of the modes of the ancients: he could not elect from the number and the value of the precious stores: it was a diffidence and inability which, however, ruined his publications: he should have trusted more to himself and less to others. He never divested himself of the swaddling clothes of his education. In his mental powers and erudition he resembled Milton (he himself said so); in the use of them he was like Prynne; of the latter of whom it is said, by Cleveland, that

a marginal note would serve for a winding-sheet, and that his works were like thick-skinned fruits, all rind. Dr. Parr disappointed his reader by substituting other men's opinions for his own: his works resemble those of the man of learning described by Osborne, as so overawed by antiquity, that he dared present nothing to the public but what old authors had left them already published, and whose sentiments were put into "old forms, patched up with sentences which doth unavoidably make a rent in the author's own style." In short, Dr. Parr had powers which he dared not use—armour which he would not put on. Dr. Parr, however, was no *pedant*; it was not an awkward ostentation of *needless* learning. Bentley's observation on Warburton equally applies to Parr, who "appears to have a great appetite for learning, but no digestion." Dr. Parr was, however, no antiquarian miser in knowledge: his generosity in communicating his own inexhaustible stores was even prodigal, and many have reaped the reputation of his labours. He was the patron and benefactor of needy men of letters and genius, and his correspondence was extensive and often laborious. He particularly delighted in the society and improvement of young men, and many an ardent and superior mind has been *ignited* at his intellectual flame.

HIS PRECOCITY OF TALENT.

According to his own account, Dr. Parr, when a boy, was of very precocious intellect, and had attained a considerable degree of grammatical knowledge of Latin at four years of age. He mentions, that once, when called to the surgery by his father, to compound medicines, he first showed his critical acumen in revengefully pointing out to him a mistake he had made in a genitive case, in a Latin prescription, which drew from his father the robust correction of—"Sam, d—n the prescription, make the mixture."

PORSON'S SAYING OF PARR.

Dr. Parr, failing in his contest for the Mastership, quitted Harrow, and established a private academy at Stanmore, where he was accompanied by several boys of the upper form. It was a necessary consequence, and a part of the Stanmore *plan*, that he should be *married*. He accordingly "contracted matrimony" with Miss Marsengale, of the ancient family of Mauleverer, one of whose ancestors signed the death-warrant of Charles I. Dr. Parr married this lady because he wanted a housekeeper; Miss married him because she wanted a house. She was an only child, bred up by three maiden aunts, as she said of herself, "in rigidity and frigidity;" and she always described Dr. Parr as "born in a whirlwind, and bred a tyrant." Such discordant elements were not likely to end in harmony. Her disposition was bad and malignant. She lost few opportunities of vexing her spouse, which a strong understanding and caustic powers of language afforded her more than ordinary facilities of accomplishing: she always preferred exposing his foibles, and ridiculing his peculiarities in the presence of others. These domestic matters are only referred to as explanatory of some of the subsequent enigmas of the life and reputation of Dr. Parr. His mind and temper were kept in a perpetual irritation; he was driven to the resources of *visiting*, and to the excitement of that *table-talk* which unfortunately superseded efforts of more lasting character. Porson, whose discrimination fully equalled his own, used to say, "Parr would have been a great man, but for three things—his trade, his wife, and his politics!"

DR. PARR, THE REV. CHARLES CURTIS, AND CUMBERLAND.

Dr. Parr having received two anonymous letters, the

grating contents of which he attributed to the Rev. Charles Curtis, brother of Sir William, the Rev. Gentleman rebutted in the St. James's Chronicle, which produced from the Doctor an octavo pamphlet of 217 pages, in reply. This huge sequel of the Doctor's, tempted Cumberland to enter the field with a humorous reply, called "*Curtis Rescued from the Gulph; or, the Retort Courteous to the Rev. Dr. Parr, &c.*" 1792. The whole body of *latinity* is here put in requisition, to furnish that play upon words denominated *puns*, which hover about from the title-page,

"Ille mi PAR esse dens videtur,

Ille, si fas est, superare divos."—*Catullus*.

to the word FINIS inclusive—

"Jam sumus ergo PARES."—*Erit CURTIUS*.

The name of Cumberland was ever after a disagreeable sound to Dr. Parr, who characterised Mr. Dilly's authors as "hornets and scorpions."

DR. PARR *versus* LORD ERSKINE.

It was the vulgar notion of those who did *not* know Dr. Parr, that his knowledge was confined to the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, and the quantity of syllables; but those who *did* intimately know and appreciate his singular mental acquirements, were alike struck with their *variety* and depth. In classical erudition he was without a rival, and was one of the few surviving devotees of the old school of learning. The Doctor was most vain and jealous of his literary superiority and fame in the manufacture of inscriptions and epitaphs. Of these there are upwards of thirty in number; the most celebrated, to the memories of Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, Fox, and Sir John Moore. Dr. Parr and Lord Erskine are said to have been the vainest men of their times. At a dinner some years since, Dr. Parr, in ecstasies with the

conversational powers of Lord Erskine, called out to him (though his junior), "My Lord, I mean to write your epitaph!" "Dr. Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it is a temptation to commit suicide!"

HIS DELINEATION OF TOM PAINE'S CHARACTER.

"I recognise in Mr. Paine, a mind not disciplined by education, not softened and refined by a various and extensive intercourse with the world, not enlarged by the knowledge which books supply; but endowed by nature with very great vigour, and strengthened by long and intense habits of reflection. Acute he appears to me, but not comprehensive; and bold, but not profound. Of man, in his general nature, he seemed only to have grasped a part; and of man, as distinguished by local and temporary circumstances, his views are indistinct and confined."

DR. PARR'S ECCENTRICITIES IN THE PULPIT.

"Attending Hatton Church one Sunday, before it was rebuilt," says a gentleman, "I came in with a lady whilst he was reading the lessons. Fixing his eyes upon me, he stopped, and called aloud, in a full congregation, to his 'man Sam,' who stood in the aisle, "Sam, show that lady and gentleman into my pew." One Sunday, on mounting the pulpit, he, to my surprise, produced a printed volume of sermons, and thus addressed his congregation:—"My beloved friends, I have been neglectful of my duty, by not having a sermon of my own ready for you to-day; but I will read you a better than I could make for you. It is by Dr. Rees, a *dissenter*, but there is nothing in it to which we of the *Establishment* do not subscribe." He then read it through, and closed the service.

DR. PARR'S OPINION OF PITT AND FOX.

Dr. Parr was a frequent guest at the seat of the late Lord Dormer (father of the present Lord), Grove Park, near Warwick; indeed, he often went there without an invitation, and in his most ordinary costume. I was frequently sent to obtain the *Courier* newspaper; and, upon my return, he made me read to him the Parliamentary debates, which were at that period full of interest. I sometimes took a malicious pleasure in giving the utmost possible effect to the brilliant passages, upon which the Doctor would exclaim, "Why, you noodle, do you dwell with such energy upon *Pitt's empty declamation?*" At other moments he would say, "That is powerful, but Fox will answer it." When I pronounced the words, "Mr. Fox rose," Parr would roar out, "Stop!" and after shaking the ashes out of his pipe, and filling it afresh, he would add, with a marked emphasis, "Now, you dog, do your best!" In the course of the speech in question, he would often interrupt me, in a tone of triumphant exultation, with exclamations such as the following:—"To be sure!"—"Capital!"—"Answer that, if you can, Master Pitt!"—and, at the conclusion, "*That is the speech of the orator and the statesman; Pitt is a mere rhetorician.*"—adding, after a pause, "*a very able one, I admit.*" Sometimes, after hearing the first three or four sentences of a speech of Mr. Pitt, he would say, "*Now the dog is thinking what he shall say; Fox rushes into the subject at once.*" Here let me remark, that when Parr called any of his pupils *noodle* or *dog*, or even, in some instances, "*blockhead*," it was a proof that they were in high favour; and on those occasions his good-natured smile showed that he spoke in perfect good humour; but the word "*dunce*," he always used contemptu-

ously. When engaged in our lessons, he assumed a magisterial gravity of manner; but at other times he conversed with us as friends, and not as pupils, and frequently entertained us with most amusing anecdotes.

BOOTS PROHIBITED.

During the time Goslin, who was Master of Caius College, was Vice-Chancellor, he made it a heavy fine for any under-graduate to appear in *boots*. A student undertook, for a small bet, to visit him in the prohibited articles, and actually did so, entreating the Vice-Chancellor's advice for a *numbness* in his legs, which he pleaded was hereditary. The Vice-Chancellor dismissed him, lamenting he could not do him any service; and the under-graduate won his wager.

ONE INSIDE.

What *Cantab* has not had a lift in the coach which runs between Cambridge and Bury St. Edmund's, starts from the Cerulean Pig, and is driven by Smith—as civil a coachee as ever sung out “all right,” and as good a whip as ever sat behind a hack. Smith was one evening beguiled to stop for *one inside*, by a party of Cantabs; and whilst some kept him at *confab*, and *bussed* him in a glass of hot Cogniac and water, the others popped a young jack-ass into the coach, shut the door, sung out “all right,” and off went Smith in a crack. The Cantabs, who were driving tandems, reached the Blue Boar before coachee, and ranged themselves in order to enjoy the joke. Presently in drove Smith, who, dismounting, opened the door of his coach, to pay due attention to his “*one inside*,” when, to the no small delight of the by-standers, he was saluted with the following *Cantabile* in a sharp—“*Ehe-haw! Ehe-haw!*”

ANTICIPATION REALIZED.

A certain Cantab, anticipating that he should obtain

“The solid honours of the *Wooden Spoon*,”—

and thereby be added to the number of the *ξύλοφοροι*, or bearers of the *wooden* standard, purchased a large *wooden ladle*, which he took into the Senate-house with him on “THE TRIPOS DAY.” The *brackets* being posted up, some men, who were at too great a distance to read the names, cried out, “Who is the Spoon?” It having turned out as the Cantab had anticipated, thrusting up his hand, with the domestic utensil therein, he sung out, to the no small amusement of the assembled *θῆται*, “*Ecce signum!*” and thus averted the ridicule which is generally poured upon the “luckless wight.”

THREE PRIVATE TUTORS TO ONE PUPIL.

“The child who many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father’s care,”

Says the fabulist.—Whether it so befel a certain gentleman, who was certainly not possessed of “absolute wisdom,” we know not; but the following anecdote, *ipso facto*, is no fiction; and the hopeful subject of it may be occasionally seen adonising at the West End. Three M.A.’s, private Tutors, happened to meet together at a man’s rooms in Cambridge, for the express purpose of enjoying the *otium cum vino*, when their discourse turned upon which had the profoundest *tardus ingenii* for a pupil. Each asserted his right to precedence, and having betted on the result, to their no small surprise, their claims all centred in the same under-graduate, who was forthwith voted, *nem. dis.*, no Solomon.

ERASMUS *versus* LUTHER.

Erasmus, of whom Cambridge has a right to be not a little proud, thought so highly of Lord Mountjoy, that he pronounced him "*Inter doctos nobilissimus, inter nobiles doctissimus, inter utrosque optimus.*" The noble object of this eulogium entreated Erasmus to attack the *errors* of Luther. "My Lord," answered Erasmus, "nothing is more easy than to say, Luther is mistaken; and nothing more difficult than to prove him so."

THE WOODEN WEDGE.

At the institution of the Classical Tripos in Cambridge, A. D. 1824, some consternation was felt by the undergraduates, not so much because they *funked* the examination thereof, as for want of a corresponding *nom de guerre* to the WOODEN SPOON for that hapless wight who should be happy enough to be Tail-piece to those honours. This difficulty, however, to the no small gratification of the σοφοί, was obviated by the *cognomen* of the gentleman who *first* obtained that distinguished place, in the *Classical Tripos-Paper*, being WEDGEWOOD; which circumstance was hailed with suitable demonstrations of joy, and facetiously transposed into THE WOODEN WEDGE—

"Which all who win must wear;"

it being, as Lord Byron said of the Wooden Spoon,

"—— The name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees."

DON JUAN, CANTO III.

CURIOUS EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A
CANTAB TO HIS FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

"Monday, July 10, (1763) at six o'clock in the morning, made a forced march to *Chapelsdorff*, proceeded soon after

to *Teabuttersbreadtz*, from whence I made a detachment from the rear guard of my *Corps*, and proceeded to *Puzzlewitz*. About one o'clock arrived at *Commonbadtz*, where we fell in with a detachment *du Mutton*, which was soon cut to pieces, without any loss on our side; from hence marched to *Docknelhausen*, where I seized several *mazines*. At six was obliged to return to *Chapelsdorff*, from thence to *Supperville* and *Puzzlewitz*, and about ten at night fell back to *Snortinau*.

"P. W."

QUIS EST REX?

An eminent mathematician of Queen's College, now Tutor and *King* of that *Ilk*, was *Senior Wrangler* of his year with, perhaps, more distinction than any Cantab who ever took the same honour, being 700 marks above the next best man. He had with others to go into the "Schools" to a sort of *Huddling*, when the Moderators put a question to each in Latin. King having mounted the *rostrum*, the Moderator said to him with a significant smile, "*Quis est Rex?*" "*Socius Reginae*" was the prompt and facetious reply of the Queen's Man.

A GREEK PUN.

Dr. Parr is said to have been averse to a play upon words, but his applause was once extorted by the following Greek pun, which was made in the course of a warm argument between Payne Knight and himself. The former having at the moment a visible advantage, and having made some remark which nettled the Dr., he, in a moment of irritation, exclaimed,—“Sir, this is not a fair argument, it is downright impudence.” Payne Knight immediately replied,—“True, Doctor, the Greek word for it is *παρρησια*.” This happy repartee completely restored the good humour of

Parr, who replied,—“A fair retort, Sir; I forgive you, I forgive you!” and then laughed heartily.

BISHOP HORSLEY.

Dr. Parr had a great antipathy to that celebrated Cantab, Bishop Horsley. This learned prelate having said, in the course of a speech in the House of Lords, “the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them;” the sentiment, which at the time was commented upon in the newspapers, excited Parr’s indignation to so great a degree, that he wrote on the occasion a poetical remonstrance to the Bishop in English blank verse, Latin iambics, and Greek hexameters, and in the latter he denominated Horsley *ἰππότης*.

SIMPLICITY OF MATHEMATICIANS.

A late professor at Cambridge, who had been the *Senior Wrangler* of his year, being asked a few days after he had obtained that honour, if he were going to Town? replied, “That he should defer his journey thither for a fortnight, as he should not like to appear in London till the affair had blown over.”

THE MINOR POETS.

In a party (where the merits of Hayley and some other of the minor poets were discussed, of which the caustic and facetious Porson made one) some sagacious and sympathizing friends of the aspirants sapiently observed, “they will be read when Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope are forgotten.” “Yes,” added Porson with his accustomed home thrust, “and not till then!”

PORSON’S FONDNESS FOR ALGEBRA

Was universally known; but a more singular proof than

the following can hardly be adduced, exhibiting an *Equation* composed by him in Greek.

Τις ὁ ἀριθμὸς ὃν τεμνομενὸν εἰς δύο ἀνίσους μέρεις ἢ τοῦ μείζονος μερίδος
δυναμὶς μετὰ τοῦ ἐλαττοῦτος μεταλαμβάνομένη ἰσὺς ἰσσεταὶ τοῦ
ἐλαττοῦτος δυναμὶς μετὰ τοῦ μείζονος μεταλαμβάνομένη.

Required the number which being $+^d$ into 2 unequal parts, the square of the $>^r + <^s$ shall be equal to the square of $<^s +$ the $>^r$. Let the numbers be x and y .

$$x^2 + y = y^2 + x$$

$$x^2 - y = x - y$$

$$x + y = 1.$$

THE FIRST ENGLISH PLAY PRODUCED BY A CANTAB, AND FIRST ACTED AT CAMBRIDGE.

It is an incident at which the sons of Granta ought not to blush, *proh pudor!* that the first English play ever written was the production of a Cantab. It was called, "*a Rigght Pythy, Pleasant, and Merie Comedie, Intytuled Gammer Gurton's Needle; played on the Stage not long ago in Christs Colledge, in Cambridge, made by Mister S. Master of Arts. Imprynted at London, in Fleete Streeate, beneth the Conduit, at the Signe of St. John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell.*" The above edition was published A.D. 1575, and was written by John Still, M. A. afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. Though altogether of a comic cast, it was not deficient in genuine humour, and affords a curious specimen of the simplicity which prevailed in the dawning of dramatic genius in this country. It was written in *metre*, and spun out into five regular acts.—The following is a sketch of the—

PLOT :

Gammer Gurton having lost her needle, a great hunt is

made in search of it, and her boy is commanded to blow up the embers of an expiring fire, in order to light a candle to assist the search. The "d——d witch of a cat" has taken possession of the chimney with her two fiery eyes, which makes the boy cry out, "It is the devil of a fire," for when he puffs 'tis out, and when he does not, it's in. "Stir it!" shrieks Gammer Gurton. The boy does her bidding, and the cat, which Sawney has mistaken for the fire, rushes from the chimney into a pile of wood. "The house will be burnt," roars the boy. "All hands to work!" The cat is however discovered by the sagacity of a priest—which ends the *episode*. The main *plot* and *cat*-astrophy vies with the foregoing. Gammer Gurton had the day before, it seems, been mending her man Hodge's breeches. Now Hodge, in some game of merriment, is to be punished with three slaps on the breech by the brawny hand of his fellow bumpkins. His head is for that purpose laid in the lap of Gammer Gurton, the first slap is given, and Hodge bellows out with pain, when a joyful discovery for all, save poor Hodge, the needle is found buried up to the eye in his posterior. The needle is extracted with great demonstration of joy—and so ends this *first* of English comedies, to *which every Cantab ought to be "comes genius."*

DOCTOR BIRKETT,

The celebrated author of a Treatise on the New Testament, was, in his day, a very eminent preacher, and extremely tenacious of permitting any other divine to officiate for him. On a time, a clerical friend, who dined with the Doctor on the day in question, requested that he might be allowed to preach in his stead. The Doctor at first politely declined the offer, but, when within a few yards of the church, consented to it. In the interim, his friend had contrived to pick his pocket of the sermon he had prepared

to preach, and substituted it for his own. On his way back from the church, he inquired of the Doctor how he liked the discourse. "Why," answered Birkett, "you stole the *fiddle*, but you could not steal the *professor*."

HEAD *versus* HAIR.

A Cantab having the ill-luck, in academic phraseology, to be *plucked for orders*, some wicked wag of a gowmsman celebrated the accident by the following sarcastic Cantabile, in the shape of an

EPIGRAM.

Ned cut off his queue, and was powder'd with care,
Yet sadly mistaken was Ned;
For though he had taken such pains with his *hair*,
The bishop found fault with his *head*.

DR. BENTLEY AND THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Cumberland, the dramatist, was grandson of the celebrated critic and scholar, Dr. Bentley. At six years old, he was sent to the grammar-school of Bury St. Edmund's, which then enjoyed some repute under the management of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman, who was also a Cantab and a friend of the doctor's. Kinsman was fond of dilating on the superior advantages of his school, and, one day, while on a visit to Trinity Lodge, the learned pedagogue said to the doctor, "Master, I will make your grandson as good a scholar as yourself." "Pshaw! (exclaimed the great Aristarchus) how can that be, when I have forgot more than thou ever knewest."—When a boy, Cumberland was rallied by his mother for asserting that he *never slept*. Bentley called his grandson to an account for this assertion, which he did by stating, that he never knew himself to be asleep, and therefore supposed that he never slept. The great critic, very good-humouredly, gave the child credit

for this defence, and said to his mother, "Leave your boy in possession of his opinion; he has as clear a conception of sleep, and at least as comfortable a one, as the philosophers who puzzle their brains about it, and do not rest so well."

PRIOR'S POETICAL JEUX D'ESPRIT.

Sir James Thornhill drew the portraits of many of the visitors at Down Hall, the residence of that celebrated Johnian, Matthew Prior, under which he was accustomed to write verses. They frequently amused themselves in this way with a select party of friends, and with any kind of light repartee between the interval of dinner and supper. Under the head of the Rev. Timothy Thomas, chaplain to Lord Oxford, Prior wrote,—

"This phiz so well drawn, you may easily know,
Was done by a knight for one Tom with an O."

At another time, he wrote under the head of Christian, the engraver,—

"This, done by candle-light, at hazard,
Is meant to show Kit Christian's mazard."

THE THREE ASSES.

The following anecdote was printed in an old collection of Cambridge jests, printed A. D. 1600. A Quaker, walking through the streets of the University, was met by three jolly Cantabs, who, going up to him, the first said,—“Good morning, Father Abraham;” “Good morning, Father Isaac,” added the second; “Good morning, Father Jacob,” ejaculated the third. “I am neither *Abraham*, *Isaac*, nor *Jacob* (said Hezekiah Prim), but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to seek his father’s *Asses*, and, lo! I have

found them." Dwelling upon the latter part of the sentence with a *nasal-twang—secundum artem*.

PITT'S DEVOTION TO ENGLAND.

This celebrated Cantab and Statesman, once being asked by a friend, "Why he neglected the blandishments of a certain fair lady, who lost no opportunity of throwing herself in his way?" replied, "That he *was already united to Mrs. Britain*, who took up so much of his attention, that he had little time for dalliance with a mistress."

REMINISCENCES OF JEMMY GORDON.

Jemmy Gordon, that was, is now no more; but he was at least one of us by sufferance, and no legitimate son of *Alma Mater* will grudge him a corner for the following remembrances of him. No man's life is more calculated "to adorn a moral, and to point a tale," than poor Jemmy's, whose memory will be cherished as long as Granta exists. His father was chapel-clerk to Trinity College: a man

"Who kept the noiseless tenor of his way;"—

but Jemmy, alas! was destined to cut a figure in the world. He was bred to the profession of a solicitor, and was not a little esteemed for his talents, till he fell in love with a fair belle, who fell from her plighted faith, and, *on dit*, cut poor Jemmy for the more attractive allurements held out by a noble under-graduate, with whom she "*loped off*." Poor Jemmy, deserted by woman, took to wine, and, from that time forward, might be said, "*bacchanalia vivere*," being too often *benè potus* before sun-rise! But Jemmy was a scholar, literally a scholar, and many a classic theme and declamation did he pen for *non-reading men*, one of which is known to have obtained the college prize. He was,

during term-time, the boon companion of the *θεοι*, but vacation was to him incarceration, for Jemmy generally spent *non-term* under the surveillance of a bailiff, from which situation he was generally relieved by a subscription among those of the *θεοι* who required his aid, or enjoyed his repartee over "a bumper of sparkling wine." At one time (says a Cantab, writing of him just before his death,) he possessed "fame, wealth, and honours:" now his "fame" is a hapless notoriety; all the "wealth" that remains to him is a form that might have been *less* careworn had he been *less* careless; his honour is "air—thin air;" "his gibes, his jests, his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar," no longer enliven the plenteous banquet:—

"Deserted in his utmost need
By men his former bounty fed ;"

the bitter morsel for his life's support is parish dole. "The gayest of the gay" is forgotten in his age—in the darkness of life; when reflection on what *was* cannot better what *is*. Brilliant circles of acquaintance sparkle with frivolity, but friendship has no place within them. The prudence of sensuality is selfishness."

MAKING A KNIGHT.

Jemmy met a gentleman, well-known in Cambridge, soon after his Sovereign had conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and, going up to him, he said, with more wit than politeness:—

"The King, by merely laying sword on,
Might make a knight of Jemmy Gordon:
Who, to save from rustication,
Crams the dunce with declamation!"

PUTTING A STOP TO PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

At another time, meeting the prosecutor of a felon, named *Pilgrim*, who was convicted and sentenced to be transported at the Cambridge assizes then holden, Jemmy exclaimed, "You have done, Sir, what the Pope of Rome could never do; you have put a stop to *Pilgrim's Progress*!"

Once, having pledged his coat for half-a-crown, he entreated of a gentleman, he met, sufficient to *redeem* it, which, being complied with, he drily observed, with more wit than piety in the allusion, "Now I know that my redeemer liveth!"

Jemmy, one day, came in contact with a person of very indifferent character, when he happened to be without shoes or stockings; and the gentleman, pitying his condition, told him, if he called at his house, he would give him a pair of shoes,—“Excuse me, Sir (replied Jemmy, assuming a contemptuous air,) I would not stand in your shoes for all the world!”

THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURES, AS I REMEMBER
THEM SOME TIME AGO.

I never was entirely an idler, though I lament many days wasted in the best part of my life. Irregular in my pursuits, I seldom kept them long in view. I followed with zeal, while the novelty lasted, and thus saw much, and heard much, perhaps with attention; but, from a want of that steady and regulated perseverance, which alone leads to excellence, I fall far short of the promises which imagination once held out in the heated moments of early ambition. They are gone; but as the grey hairs have not yet

appeared, and as life has better things than dejection and despair, I look upon the future with sanguine hopes, and on the past with as pleasant feelings as I can. Perhaps, to a fault, I love to ponder upon things that are not, or give them a new existence in the store-house of memory. Here, then, I shall write down some of my recollections. I shall record the characters of the different lecturers I sometimes heard, when I wore the blue gown at Trinity College, where I loitered away many an hour, and devoted many a long evening to merriment and laughter, which should have been more seriously employed. I begin with Daniel Edward Clarke, the enthusiastic traveller. He is now no more; he only lives in our recollection. To give a correct idea of the energy and animation of this man's character, requires a more forcible pencil than mine. I wish to paint him to the life! I wish to send out a portrait which cannot be mistaken by those who have seen Clarke some years ago, when he was among us in full vigour and spirit. But for this we must go to the lecture-room; we must fancy ourselves a little younger, and the professor still alive; we will wile away a few minutes over the beautiful specimens which are so delicately arranged upon the table, and the surrounding cases, from the primitive formation of granite to the costly stores and precious metals; the blow-pipes too, whose intense heat in fusing metal has so much assisted the science; the picture of the grotto of Antiparos, with its beautiful stalactites and crystal floor; the ingenious section of the strata of this island; the green god of the New Zealanders; and a vast collection of curious and precious things. But the Professor has entered with his papers in his hand, and a favourite specimen; intelligence and genius are depicted on his strongly marked countenance. His earnest manner of recommending his darling pursuits, shows that his heart and soul are wrapt in it. To a full

audience he mentions the names of some ambitious travellers among his pupils, who have brought him specimens from Scandinavia, Switzerland, and the Pyrenees. He calls for their wonder and admiration at their superlative beauty; whether they be diamonds or bits of rock. Every thing is matter for wonder with him. He is no cold speculator, but an enthusiast: he will tell you that the very streets will yield us gold from the dust we tread on; he would fain have us believe that we shall find gold mines in abundance among the rocks and cliffs of the West of England; but woe to the wretch who adventures upon this hopeless enterprise. All this is very amusing; and the many anecdotes which are related, by way of illustration, sometimes makes the lecture a rich treat. His extensive travels gives him great opportunities. The more serious and severe amongst us consider his speculations as trifling and useless. But the Professor has an equal contempt for their trivialities, and throws back their arrows upon them. He is invulnerable to such attacks. He finds

“ Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

Alas, to one enemy he has been forced to yield; his chair is no longer occupied and sustained with the fervid zeal, or his pursuit set forth with the elegant language we have so often heard. He is gone; and the cheerful home, where many of us enjoyed his hospitality and entertaining conversation, is now destroyed. His beautiful widow, and his little children, are all far from the place. There is now nothing to remind us of this good man, but his specimens and the Eleusinian Ceres.

I must now speak of the Professor of Geology, the *subterranean* lecturer. How shall I describe the physiognomy of Adam Sedgewick? Shall I give him the eye of

the hawk, the head of the eagle, and the ferocious look of the wolf; with a multitude of other qualities to make up this strange "wild fowl?" Truly, I would scarcely hope to look upon so sinister a visage. If you recoil from it with alarm, you have only, as in similar cases, to look it in the face steadily, and your terrors will cease. You may find reasons for liking it at last. Heavens! what an impetuous tongue! yet the larum is never down: an incessant rattle, with a worthy contempt for the flowers of rhetoric. Now we traverse the globe with him; or descend into the bowels of the earth, freeze upon the Alps, climb Mont Blanc, totter on the Andes, or, disguised in a dirty frock, descend into a Cornish tin mine. Yet, in the costume he would have us wear, if we leave our letters of recommendation at any gentleman's house, there is a possibility of our being driven from the door by a pampered menial, the parish beadle dispatched to see us beyond the limits of the neighbourhood, or we may be subjected to the parochial inflictions on dirty vagabonds. Such things have happened. Poor wandering geologist, what ills art thou heir too! With a green satchel strung over his shoulders, and a mattock in his hand, this philosopher has worked his way among the natural curiosities of England: his toilsome tour speaks highly for his indefatigable perseverance: and his erudite treatises which we now and then read in the Philosophical Society, clearly show him to be one of a powerful mind and surpassing talent, who has made excellent use of his opportunities. His Woodwardian lectures are very amusing, anti-Wernerian to the bone. He will sometimes give a field-lecture, taking some select philo-geologists on a pedestrian excursion, a few miles into the country. He has not yet adopted Professor Buckland's mode, at Oxford, of lecturing on horseback. That is a grotesque lecture, like a coursing meeting, or an otter hunt. The students are

riding about, over hedges and ditches, till the Professor has discovered a subject worthy of remark, when they all obey the whistle which calls them round him to listen to his observations. I prefer Sedgewick's lecture, as it is much less troublesome; and, under favour of the Oxonians, I would say, more amusing. With his excellent map of the country, and that valuable collection before us, such a lecturer, so accomplished and so communicative, is an estimable advantage to students. Long may he occupy his chair; may he continue his present pursuits with the same ardour as he commenced them; and may he live long to be the ornament of the University, which is so proud of him. The utility of the science is obvious. Without it we must remain ignorant of the resources and wealth of our own country; without it we must pass through others unobserving, unedified, unacquainted with the peculiarities which distinguish one from the other, and return home with little more increase of knowledge than that of babbling tongues and senseless faces.

Come with me to hear Professor Farish: the hour will be well employed. The experimental philosopher has laid out all his apparatus of cog-wheels, cylinders, bars, pulleys, cranks, screws, blocks, &c., and, with a complacent smile, is contemplating the ingenious combination of all the parts. In the simplest, almost approaching to infantine, manner, he explains all the intricate modes by which these wheels work upon one another, their multipliers, their momentums, and their checks. His sawing-machines, his hat manufactory, his oil-press, and cannon foundry, are abundant sources of entertainment. In the latter we see the whole process, from the casting to the firing off of the instrument of war. His explanations of the art of mining and ship-building are perfect in clearness and precision; and the air of simplicity which he throws over the whole is such that the student cannot but smile at the seeming

facility of the subject, and the serene indifference with which the Professor treats of the most complex machinery. Under all this appearance of simplicity, it is discoverable that he is a great man. He is one of the best mathematicians the last age produced. A new kind has sprung up amongst us of late: since his time science has been greatly increased by introductions from foreign schools; but it remains to be proved, whether the finesse and nicety of the present system is of greater use in strengthening the mind than that which exercised the talents of Newton. Whoever is destined to occupy any situation of distinction, or public utility, cannot do better than add to his stock of information the matter of these very improving lectures: he can never go unimproved away; he will carry with him into life so much ingenious knowledge, if he has given his attention to the course, that he will everywhere meet with consideration and respect, while he can render service or furnish instruction.

I always thought the study of Political Economy essential to a gentleman's education. I was a frequent, almost constant, attendant upon Professor Pryme. Many object to this study, as a dry, uninteresting complication of theories, which only harass or perplex the mind;—that it has a dangerous tendency, and is calculated to give the statesman's politics a discontented turn. Such is the language of smatterers and sciolists; flies that have not power enough to burst the spider's web. "Drink deep, or taste not," is a precept as applicable to this as to any other branch of knowledge. The slender stock of the casuists is just enough to cause their own alarms; if they had proceeded to inquire with greater minuteness, the advantages would have instantly suggested themselves, and they would have obtained that entire and comprehensive view of the subject which endows the mind with juster notions. There is scarcely a topic, even the commonest in the affairs

of life, which is not connected with political economy. It is true that there is a great diversity of opinion among the leading authors, Malthus, Ricardo, and others; but practical knowledge and experience will correct many errors, and reconcile most of their differences. Pryme is a native of Yorkshire, and, as well as others of his countrymen, is not a very pleasing orator; but he is a man of talent, and has conquered his natural disadvantages. By the precision which he has gained by an excellent education, he has made his course of lectures a systematic and luminous exposition of his favourite science. I own, it requires a strong liking to the study to go through it to the end. "*Aliquando bonus dormitat.*" The good man sometimes nods; but those who want information will wait patiently for it. Those who have 'itching ears' will think their time thrown away. He has lately instituted *conversazioni* on Saturday evenings at his own house, which a few students attend, who wish to obtain explanations of knotty points in a more familiar manner than the public lectures allow of. This is a great advantage; and, besides, is a sacrifice, on the part of the Professor, which deserves the gratitude of those who have enjoyed his society, and received so many kind attentions.

There is one person who must not be passed over without notice, because he is a remarkable instance of the manner in which men may make their own fortunes, and raise themselves, by their own great exertions, to a state of comparative independence, from the lowest situations in life. Professor Lee's powers of mind must be of the highest order, if the account generally received of his extensive learning be true. Under every difficulty and disadvantage, he made himself a profound scholar. To accomplish this end, it is said of him, that he purchased the elements of his classical and oriental library with the bounty which he received on entering the militia, as a private soldier; and

in that obscure character he laid the foundation of his present fame. The honours of the University, which has adopted this self-taught son of science, are but just tributes to his acknowledged merits and celebrated learning. His Hebrew lectures are attended by many young men, who, by their researches into those hitherto too much neglected paths of sacred literature, aim at distinction in their profession. The fountains of learning are here opened with no niggard hand; and those fertilizing streams are poured forth on cultivated soils, which may well be expected to produce the fairest fruits.

There are many other names which deserve attention; but their pursuits are not so popular as those I have already mentioned, or they are confined to particular professions. The Professor of Botany is superannuated. The Professors of Medicine are heard very patiently by embryo physicians and young apothecaries. They are all excellent in their different departments: I have no inclination to decide between them, or their more important rivalry with the Machaons of Edinburgh. I must remark by the way, respecting anatomy, that although the Professor is a man of great talents, and has a very pleasant manner of communicating his knowledge, still I should wish to see none among his auditors but those who intend to embrace the medical profession exclusively. It requires deep attention, and must abstract a young man's thoughts from his prescribed studies; so that when he engages with his contemporaries in the contest of honours, he finds how entirely he has misapplied his time and talents. I have known instances of such failures.

K. Q. M.

*A SKETCH OF CERTAIN PROFESSORS AND LECTURERS.***BISHOP MARSH.**

"Herbert Marsh, the Margaret Professor of Divinity," says a contemporary, "is altogether the first man in Cambridge at the present time. He is an ornament to this University, and he would be an ornament to any society that ever existed. But he was not formed in Cambridge. He went to the Continent very shortly after he graduated—studied theology under Michaelis—ransacked the stores of German literature—wrote one of the ablest periodicals of the day, called "British Politics Defended," which did his country incalculable service on the Continent, and which ultimately became so odious to Buonaparte, that he proscribed Marsh. He was concealed several months by his host, and attended by his host's daughter. He was not ungrateful for these services, for he married this lady shortly after his appointment to the Divinity Professorship. He is intolerant; but he supports his opinions like a man, and is the very best pamphleteer of the day."

PROFESSOR SMYTHE.

"At an immense distance below Marsh, but undoubtedly second in the University, is Smythe, the Professor of Modern History. He is, in private life, a most amiable man; thoroughly acquainted with his business; a Whig in politics; but his lectures, admirable alike for their elegance, and various information, and profound research, contain not a breath of party spirit. The man who has an opportunity of attending these lectures, has reason to congratulate himself on his good fortune. For my own part, I have only regretted since, that I did not devote my days and nights to the mastering, thoroughly, the rich stores of

thought and knowledge which they would have developed. The publication of these lectures would be an invaluable treasure to the youth of this country, but he permits no one to take notes; and I fancy that, at all events, he does not intend to publish them during his life."

PROFESSOR WOODHOUSE.

"Woodhouse, the Plumian Professor of Astronomy, has added little or nothing to the stock of science. I know not that he has made any attempt at original investigation, except in a paper in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society,' on the Rectification of the Ellipsis. He has written a multitude of elementary treatises on mathematics, most of them very excellent, and laid the foundation for introducing the continental methods in Cambridge, which was completed by a bad measure of Mr. Peacock's, of Trinity."

THE LECTURERS.

"So much for the public Professors. A word or two I must spare for the most conspicuous of the College Lecturers. Mr. W——, one of the tutors of Trinity, I hold to be by far the nearest approximation to the celebrated trio I have already named. His mind is framed on the same model,—bold, vigorous, and excursive; but circumstances have circumscribed, or rather directed his career into a channel in which he will never descend to posterity. Elementary treatises in sciences, (and he has written the very best that Cambridge ever produced), are temporary in their existence, and partial in their circulation. The 'Apology for the Bible' will be read over three quarters of the globe, when every name now in Cambridge shall be forgotten."

"MR. K—G,

Tutor of Queen's College, graduated some five or six years

ago. He was Senior Wrangler, and took that degree with higher distinction than perhaps any other man ever did. He *might* have been one of the first mathematicians in Europe : he *is* the Tutor of a College. His extraordinary powers of acquisition, the energy of his mind, and the vigour of his temperament, are wholly employed in making college bills, arranging college squabbles, and looking after the morals of freshmen. His knowledge of mathematical science *was* most extensive, and his mastery complete. At present the game of Whist is his favourite study ; and probably he will end his career much more familiar with Hoyle than La Place. The man that might have rescued the name of English science from contempt, is fast approaching the honour of a three-bottle man in a tippling College, and of the best Whist-player in a gambling University. The resident Fellow, who in his youth spends his afternoons over bad port, and his nights in card-playing, in the decline of life becomes, as a matter of course, a silly and besotted old woman, in a Doctor's gown."

" MR. P—K

Is mathematical lecturer in Trinity College, one of the translators of La Croix, and one of the best compilers of the ' Supplement of Examples.' He has a clear head, and a prodigious industry, has read more mathematics probably than any three men of his age now living ; but he does not possess a single particle of invention."

" MR. G—N,

A lecturer in St. John's, the neatest and the most clear-headed mathematician in Cambridge ; the best private tutor, and the best mathematical lecturer in the University. He is an excellent Moderator, and his examination papers are models of clearness and judgment. Of any other

knowledge, whether of the most ordinary affairs of life, or of questions which occupy the public mind, or are likely to influence the public happiness, he is as innocent as an Esquimaux.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF DR. ISAAC MILNER.

Sizars, as every body knows, are poor students, enjoying certain pecuniary privileges, and formerly subject to certain degrading duties and services, which have for many years been abolished in Cambridge. The small colleges, however, still retain one mark of distinction, compelling them to wear a paltry kind of gown, which no parish-clerk or beadle would adorn his shoulders withal. Why do they not take a lesson from the two great Colleges, Trinity and St. John's, which, aware that they are the class of men from whom the *lights* of the University have sprung, have long since abolished the distinction. The services which, in days of yore, were rendered by the Sizars, consisted in ringing the chapel bell in the morning, serving up the *first* dish to the Fellows at dinner, &c. When Dr. Isaac Milner first went up to Cambridge, these services were still exacted. He happened one day to scatter on the floor of the hall the tureen of soup which was intended to regale the Fellows, and is said to have exclaimed, in reply to some sharp rebukes, "By G—d, but when I get into power, I will do away with this nuisance." The "when I get into power" was the subject of many a burst of laughter over the bottle, in the Combination-room. But he was as good as his word, although they could not see, under his rough dialect and unpolished manners, the future President of the College. They could not see, that in a few years he was to be, to use his own expression, the "cock o' the midden" at Cambridge.

PEACOCK'S PARAPHRASTIC CHAUNT A LA
WHEWELL'S MECHANICS.

The appearance of the first volume of a Treatise on Mechanics, by a celebrated member of the Combination of Trinity College, had, of course, been looked forward to with considerable expectation, and high mathematical anticipations were indulged in, which were considerably heightened by unforeseen delays. It did, however, at last appear; and, whatever may be the feelings of an author on the *faulty* or successful publication of a work which has been anxiously desired by the circle with which he may be surrounded, it is certain that Mr. W.'s annoyances were not decreased by the general opinion of the style of language in which his System of *Statics and Dynamics* was written. On the day of publication, as usual, the learned author *dined in Hall*, and afterwards joined the numerous company of Fellows in the Combination-room; and, as he was wont, most facetiously was assisting to "keep the table in a roar," when lo! a hero, yclept George Peacock, *vulgo* Cupid, advanced with a napkin in his hand, and, in the eager excitation of the moment, was about to give the mighty Whewell a *smart* congratulatory *fillip*, had not Whewell, with *admirable* dexterity, caught the offending napkin in his hand, when, pulling it with all his might, the disappointed George Peacock chaunted the following lofty strain, in the shape of a *paraphrastic*, almost *verbatim* quotation from the new-born book:—

"Hence no force, however great,
Can stretch a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line,
That is correctly straight."

A DELICATE MORSEL.

A son of Granta, whose delight was rather in the sports of the field than in strutting about the streets of the University *à la Cantab*, had been out very early one morning at a fox-chase; from which returning at a late hour, his appetite became so excessively keen, that it was not to be resisted, and accordingly he resolved to beg alms at the first farmhouse he might light on. His sight, rendered keener by the cravings of his stomach, he soon espied a small house at some distance, which having gained, he offered his humble petition to mine hostess. The old dame courtesied, begged our hero would alight, and regretted she had no better cheer to offer him than the remnant of a *meat pie*, the remains of their own frugal meal. "Anything is better than nothing," cried the Cantab, at the same time entreating she would not delay a moment in placing it before him; for he already devoured it in imagination, so keen was his hunger. "Here it is," said the dame, producing it at the same instant from a small cupboard near the elbow of our sportsman, who turned round as she spoke—"Here it is, Sir; it is only made of the *odds* and *ends*, but may hope your honour would like it, though it has mutton and beef, and all that in it." "Charming! my good woman, it needs no apology; I never tasted a more delicious morsel in my life!" continued the Cantab, as he swallowed, or rather devoured, mouthful after mouthful. "But there is *fish* in it too," said he, as he greedily sucked what he supposed to be a bone. "Fish!" exclaimed the old dame, looking intently on what the sportsman had got in his hand: "fish, nae, Sir,—why lack a day (cried she)! if that beant our Billy's *comb*!"

OVER-WISE.

In a lecture-room of St. John's College, Cambridge, a student one morning, construing or translating some part of a Greek tragedy (the Medea of Euripides), came to the following passage—

Αλλ' ουκ αριστοφος ειμι.

To which he gave the proper sense—

“I am not *over-wise* ;”

but pausing as if he doubted its correctness—“You are quite right, Sir,” observed the humorous lecturer; “go on.”

TRUTH AND RHYME.

In the days of Charles II., candidates for holy orders were expected to respond in Latin to the various interrogatories put to them by the bishop or his examining chaplain. When the celebrated Dr. Isaac Barrow (who was fellow of Trinity College, and tutor to the immortal Newton) had taken his bachelor's degree, and disengaged himself from collegiate leading-strings, he presented himself before the bishop's chaplain, who, with the stiff stern visage of the times, said to Barrow—

“*Quid est fides?*” (what is faith?)

“*Quod non vides?*” (what thou dost not see),

answered Barrow with the utmost promptitude. The chaplain, a little vexed at Barrow's laconic answer, continued—

“*Quid est spes?*” (what is hope?)

“*Magna res?*” (a great thing),

replied the young candidate in the same breath.

“*Quid est charitas ?*” (what is charity ?)

was the next question.

“*Magna raritas*” (a great rarity),

was again the prompt reply of Barrow, blending truth and rhyme with a precision that staggered the reverend examiner; who went direct to the bishop and told him, that a young Cantab, of *philosophic mien* (the faces of reading men in those days being generally in the likeness of *inverted* isosceles triangles), had thought proper to give rhyming answers to three several moral questions; and added, that he believed his name was Barrow, of Trinity College, Cambridge. “Barrow, Barrow !” said the bishop, who well knew the literary and moral worth of the young Cantab, “if that’s the case, ask him no more questions; for he is much better qualified,” continued his lordship, “to examine us than we him.” Barrow received his letters of orders forthwith.

TRUTH *versus* POLITENESS.

At a tea-party, where some Cantabs happened to be present, after the first dish had been handed round, the lady, who was presiding over the tea equipage, “hoped the tea was good.” “Very good indeed, madam,” was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Cantabs to speak, who, between truth and politeness, shrewdly observed, “That the *tea* was *excellent*, but the *water* was *smoky* !”

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The arm of Dr. Barrow, like his argument, was powerful, as the following instance of his prowess, humanity, and love of reasoning, as related by his biographer, will show. Being on a visit to a friend in the country, he rose before

daybreak one morning, and went into the yard. He had scarcely left the door, when a large English mastiff, left loose to guard the premises during the night, sprung upon him. Barrow grappled with the dog, threw him on the ground, and himself upon him. In this position he remained, till one of the servants made his appearance, who instantly called off the dog, and extricated the doctor from his perilous situation. "Why didn't you strangle him, doctor?" asked the man. "Because," answered Barrow, "the brute was only doing his duty; and I thought within myself, as I kept him under me, if we all did the same, how much happier the community would be."

A FAREWELL SCENE.

Christopher Anstey, who was bred at King's College, and well known in the world as the author of the "*New Bath Guide*," and an elegant version of *Gay's Fables*, was, during his residence in the University of Cambridge, extremely irregular in his conduct. For something which was deemed a serious breach of the college rules, he was required to make an apology to the heads of the society to which he belonged: he accordingly appeared before the parties at the appointed time; but, instead of apologizing, he aggravated his offence by making several observations, which were deemed insolent and impertinent. He was now threatened with *rustication*, forfeiture of collegiate honours, &c. unless he offered a very serious apology; for which purpose he was *convened* before the whole college on a day named. Anstey entered the Combination-room (where sat the doctors, masters of arts, bachelors, and others of his college), amidst a profound silence, and, with hypocritic phiz and affected contrition, he proceeded to address the dignitaries of Granta. Turning towards the doctors, he thus began—"Valete, doctores sine doctrinâ!"

(Farewell, ye doctors without learning!) Then to the masters of arts, he continued—" *Valete, magistri sine artibus!*" (Farewell, ye masters without arts! Lastly, facing the bachelors, he exclaimed—" *Denique valete, baccalaurei digniores baculo!*" (At length farewell, ye bachelors worthy of a thrashing!) So saying, with a sarcastic inclination of the head, he walked out. It is needless to add, he was despoiled of his honours, degraded, and expelled. To the unfortunate conclusion of this affair, he alludes in the following couplet of his "*Bath Guide*:"

" On the margin of Cam, where, studious of ease,
I spent seven long years, and then lost my degrees."

READY REPLY.

It is generally known that the grass-plots in the college courts, or quadrangles, as they are called in Oxford, are not for the unhallowed feet of the under-graduates; indeed, it is, in one college in Cambridge, a fine of *two* and *six-pence* for any man of the college *in statu pupillari* to pollute them; but these regulations are rather intended to preserve the turf, than for distinction. Some, however, are hardy enough to venture, in despite of all remonstrance. The late Bishop of Bristol, then master of Trinity, had often observed a student of his college invariably to cross the green, when, in obedience to the calls of his appetite, he went to hall to dine. One day, the bishop determined to reprove the delinquent for invading the rights of his superiors, and for that purpose he threw up the sash at which he was sitting, and called to the student—"Sir, I never look out of my window, but I see you walking across the grass-plot." "My lord," replied the offender instantly, "I never walk across the grass-plot, but I see you looking out of your window." The prelate, who well knew how to

appreciate a retort, pleased at the readiness of the reply, closed his window, convulsed with laughter.

NOT *versus* NOTT.

A gentleman of Maudlin, whose name was *Nott*, happening one evening to be out, was returning late from his friend's rooms in rather a merry mode, and, withal, not quite able to preserve his centre of gravity. In his way he attracted the attention of the proctor, who demanded his name and college. "I am *Nott* of Maudlin," was the reply, hiccupping. "Sir," said the proctor, in an angry tone, "I did not ask of what college you are *not*, but of what college you are." "I am *Nott* of Maudlin," was again the broken reply. The proctor, enraged at what he considered contumely, insisted on accompanying him to Maudlin, whither having arrived, he demanded of the porter, "whether he knew the gentleman." "Know him, sir," said the porter, "yes, it is Mr. *Nott* of this college." The proctor now perceived his error in *not* understanding the gentleman, and, laughing heartily at the affair, wished him a good night.

A VERY CUTTING RETORT.

Archbishop Tillotson had, by some means, incurred the displeasure of Sir John Trevor, who had been expelled the House of Commons for several misdemeanors. Sir John, one day meeting Tillotson, cried out, "I hate to see an *Atheist* in the shape of a churchman." "And I," replied the archbishop, "hate to see a *knave* in any shape."

THE BLUE BOAR.

In olden times, the students of the different colleges in Cambridge obtained various *nicknames*; but why or wherefore are questions few persons are qualified to answer

generally. For instance, the men of Trinity College are called *bull-dogs*; Maudlin men, *rats*; Clarehall men, *grey-hounds*, &c.; and since the men of St. John's College obtained the name of *hogs*, it is no very uncommon thing for men of other colleges to say, when they see a pig, "*There goes a Johnian.*" It is necessary to inform some of our readers, that the gown-men of Trinity wear *blue gowns*, but the *toga* worn by a *Johnian* is *black*. It happened on a day, that a *Trinitarian*, brimful of champagne, was passing by the sign of the *Blue Boar* (which hung nearly opposite his own college, and had been newly painted and richly gilt), with his spirits raised to the $(Nth + 1)$, when the *sign* attracted his attention, and, nimbly climbing the post from which it hung suspended, he in an instant wrenched it from the hinges and dashed it to the ground, exclaiming, "D—— me, if a *Johnian* shall wear a *blue gown*!"

BILLET FOR BILLET.

A tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge, was much annoyed one day, when dining in hall, by the loquacity of an under-graduate, who sat at an opposite table to himself; indeed, so much so, that flesh and blood could bear it no longer; and calling one of the *gyps*, who was waiting at table, he wrote with his pencil, on a slip of paper, the following elegant reproof:—

"Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur."

(A wise man talks little.) The under-graduate, without hesitation, turned over the paper, and wrote on the blank side,—

"Vir loquitur qui pauca sapit,"

(The man talks who is a little wise), and returned the paper to the tutor by the same hand that brought it.

UNCONSCIOUS VANITY.

It is said by a writer of no small credit in the literary horizon, "*that a man's sense of his own superiority may beget a degree of pardonable vanity.*" This has been truly exemplified in the person of a gentleman holding an official situation in the University of Cambridge. It is related, that when he was examined for his degree of B.A. in the Senate-house, he did not succeed very well at first; but on the last day he challenged the whole of those above him, and, although he was far below, he beat them, and was declared *Senior Wrangler*, or worthy of the first mathematical honours of his year. This circumstance caused him to be particularly noticed, and, being of rather a bashful turn, he imagined persons to be observing him, when, in fact, their attention was directed to other objects. The following is a remarkable instance of this kind. He went to London soon after his success, and during his stay, he one night visited one of the large theatres. It so happened that his late Majesty, George the Third, entered the theatre at the same instant with our hero, and of course the whole audience rose; our *Senior Wrangler*, imagining the honour to be intended for himself, all abashed, exclaimed, "*This is too much!*"

DEAFNESS, FEAR, AND IMAGINATION.

The Rev. Mr. D——, of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose residence was well known to dean, porter, and cook, of that splendid and royal foundation, by his irregularities and epicureanism, as to the literary world by his amusing and scientific publications, fell into the river Cam, on a raw and gusty day in December, as he was displaying his skill in skating; an exercise in which he had attained such skill and proficiency, that *Hal Broeck*, at the Hague, who

could cut his own name in *German text*, on the ice, could scarcely have competed with him. The effect of this unfortunate ducking was a violent cold, which for a time impaired the mental power which had directed the fluent tongue that had so often set the Trinitarian tables in a roar, and caused the fat sides of Dean B—— to shake by the half-hour together, whose monstrous corporation, when once put in motion by the well-told tale, queer pun, pointed retort, or ludicrous accident, vibrated like a *pendulum*. The natural strength of D.'s constitution ultimately triumphed over the disease, save a severe deafness, which remained a *memento* of the event, and defied the potency of medicine, though prescribed by the most favoured disciples of *Æsculapius*, or the votaries of *Quackiana*; and he was ever after obliged to use an *ear-trumpet*. One brilliant morning in June, he set out from Cambridge on a visit to his father, a sporting character, well-known at Tattersal's, and who lived within half an hour's ride of Bury St. Edmund's; but D——, meeting with an old acquaintance at Newmarket, was persuaded to tarry awhile: accordingly, he put up his nag at the Ram, of that place, and adjourned with his friend to an elegant entertainment then about to grace the board. Having dissected the joints, fowls, &c. and demolished the pasties, the cloth was removed and the glass was filled to many a favourite toast; but D—— was, with reluctance, obliged to quit the converse of congenial souls and the delights of Bacchus, for H——, whither his destination led him, and for which place he again started at the fall of eve. Whether by the potency of the wine or some abstract philosophic speculation, no one can say; but certain it is, D—— was beguiled from the right course, and, after three hours' riding, he found his *pegasus* at a dead stand-still, where four cross-roads met, and in a part of the country to which he was an utter stranger. Misfor-

tune seldom comes single-handed, and so it proved with poor D——; for the *direction-post*, which appeared full in his view, had been rendered useless by the attacks of time and little wanton boys; and as well might he have attempted to decipher the cabalistic characters of *Solomon's seal* as those on the post. Just at this nick of time he espied an old farmer in a jog-trot pace, making towards him, to his no small consolation; but so impatient was D——, that, before the farmer could approach him, he bawled out, "Hallo! my good man, can you tell me the way to my father's, Mr. D——, at H——, for I am quite at fault?" "Lack-a-daisy, Sir," answered Hodge, "you're mortally out o' your way; whoy, if it be that you want to go to your father's, you must go down *hin hinder** lane, and then turn round to the left over *yin yinder* common, then you'll see a *hol* and a *pightal*, and the old mills, and master's *noine* acre-piece o' *whate*; then keep along the right, and then the left, and down our home *medders*, and then up the"—— "Stay, stay, my good friend! (exclaimed D——, in the midst of the farmer's harangue) you don't know I am unfortunately *deaf*." At the same instant he began to pull out his faithful trumpet; but the farmer no sooner espied the shining end of it, than, setting spurs to his steed, he galloped off with the swiftness of the wind; for clod, not comprehending D——'s last words, mistook it for a blunderbuss, and D—— for a highwayman. Away went clod, and away went D—— after him, bawling out for the fellow to stop, and the fellow roaring out for mercy, not daring to look behind him. Thus they proceeded three or four miles, the *muzzle* of D——'s horse close upon the rump of the farmer's, till at last, coming to the Earl of Bristol's park, the farmer, espying a breach in the paling,

* *Hin hinder*, *yin yinder*, common expressions in Suffolk, meaning a little further on.

rode through in a twinkling, and got clear off, leaving poor D—— as he had found him. Fortunately, however, D—— discerned a cottage, which having gained, he was by the inmates put in the right way, with the consoling information that he had ten or twelve miles still to travel. He had the inexpressible felicity of ending the adventure by making *dulce domum* about twelve at night.

“ I TAKES 'EM AS THEY COME.”

A Cantab, one day observing a *raggamuffin-looking* boy scratching his head at the door of Alderman Purchase, in Cambridge, where he was begging, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, said, “ So, Jack, you are picking them out, are you?” “ *Nah, sar,*” retorted the urchin; “ *I takes 'em as they come!*”

CATCHING COLD.

Dr. B—, well known in the University for his urbanity of manners, is characterized for many eccentricities and singularities. He not unfrequently rises at four in the morning; and, that he may not disturb those who have no relish for so doing, lights his own fire. One morning, he sent express for his barber, a little dapper man of four feet some inches, to shave and dress him. When he entered, the doctor, his usual custom, inquired how he was. Shaver, coughing, replied, “ he had caught a bad cold.” “ Have you so,” said the doctor, smiling; “ how can it be otherwise, when you are *six* feet long, and your bed but *four*.”

“ PUPPIES NEVER SEE TILL THEY ARE NINE
DAYS OLD.”

It is related, that when the late Bishop of Bristol held the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, he one day met a couple of under-graduates, who neglected

to pay the accustomed compliment of *capping*, which has prevailed in the University from time immemorial. The bishop arrested their steps, and inquired the reason of the neglect. The two men, all trembling, begged his lordship's pardon, observing they were *freshmen*, and did not know him. "How long have you been in Cambridge?" asked his lordship. "Only *eight* days," was the reply. "Very good," said the bishop; "*puppies* never see till they are *nine* days old!"

CHARACTERISTICS.

The late Dr. Brand was remarkable for his spirit of contradiction, and seemed to make it a part of his creed to differ with others. One extremely cold morning, in the month of January, returning from a walk, he was addressed by a friend with—"It is a very cold morning, doctor."—"I don't know that," was the doctor's observation, though he was at the instant covered with *snow*. At another time he happened to dine with some gentlemen, and, after the cloth was removed, and general conversation introduced, the doctor, in a very dogmatical manner, engrossed it almost entirely to himself, and interlarded his observations with Greek and Latin quotations, to the annoyance of the company. A gentleman, of no slight erudition, seated next the doctor, remarked to him, "that he ought not to quote so much, as many of the party did not understand it."—"And you are one of them," observed the learned bear.

SMART RETORT.

Jemmy Gordon, a well-known character in Cambridge, and an occasional visitor at the White Horse, Fetter-lane, was one day walking down Trinity-street, a short time after he had been employed at the *tread-mill* for a month, with a view to remedy his abusive propensities (which degra-

dation did not sit on his mind with perfect ease), when he was accosted by a collegian, from his window, who knew Jemmy's antipathy to the event, with, "How do you like the tread-mill, Jemmy?"—"I don't like your d—d ugly face!" was the reply.

A PEDANT CAUGHT NAPPING.

It may not be amiss to inform some of our readers, that the only work which has come down to posterity from the pen of Longinus (who held the important situation of first minister to Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, when it was sacked by the Emperor Aurelian, by whom he was shamefully put to death, although he had been pronounced by his countrymen, the Greeks, the first critic and scholar of the age), is his (*Περὶ Ὕψους*), or *Treatise on the Sublime*!

A pedantic collegian was boasting, in a large party, of his extensive reading, adding, he had read Longinus over and over again, and thought him a dry fellow.—"Pray, sir," said a grave character near him, "have you ever read his *Περὶ Ὑψους*? (*Peri Hupsous*)"—"No, sir," said the pedant, "unfortunately I have read all his works except that."

SIMPLICITY OF MATHEMATICIANS.

The simplicity of mathematicians has often been commented on; the following instance, a recent occurrence, is adduced, as exemplifying the truth of the observation, not as tending, by either its wit or brilliancy, to illuminate our pages. A gentleman, rather deeply read in the abstruse sciences, who stands high in his college examination, and whose head teems more with the calculation of integrals than with the trifles of general conversation, lately received a visit from the Rev. Mr. S—. The reverend gentleman found our mathematician poring over Locke on the Understanding, and had scarcely seated himself ere he was

startled with "Pray, sir, have you ever read Locke?"—"Yes, a little," was the reply.—"And do you think (continued the freshman), that Locke is correct where he says, *that the greatest capacity can contain the most?*"—"Assuredly."—"Well then, sir, I have been thinking to myself (added the freshman, measuring the extent of his own, as he surveyed the head of the reverend visitor), that my head contains more brains than your's."

"MY FATHER WAS PLUCKED BEFORE ME."

When a man loses his degree from a want of capacity or negligence, he is said, in collegiate colloquiality, to be *plucked*. A Cantab, who had qualified himself by keeping his terms, &c. was about to enter the *Senate-house*, for the purpose of being examined for his degree of B.A., when, struck with dismay at the formidable arrangement of desks, &c. which met his view, he turned his back upon the whole, declining to be examined, and exclaiming, at the time, "It will be no disgrace for me to lose my degree, for my father was *plucked* before me."

ELEGANT REPROOF.

Dr. Isaac Barrow remained faithful to the royal cause during the commonwealth; but, finding himself wholly neglected by the voluptuous and heedless Charles II., on his restoration, he reminded him of the services he had rendered him and the public, as a divine and loyalist, in the following distich:—

"Te magis optabat rediturum, Carole, nemo;
Et nemo sensit te redidisse minus."

IN ENGLISH.

None more than I did restoration press;
And none, than I, oh Charles! have felt is less.

On the perusal of these lines, Charles was so struck with compunction, that he ordered the first vacant ecclesiastical dignity to be conferred on Barrow; this was accordingly done, but it came too late in the day for Barrow to enjoy it. So true is the observation often made, "that the Stuarts never rewarded their friends nor punished their foes."

SOMNAMBULISM.

A fellow of a certain college, in Cambridge, one day fell asleep during the performance of divine service, and his busy imagination conveyed him to his own rooms. Occupied with an idea that his coal-dealer, who was chapel clerk, had overcharged him, he bawled out, "John N——, I wish you'd let me have my coals at the same price as other people have them!"

REX HUIUS LOCI.

Dr. —, then head of a certain college, in Cambridge, understanding from his spouse, who was a thrifty matron, and a crown unto a husband, that their Yorkshire servant, John, used too much candle in the stable, he sent for him, and inquired what he meant by it?—"Please, zur," said John, "You know as how oi uses things as niggardlike as pozzible. Howbeet, zur, won maun have a bit o'rushlight at noight, to see whon's way about the proimizes. "True, true, John," said the doctor, who was remarkable for his urbanity; "true, but you overdo the thing." "How so, zur?" said John. "How so, fellow?" exclaimed the doctor, "How so! what d'ye mean by how-soing me over? You're insolent, fellow, very insolent. You use too much candle a great deal, and are insolent into the bargain; don't you know, fellow, I'm *king of this place*?"—"If so be, zur," said John, "as how you be *koing* o' this place,

perhaps your majesty will give me my discharge?" It is needless to add Yorky was dismissed the service; and, when the circumstances came to be known, the learned doctor retained his regal appellation for many years.

THE RETORT CUTTING.

Bishops Sherlock and Hoadly were both freshmen of the same year, at Catherine Hall, Cambridge. The classical subject in which they were first lectured, was Tully's Offices, and it so happened, one morning, that Hoadly received a compliment from the tutor for the excellence of his construing. Sherlock, a little vexed at the preference shown to his rival (for such they then were), and, thinking to bore Hoadly by the remark, said, when they left the lecture-room, "Ben, you made good use of L'Estrange's *translation* to-day." — "Why, no, Tom," retorted Hoadly, "I did not, for I had not got one; and I forgot to borrow *your's*, which, I am told, is the only one in the college."

A MARVELLOUS HINT.

At a party, of which the late Dr. Brand happened to make one, many stories were related by one of the gentlemen, for the entertainment of the company, of a most *marvellous* description. A pause occurring in the conversation, the doctor commenced by saying, "Gentlemen, I will tell my tale. In a country village," continued the doctor, "lived a butcher, who had the curiosity, one day, to view the adjacent country from the top of the village steeple, and, for that purpose, he was shown up by the clerk of the parish. Soon after they had reached the top, the bells began to ring, which caused the steeple to rock from one side to the other with such velocity, that the butcher, unable to bear the effect (which completely addled his

brains), leaped from the top; but reflecting, on his way down, of the eminent risk he ran in alighting, he suddenly drew his knife from its sheath, stuck it in the wall, and there hung dangling by it, like a hat on a peg, till some persons, having obtained a ladder, lifted him down."—"That must be a lie!" exclaimed the person who had before amused the company so much.—"And, pray, what have you been telling the whole evening!" said the doctor. Our gentleman was *mum*.

COUPLET FOR COUPLET.

Dr. John Jegon, formerly Master of Bene't or Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, for some serious offence, *fined* all the under-graduates of his own college; and, instead of applying the money to any private use, as was the custom, he ordered that the college-hall should be whitewashed with it; whereupon one of the students, a wag in his way, hung on the skreen the following couplet:—

"Doctor John Jegon, of Bene't College, master,
 Brake the scholars' heads, and gave the wall a plaster."

The doctor, passing through the hall next day, saw the above, and, not being wanting in wit, subscribed *extempore*,—

"Knew I but the wag that writ these verses in bravery,
 I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his
 knavery."

SARCASTIC EPIGRAM.

When death, unrelentingly, cut short the career of Porson, and the election of a Greek professor took place, a Cantab (who was contemporary with him at a public school) wrote the following epigram on one of the candidates:—

EPIGRAM.

*Actum est Porsono ! descendit " Φαίρος Αχαιών."
M**kine en ! lampas nil, nisi nigra manet.*

TRANSLATED.

Lo ! Porson's dead ! the sun of Greece is sunk,
And nought is left but farthing-rushlight, M**k.

ALL WAITERS.

In St. John's Hall, one day, during dinner, there happened to be a great paucity of *waiters*. A gentleman, impatient at the delay, at length exclaimed, "D—n it, we can't get a *waiter* !"—"The devil we can't," said Mr. K——, who sat opposite, "I think we are *all waiters*."

A BLUNDER.

A reverend gentleman of Queen's College, whose duty it was, being unable to perform divine service at his church, in Chesterton, near Cambridge, deputed a divine of Trinity College, for the Sunday. The Trinitarian, who dined at a lady's in the parish, before service, unwittingly left his sermon on the table. Having finished the prayers, and mounted the pulpit, he put his hand in his coat-pocket for his sermon ; but, alas ! it was not there. However, with great presence of mind, he leaned over the desk and whispered to the clerk (who happened unfortunately to be deaf, and, withal, like most village clerks, a rustic),—"Run, fetch my sermon, which I left on the table in Mrs. Chitteau's parlour."—Amen, misunderstanding the words, immediately bawled out, with stentorian voice, "This is to give notice, that the sermon will be preached, this afternoon, in Mrs. Chitteau's parlour."

A MUSICAL BLOW-UP.

The Rev. Mr. B——, when residing at Canterbury, was

reckoned a good violincello-player; but he was not more distinguished for his expression on the instrument, than for the peculiar appearance of feature whilst playing it. In fact, when lost in the midst of the adagios of Corelli or Avison, the muscles of his face all sympathized with his fiddle-stick, and kept up a reciprocal movement. His sight, being dim, obliged him very often to snuff the candles, and when he came to a bar's rest, in lieu of snuffers, he generally employed his fingers in that office; and, lest he should offend the good house-wife by this dirty trick of his, he used to thrust the *spoils* into the *sound-holes* of his violincello. A waggish friend of his, who had observed B——'s whim, resolved to enjoy himself "at the parson's expense," as he termed it; and for that purpose, he popped a quantity of gun-powder into B——'s instrument. The rest were informed of the trick, and of course kept at a respectable distance. The tea equipage being removed, music became the order of the evening, and after B——had tuned his instrument, and drawn his stand near enough to snuff his candles with ease, feeling himself in the meridian of his glory, he dashed away at Vanhall's 47th. B—— came to a bar's rest, the candles were snuffed, and he thrust the ignited wick into the usual place;—*fit fragor*, and bang went the fiddle to pieces.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Milton, the British Homer, and prince of modern poets in his latter days, and when he was blind (a thing some men do with their eyes open), married a *shrew*. The Duke of Buckingham, one day, in Milton's hearing, called her a *rose*. "I am no judge of flowers," observed Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the *thorns* daily."

NON PAR ERIS.

When the mastership of Harrow School became vacant, Dr. Parr applied for it, but was opposed by a learned gentleman, who was detested by the boys on account of his temper. At a meeting, previous to the election of a master, the latter gentleman was endeavouring to persuade the boys, in a long harangue, that no person was so well qualified for the mastership as himself. At last, however, breathless with speechifying, he made a momentary pause, when one of his juvenile auditory, with most witty and pretty classical allusion, vociferated,—

“Si te ruperis, non *par* eris.”

(If you burst yourself, you'll never equal Parr). A fine compliment to the doctor, alluding to Horace's Fable of the Frog and the Ox. The pun on the word *par* was so rapturously received, that the doctor's opponent was obliged to sit down amidst the laughter of the whole assembly.

A NEW READING.

At a party of Cantabs, soon after the late queen's trial, one of the gentlemen proposed as a toast, “*the queen's pure innocence.*” Upon which another of the party rose and said, “I have no objection to the toast, with the substitution of a letter.” To which innovation the proposer consenting, he gave, “the queen's pure *in no sense.*”

DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A person ycleped *Danger* kept a public inn on the road from Cambridge to Huntingdon. Another inn, nearly opposite his own, happening to become vacant, *Danger* applied for it, thinking it a more eligible situation; in fact, *Danger* changed sides. *Danger's* late residence was, in

consequence, in want of a master, and advertised to be let. A tenant was soon found, who, being a waggish fellow, and, withal, desirous that the change of proprietors should be known to wayfaring men, posted over his door, on a board, "*No Danger here now.*" Mr. Danger was sorely troubled at these words, conceiving that they intended to imply something more than a mere change of masters, and took an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to some Cantabs, who called at his house soon after; one of them advised him to place over his door, in equal conspicuous characters, "*Danger from the other side of the way.*" This *double entendre* was highly relished, and many, in consequence, were often induced to seek *Danger*.

"A RARE MATHEMATICAL WIND."

The late Professor Vince, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous), meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, Sir? quite a blustering wind this."—"Yes," answered Vince, "it's a rare *mathematical wind.*"—"Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other; "How so?"—"Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many *roots*!"

MILTON'S BEAUTY.

The beauty of Milton, during the period that he pursued his studies at the University of Cambridge, and to a much more subsequent period, was a subject upon which his friends frequently dwelt. Wandering one day during the summer, as was his custom, beyond the precincts of the university, he at length became heated and fatigued, and, seeking the shade of a spreading tree, he laid himself down to meditate, and soon fell asleep. During the time that he slumbered, two foreign ladies passed near the spot in a

carriage, who, astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, in the heat of their admiration alighted, and viewing him, as they thought, unperceived, the youngest, who was extremely handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with a trembling hand into Milton's. They then entered their carriage and proceeded on their journey. Some of his academic friends had silently observed his adventure, undiscovered by the fair admirers, not knowing it was their friend Milton who was unconsciously playing the enchanter: but, approaching the spot, they recognised him, and, awaking him, told him what had passed. Milton opened the paper, and, to his no small surprise, read the following verses from the Italian poet, Guarini:—

“Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministri de mici mali,
Se chiusi m'accidete,
Apperti che farere?”

TRANSLATED.

O eyes! O mortal stars! I find ye
Authors of lovely pangs that blind me:
If thus when shut you've power to wound me,
Open, alas! how hadst thou bound me?

Milton was eager to discover the fair *incognita*, and it was probably this incident which afterwards carried him to Italy, in hopes of discovering her abode, but in vain. The idea that Milton had formed of his unknown admirer so fanned his poetic fervour, that his own times, the present, and the latest posterity, must probably feel indebted to it for several of the most beautiful and impassioned passages in his *Paradise Lost*; and from the above incident, perhaps, he caught the idea of that inimitable poem.

FICTION AND TRUTH.

Waller, the poet, who was bred at King's College, Cambridge, wrote a fine panegyric on Cromwell, when he assumed the protectorship. Upon the restoration of Charles, Waller wrote another in praise of him, and presented it to the king in person. After his majesty had read the poem, he told Waller that he wrote a better on Cromwell. "Please your majesty," said Waller, like a true courtier, "we poets are always more happy in *fiction* than in *truth*."

"SLEEP ON, AND TAKE YOUR REST."

A wit at Cambridge, in the days of King James, was appointed to preach at St. Marie's, before the Vice-chancellor and the heads of the universitie, who formerlie had observed the drowsiness of the Vice-chancellor, and thereupon took this place of Scripture for his text, "*What! cannot ye watch one hour?*" At everie division, he concluded with his text, which, by reason of the Vice-chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was so noted by the wits of those daies, that it was the talk of the whole universitie, and, withal, it did so nettle the Vice-chancellor, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canturburie, who, willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against this crime laid to his charge by the Vice-chancellor; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James; to which, after some excuses, he at length consented, and, coming into the pulpit, begins,—"*James the First and the Sixth, waver not,*"—meaning the first king of England and the sixth of Scotland. At first, the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but, in the end, he was so well pleased with the sermon, that he made the preacher one of his chaplains in

ordinary. After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Cambridge to make his recantation to the Vice-chancellor, and to take leave of the universitie, which he accordingly did, in a sermon, for which he took the latter part of the verse of his former text, "*Sleep on now, and take your rest.*" Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-chancellor, saying, 'Whereas, I said before, which gave offence, "*what! cannot ye watch one hour?*" I say now, "*sleep on, and take your rest,*"' and so left the universitie.

" APROPOS."

: The Rev. George Harvest, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, came down to Cambridge to vote for Lord Sandwich, when he stood candidate for the chancellorship of that university. At a dinner given to his friends on the occasion, his lordship, joking him on some of their school-boy tricks, in the simplicity of his heart, Harvest suddenly exclaimed, "*Apropos! where do you derive your name of Jemmy Twitcher?*"—"Why," answered his lordship, "from some foolish fellow or other."—"No, no," interrupted Harvest, "it is not some, but every body calls you so." His lordship being seated near the pudding, for which he knew Harvest had no slight relish, put a large slice on his plate, which Harvest immediately attacked, and had the desired effect of putting an end to his *apropos*.

" ALAS! WE CAN'T."

At a party where there was no lack of either good port, good fellowship, or harmony, one of the gentlemen proposed, at the end of a song, they should take a *glass*. "Would we could have a *lass!*" exclaimed a second. "*A—las!* we can't," was the *bewail-instanter* of a third.

SIR BUSICK HARWOOD AND THE CANDLE
AND LANTERN.

During the period Sir Busick Harwood was professor of anatomy in the University of Cambridge, he was called in, in a case of some difficulty, by the friends of a patient, who were anxious for his opinion of the malady. Not approving the treatment which had been pursued towards the invalid, and, in answer to his inquiry, being told the name of the medical man who had previously prescribed, Sir Busick exclaimed, perhaps with more truth than feeling,—“ He! if he were to descend into the patient’s stomach with a *candle and lantern*, when he ascended he would not be able to name the complaint.”

HOCK *versus* FALERNIAN.

Some Peter-house fellows, one day as I’ve heard,
Disputed which liquor old *Horace* preferr’d,
While some were for this sort, and others for that,
And back’d their belief with quotations quite pat;
Whilst, spite of their joking, the contest ran high,
And some would have quarrell’d, but couldn’t tell why:
Old P—ne, who, till now, had not mov’d tongue or breech,
Put an end to the war by this comical speech:—
“ You may talk of your wines, with a name purely classic,
Such as Chiar, Falernian, Lesbian, and Massic;
But of this I am sure, and it worthy of note is,
Hock, hock was his liquor,—‘ *Hoc erat in votis!* ’”*

A LONG-WINDED SERMON.

The erudite Dr. Isaac Barrow, who, it is well known, was tutor to Sir Isaac Newton, during his residence as an under-graduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, was com-

* Vide Hor. Sat. 6. lib. 2.

plimented, by King Charles II., with the title of the best scholar of the age, but called him an unfair one; "for," said the king, "when he once begins a subject, he says so much on it, that nobody can say anything on the same point after him." Barrow was certainly very long-winded, and could discern as well as, or better than, any of his contemporaries, all the positions in which a thesis could be taken; and, as he reasoned on them in a regular syllogistic style, he seldom omitted anything, pertinent to the proof, for others to say after him. Dr. Pope, in his life of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, relates the following curious anecdote of him:—Barrow, being appointed to preach in Westminster Abbey, divided his discourse into two parts. The first, on *lies*; and the second, on *slander*. He was *four* hours delivering the *first part*, so fully had he entered into the subject. The congregation sneaked off, but the dean and prebends could not, with propriety, leave till the conclusion of the sermon. But, at last, thinking it would be like Aristotle's world, *ατελευταιον* (without limit), they sent a chorister to desire the organist to draw out his trumpet and open-diapason stop, and play the doctor down. This was instantly done. Dr. Pope afterwards asked Barrow "if he did not feel himself distressed in the lungs after such a spell at preaching?"—"Not at all," was his reply; "I was only a little tired with standing."

SETTLING A POINT OF PRECEDENCE.

On a time, a question arose in the University of Cambridge, between the doctors of law and the doctors of medicine, as to which ought to take precedence of the other on public occasions. It was referred to the Chancellor, who facetiously inquired whether the *thief* or the *hangman* preceded at an execution, and, being told that the thief usually took the lead on such occasions,—“Well, then,” he

replied, "let the doctors in law have the precedence, and the doctors of medicine be next in rank." This humorous observation set the point in dispute at rest.

"JOVIAL DAYS."

A party of Johnians were one day assembled in order to moisten the inward man "with a bumper of sparkling wine," when the conversation turned upon a discussion of the different festivals and days—amongst others, sidereal and solar days were named. A dry fish, who looked anything but a punster, putting a bumper to his lips, observed, "I think we should have *jovial days* as well."

THE MITRE.

One of the wooden *mitres* carved by Grin. Gibbon over a prebend's stall in the cathedral church of Canterbury happening to become loose, Jessy White, the surveyor of that edifice, inquired of the dean whether he should make it fast—"for, perhaps," said Jessy, "it may fall on your reverence's head." "Well, Jessy, suppose it does!" answered the humorous Cantab,—"*suppose it does fall on my head, I don't know that a mitre falling on my head would hurt it.*"

A COMPLIMENT RETURNED IN FULL.

Porson once happened to be in the company of Dr. Jackson, an Oxonian, who, thinking to pay the learned Professor a flattering compliment, said to him, "Porson, you are the only man that ever left the University of Cambridge, learned in Greek." The Professor, whose wit, like the "*whoop halloo!*" of a keen sportsman when his dogs are at fault, was always at command, responded to the doctor's flattery, "And you, doctor, are the only man that ever left Oxford with any learning at all."

HYDROSTATICAL EXPERIMENT.

Dr. Craven, late Master of St. John's College, excited the wrath of a waggish student, by indulging him with an *imposition*, for some irregularity of conduct. *Sky parlour* claimed the honour of being inhabited by this aspirant to philosophical fame, when, watching an opportunity, as the venerable master was sunning himself beside the college walls, he proceeded to discharge the contents of a huge stone jar upon his devoted head: unfortunately, the jar followed the water, and was near inflicting on the learned doctor the fate of *Æschines*. Enraged at this, Dr. Craven issued a summons, commanding the immediate attendance of the inhabitant of that room from whence the pitcher had fallen. Upon his entrance, the doctor exclaimed, "Young man—young man, you had nearly killed your poor old master—you had nearly killed me;" when the unabashed culprit, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, replied, "I was merely trying some *hydrostatical* experiments." "Hydrostatical experiments!" exclaimed the enraged master, thrown entirely off his guard by the cool answer of the Johnian, "I'd thank you, young man, when next you pursue your *hydrostatical* labours, not to use such a d—d large pitcher."

NOVEL RECEPTION OF A CREDITOR.

A gentleman of St. John's College was very fond of pursuing electrical and other experiments; indeed, so much was he attached to it, that it might justly be denominated his *hobby*; and he would occasionally expend money in the purchase of *apparatus*, which ought, in justice, to have liquidated debts previously contracted:—so Mr. Bishop, the tailor, thought; and who, accordingly, with a view of *dunning* the Cantab, after he had mounted the stone stair-

case which led to the "parlour next to the sky," and in vain beat a *tattoo* upon the *double* doors, would slowly descend again. This had been repeated so often to the annoyance of the Johnian, that he resolved at once to cure poor Snip of his peregrinating propensities. To this end, he charged his electrical machine more than ordinarily, and fixed the conductor to the latch of the door. Bishop, watched by the Johnian, as usual, ascended the staircase at the expected hour, and was not a little overjoyed to behold but one door between him and his *client*. He gave a gentle rat-tat: "Come in," echoed from the interior;—he joyfully grasped the brass nob:—the *electric* shock was communicated to his sensitive, but not very robust frame, with so much force, that, more dead than alive, he made a precipitate retreat—nor was he in haste to renew his visit.

CRITICS.

Besides great integrity, great humanity, and other qualities alike honourable, Dr. Jortin was of a pleasant and facetious turn. He had a great respect and fondness for critical learning, which he much cultivated, and thought the restoration of letters and the civilization of Europe to depend on it. He could not bear to see it contemptuously treated, and did not spare those who had done so. He thus speaks of an oration of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, whom he esteemed one of those insolent critics:—"The whole is seasoned with arrogance, vanity, self-applause, spite and scurrility, the usual ornaments, not of a meek and quiet spirit, but of a ruffian and a bruiser in the republic of letters."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

The following advertisement, drawn up by an alderman

of the town of Cambridge, some years ago, is here inserted, as a specimen of singular felicity of expression :—

“Whereas a multiplicity of damages are frequently occurred by damages of outrageous accidents of fire, we, whose names are underwritten, have thought proper, that the necessity of an engine ought, by us, for the better preventing of which, by the accidents of Almighty God, may happen, to make a rate to gather benevolence for better propagating such instruments.”

THE GREAT CALF.

A company disputing on the superiority of Oxford to Cambridge, a gentleman present remarked that the decision could not affect him, because he was educated at both.—“That,” said an old gentleman present, “puts me in mind of a calf, which I remember, when I was a lad, was suckled by two cows.” “Really,” said the university gentleman; “and pray, sir, what was the consequence?” “Why, sir, he turned out the *greatest calf I ever saw in my life*.”

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Parr, who, it is well known, was not very partial to the “*thea linensis*,” although lauded so warmly by a French writer as “*nostris gratissima musis*,” being invited to take *tea* by a lady, with true classic wit and refined gallantry, uttered the following delicate compliment :—“*Non possum tea cum vivere, nec sine te !*”

A MATHEMATICIAN'S EPITHALAMIUM,

BY A GENTLEMAN OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Though the *sum*, my dear wife, of the days of thy life

Should be greater, at length, than *infinity*,—

Though wrinkles should trace their deep *curves* on thy face,

I would love thee, for years, *sine limite*.

While the years roll away, and our bodies decay,
Our love shall know no *aberrations*;
But firmly conjoin'd we will always be found,
Like *impossible roots in equations*.

Jealous fears too, I ween, shall ne'er intervene,
Perturbing our peaceful community;
For *divisions* shall never love's *vinculum* sever,
Nor *eliminate concord and unity*.

In sweet conversations and chaste oscillations
Our souls we will daily *expand*;
To *gravity*, too, we will bid long adieu,
And all fear of *depression* withstand.

To thy wishes I ne'er will *incline* a *surd* ear,—
My direction thou ever shalt be;
And each thought of thy mind, when imparted, shall find
A sure *co-efficient* in me.

And *functions* so *prime*, in the process of time,
Shall sweet little *increments* generate,
Who shall grow up as fair as the parents now are,
Or *approximate* to them, at any rate.

Thus I, love, and you, *combined*, *two and two*,
Shall proceed in *harmonic progression*—
In *reciprocal* pleasure, which admits of no *measure*—
For which language supplies no *expression*.

And think not, my Mary, my affections will *vary*—
That my love will be quickly '*vanescant*;
For round thee my soul in its *orbit* shall roll,
Till my body in earth lie *quiescent*.

SPOILING A COMPLIMENT.

During the time that Paley was staying with the Bishop of Durham, an old clergyman perchance visited the palace, who asserted, during conversation, "Although he had been married almost forty years, he had never had the slightest difference with his wife." The bishop, much pleased with so rare an instance of connubial felicity, was on the very point of complimenting the divine, when Paley archly observed, "Don't you think, my lord, it must have been very flat?"

OH, ASS!

Porson was one day conversing in Latin with a certain learned Theban, from the sister university, when the latter, wishing to convince the professor that he was better acquainted with the writings of Cicero than any man living, affirmed that he had spent *thirteen years* "*in perlegendo Cicerone*;" to which the Greek professor, with admirable wit, replied, "*And echo answered, ov.*" (Oh, ass!)

CURE FOR A DISEASE.

A Cantab, who happened to be under Sir Busick Harwood, when professor, was enjoined to live temperately, as a cure for his malady. The doctor called upon him one day, and found him enjoying himself over a bottle of Madeira. "Ah, doctor!" exclaimed the patient, at the same time reaching out his hand to bid him welcome, "I am glad to see you; you are just in time to taste the first bottle of some prime Madeira!" "Ah!" replied Sir Busick, "these bottles of Madeira will never do—they are the cause of all your sufferings!" "Are they so?" cried the patient, "then fill your glass, my dear doctor; for, since we know the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

JEMMY GORDON.

Jemmy Gordon, *nimis notus omnibus, ignotus sibi*, the well-known writer of many a *theme* and *declamation* for *varmint-men*, alias *non-reading* Cantabs, who may be said to merit the cognomen of *Trismegistus*, having been complimented by an acquaintance on the result of one of his *themes*, to which the prize of a certain college was awarded, quaintly enough replied, "It is no great credit to be first in an *ass-race*."

THE EXCEPTION.

When England was threatened with invasion by France, a certain corporation agreed to form a volunteer corps, on condition that they should not be obliged to *quit the country*. Their proposal was submitted to Mr. Pitt, the premier, who facetiously observed, that he had no objection to the terms, if they would permit him to add, "*except* in case of invasion."

FIE! ROWE!

The Cocoa-tree Tavern, in St. James's Street, in those days designated the *Wits' Coffee-House*, was the frequent resort of the celebrated Cantab, Dr. Garth. He was one morning seated there, conversing with some persons of rank, when Rowe, the poet, well-known as a dramatic writer and commentator on Shakspeare, entered, and seated himself in an opposite box to that in which was the doctor and his friends. Rowe was not only inattentive to his dress and appearance, but insufferably vain, and fond of being noticed by persons of consequence. He endeavoured for some time to catch the doctor's eye, but, failing, he desired the waiter to ask for his snuff-box, which he knew to be a valuable one, set with diamonds, which had

been presented to Garth by some foreign prince. After taking a pinch, he returned it; but asked for it so repeatedly, that Garth, out of all patience, and perceiving his drift, wrote on the lid the two Greek characters—Φ. Ρ. (Phi Rho). This the mortified poet interpreted FIE ! ROWE ! and instantly quitted the room.

To this specimen of the doctor's wit may be added the following example of his humanity and compassion. The doctor was one day detained in his chariot, in a narrow street, near Covent Garden, through a crowd collected to witness a bruising-match between two Amazonian ladies of the Billingsgate tribe, when an old woman hobbled up to him, and begged him "for God's sake to *take a look* at her husband, who was in a *mortal bad way*;" adding, "I know you are a sweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a *cute* doctor, so make bold to *ax* your advice." The doctor, not a jot offended at her liberty of speech, immediately quitted his chariot, and followed her to her abode of misery, where he found that the patient wanted *food* rather than physic; and finding from their answers to his questions, that they deserved compassion, taking out his pencil, he wrote the following infallible *prescription* for such cases, addressed to his banker—"Pay the bearer £10."

NOVEL PAYMENT OF A DEBT.

That celebrated Cantab, "*O rare Ben Jonson*," was one day invited to dine with a vintner, in whose books his name had appeared on the debtor's side for no inconsiderable period, without any equivalent being likely to appear under the term creditor. The wine, a beverage of which our poet was not a little fond, had gone merrily round, when the vintner declared he would forgive Ben his debt, if he could immediately answer him the following questions:—"What God is best pleased with? What the devil

is best pleased with? What the world is best pleased with? And what he was best pleased with?" Ben, under the inspiration of the jolly god, gave an immediate answer in the following admirable impromptu:—

"God is best pleased when men forsake their sin ;
The devil's best pleased when they persist therein ;
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine ;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine."

A FOOL CONFIRMED.

That Dr. Parr was neither very choice nor delicate in his epithets, when his *temper-ature* was raised above summer heat, is no secret to those who may have fallen under his lash. He once called a clergyman a *fool*, and there was probably some truth in his application of the word. The clergyman, however, being of a different opinion, declared he would complain to the bishop of the usage. "Do so," added the learned Grecian, "and my Lord Bishop will *confirm* you."

PORSON OR THE DEVIL.

Porson was once travelling in a stage-coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of small talk, to which he added a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a stage-coach too, roused our professor, who, in a dog-sleep, was slumbering in one corner of the vehicle. Rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said Porson, "you just now favoured us with a quotation from Sophocles ; I don't happen to recollect it there." "Oh, Sir," replied the Oxonian, "the quotation is word for word as I repeated it, and in Sophocles too ; but I suspect, Sir, it is some time since *you* were at college." Porson, applying his hand to

his great coat, took out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, and handed it to our tyro, saying he should be much obliged if he would show him the passage in that little book. Having rummaged the pages for some time, "Upon second thoughts," said the Oxonian, "I now recollect 'tis in Euripides." "Then," said the professor, putting his hand into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of that author, "perhaps you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." He returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering to himself, "Curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach." The ladies tittered: at last, "Bless me, Sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now,—yes, yes, I perfectly remember, the passage is in Æschylus." This inexorable professor applied again to his inexhaustable pocket, and was in the act of handing an Æschylus to the astonished freshman, when he vociferated,—“Stop the coach! hollo! coachman, let me out, I say,—instantly let me out; there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian Library in his pocket; let me out, I say—let me out, he must be Porson or the Devil.”

Of this distinguished character, the following is a classical anecdote, related of the early proof he gave of his acute and extraordinary talents. When at a public school, the following subject for a theme was handed to him by the master:—

“Cæsare occiso, an Brutus beneficit, aut malefecit.”

A game being proposed, he joined the sports among the rest of the scholars, and the theme was forgot. When called upon for his performance, he was astonished, on reference to his writing-folio, to find it quite unprepared; the call, however, was imperative, and the moments but few and precious,—indeed, so few as to preclude the possi-

bility of a laboured article; and snatching up a pen, he scrawled the following, which he handed to the master, and which was received with no small surprise, though with infinite satisfaction :—

“ *Nec bene-fecit, nec male-fecit, sed interfecit.*”

C. *versus* K.

A country gentleman, who had turned his attention to letters, wrote to a learned Johnian, now resident in Cambridge, desiring his opinion, as to whether C, in the word *stoicism*, ought not to be pronounced like K. To which the Cantab returned the following laconic answer :—

“ Had *Kikero* (Cicero) been an Englishman, I do not think we should have met with *Stoikism*, *Kritikism*, *Ostri-kism*, or any other kism in his writings.”

PRAISE OF CAMBRIDGE ALE.

Cambridge ale, particularly “*Audit*,” has been long celebrated for its inspiring qualities. A certain Trinitarian, who, though no *barker*, is well known among the literati for his *classical acumen*, on receiving a present of *Audit*, exclaimed :—

“ *All hail to the ale ! It sheds a halo round my head.*”

ARCHBISHOP MOUNTAIN.

This reverend prelate raised himself, by his remarkably facetious turn, from being the son of a humble individual, to the valuable see of Durham. In the reign of George the Second, the see of York becoming vacant, the king, being at a loss for a fit person to fill so exalted a situation, asked the opinion of the doctor, who wittily replied to the query of his majesty, by the following appropriate quotation from Scripture :—“ Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard-seed, thou wouldst say to this *Mountain*,” laying

his hand on his breast as he spoke, "be removed, and be cast into the sea (*see*).” The king laughed heartily at the conceit, and conferred the preferment on the doctor.

ALLITERATION.

Among the best specimens of alliteration, may be ranked the well-known lines on the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey:—

“ Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head !”

But the following unpublished sally, by the erudite Dr. Parr, is not a whit inferior.—In a company consisting principally of divines, the conversation naturally turned on the merits of the late head of the church, who was thus characterized by the learned and eccentric doctor, in reply to one of the gentlemen:—“ Sir, he is a poor paltry prelate, proud of petty popularity, and perpetually preaching to petticoats.”

PORSON *versus* DR. JOWETT.

Dr. Jowett, who was a *small* man, and had an itching for the *rus in urbe*, was permitted by the head of his college to cultivate a strip of vacant ground. This gave rise to some *jeux d'esprit* among the wags of the university, which induced him to alter it into a plot of gravel. This being shown to Porson, he burst forth with the following—

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES.

A *little* garden *little* Jowett made,
And fenced it with a *little* palisade;
Because this garden made a *little* talk,
He changed it to a *little* gravel walk;
And now, if more you'd know of *little* Jowett,
A *little* time, it will a *little* show it.*

* The following version of this Anecdote appeared in Blackwood's

PARODY ON GRAY'S BARD.

BY THE LATE MARMADUKE LAWSON, Esq. M. P.

Occasioned by the Suppression of the Society, in Cambridge, by the Vice-chancellor, A. D. 1817, called

THE UNION.

I. 1.

"Ruin seize thee, senseless prig!
 Confusion on thy 'optics' wait;
 Though praised by many a Johnian pig,
 They crowd the shop in fruitless state.

"Hood nor doctor's scarlet gown,
 Nor N—th nor P—th, shall win renown;
 Nor save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 The UNION's curse, the UNION's tears."

Such were the sounds that o'er the pedant pride
 Of W—d, the Johnian, scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the flags of Petty-Cury's* side
 He would with toilsome march his long array;

Magazine: but for the exact history of the tradition we are not able to account: unless it originated with Porson, as was declared to us by a Gentleman, in whose veracity we have great confidence.

"ON A VERY TINY ANGLE ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH SHRUBS."

This *little* garden *little* Jowett made
 And fenced it with a *little* palisade.
 A *little* taste hath *little* Dr. Jowett;
 This *little* garden doth a *little* show it.

LATINE.

Exiguus hunc hortum fecit Jowettulus iste
 Exiguus, vallo et muriit exiguo:
 Exiguo hoc horto forsan Jowettulus iste
 Exiguus mentem prodidit exiguum.

* The name of the street in which the UNION was held.

Stout T—th—m stood aghast with puffy face—
 “To arms,” cried Beverly,* and shook his quiv’ring mace.

I. 2.

At a window, which on high
 Frowns o’er the market-place below,
 With trousers † on, and haggard eye,
 A member stood immersed in woe.
 His tattered gown and greasy hair
 Streamed like a dishclout to the onion’d air,
 And, with a voice that well might beat the crier,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.—

Hark! how each butcher’s stall, and mightier shop,
 Sighs to the market’s clattering row beneath;
 For thee the women’s squall, the cleaver’s chop,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe.
 Vocal no more, since Monday’s fatal night,
 To Thirlwall’s ‡ keen remark, or Sheridan’s ‡ wild flight.

I. 3.

Mute now is Raymond’s ‡ tongue,
 That hush’d the club to sleep;
 The patriot Whitcomb ‡ now has ceased to rail:
 Waiters, in vain ye weep.
 Lawson, whose annual song
 Made the RED LION § wag his raptur’d tail.

* One of the Esquire Bedells, who bear the mace before the Vice-chancellor.

† The savage despair of the member is finely pourtrayed by the trousers, as a total indifference to moral guilt or personal danger is argued by his thus appearing before the Vice-chancellor; that gentleman *justly* regards the wearing of them as the most atrocious of moral offences, and having *deservedly* excluded a distinguished wrangler, who had been guilty of wearing them, from a fellowship of his college:—

“Crure tenuis medio tunicas succingere debet.”—*Juv. Sat. 6.*

‡ Speakers of the Society.

§ A magnificent, though bold figure. The Red Lion (which is the

Dear lost companions in the spouting art,
 Dear as the common smoking in the hall,
 Dear as the *Audit Ale*, that warms my heart,
 Ye fell amidst the dying UNION's fall.

II. 1.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding sheet of J-mmy's race ;
 Give ample room and verge enough—
 To mark revenge, defeat, disgrace.
 Mark the month, and mark the day,
 The senate echoing widely with the fray ;
 Commoner, sizar, pensioner, and snob,
 Shouts of an undergraduate mob.

II. 2.

Master of a mighty college,
 Without his robe behold him stand ;
 Whom not a Whig will now acknowledge,
 Return his bow, or shake his hand.
 Is the sable Jackson fled ?
 Thy friend is gone—he hides his powder'd head.
 The Bedells, too, by whom the mace is borne ?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows ;
 While, gently sidling through the crowded street,
 In scarlet robe, Clare's* tiny master goes,
 Ware † clears the road, and Gunning † guides his feet,
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hush'd in green repose, marks J-mmy's for its prey.

sign of the inn at which the UNION assembled), and which is a remarkably handsome lion of the kind, is described a wagging his *tail*, in testimony of the pleasure he felt at the goings on within.

* The Vice-chancellor elect.

† Two of the Esquire Bedells.

II. 3.

Fill the *Audit* bowl!

The feast in hall prepare !

'Reft of his robes, he yet may share the feast,

Close by the master's chair.

Contempt and laughter scowl

A baneful smile upon their baffled guest.—

Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Gown to gown, and cap to cap ?

Hark at the Johnian gates each thund'ring rap,

While through opposing Dons they move their way,

Ye Johnian towers, old W—d's eternal shame,

With many a midnight imposition fed,

Revere his Algebra's immortal fame,

And spare the meek mechanic's holy head.

Each bristled boar will bear no more,

And, meeting in the combination-room,

They stamp their vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

J-mmy, lo ! to sudden fate

(Pass the wine—the liquor's good)

Half of thy year we consecrate :

The *web* is now what was the *wood*.

But mark the scene beneath the senate's height :

See the petition's crowded skirts unroll ;

Visions of glory spark my aching sight,

Unborn commencements crowd not on my soul.

No more our Kaye,* our Thackery,* we bewail ;

All hail ! thou genuine prince ! † Britannia's issue, hail !

* Former Vice-chancellors.

† The Chancellor.

III. 2.

Heads of houses, doctors bold,
 Sublime the hoods and wigs they rear;
 Masters young and fellows old
 In bombazeen and silk appear;
 In the midst a form divine,—
 His eye proclaims him of the British line.
 What cheers of triumph thunder through the air,
 While the full tide of youthful thanks is poured?
 Hear from your chambers, Price* and Hibbert,* hear;
 The oppressor shrinks, the UNION is restored.
 The treasurer flies to spread the news he brings,
 And wears, for triumph's sake, yet larger clitterings.

III. 3.

"Fond impious man, think'st thou thy puny fist,
 Thy *Wood*-en sword, has broke a British club?
 The treasurer soon augments our growing list,—
 We rise more numerous from this transient rub.
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different dooms our fates assign;
 Be thine contempt and big-wigg'd care,—
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."
 He spoke, and headlong from the window's height,
 Deep in a dung-cart near, he plunged to endless night.†

PARR.

In his youthful days, the learned doctor happened to be
 present at a musical party, when a lady's MANTUA, unfor-
 tunately, swept from the table a valuable CREMONA, to *her*
 no small consternation, and the great grief of the *musician*.

* Speakers of the society.

† The UNION is now restored, but the discussions are restricted to
 political events previous to 1800.

On this occasion, the facetious doctor made the happiest application of a passage of Virgil, on record :—

“MANTUA væ! misereræ nimum vicina CREMONÆ.”

PORSON.

Porson being at a party, where a certain classical lecturer of Trinity College, was ridiculed for his pronunciation of *nimirum* (which he pronounced *nīmirum*), pretended warmly to defend him, to the no small astonishment of his friends; and, being asked the reason, the Greek professor, with inimitable wit, replied, “That it was by no means surprising the learned lecturer had erred respecting this word, for that Horace himself had declared, in his Epistle to Claudius, there was but one man in the Roman Empire who really understood it.

‘Septimius, Claudī, *nimirum* intelligit unus.’ ”

THE CRAB-FISH.

Porson was very fond of crab-fish, and being at a friend's one night to sup, he intimated a wish to have his appetite indulged. This friend jocularly replied, that he should have the finest in St. James's Market, if he would go thither, buy, and bring it home himself. Porson, to his astonishment, took him at his word, and marched through some of the gayest streets in London, with the *crab* under his arm.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

We are confident our readers will require no apology for our introducing a *grave* subject amongst the *facetiae*, when they read the following singular whim of a well-known *Christian*. On the death of his wife, at an advanced age,

he caused the following MEMENTO MORI to be inscribed on a marble slab, placed over her remains :—

Mors loquitur.—UXOREM TENEO.

MARITUM EXPECTO.

Death speaks.—" *I hold the wife ! Expect the husband !*"

This worthy divine, having arrived at a good old age, has lately resigned himself into the hands of his Redeemer, and the stone, now reversed, presents to the eye of the inquiring observer an *unpolished* surface.—*Requiescant in pace.*

BOROUGH INTEREST.

The late Lord Sandwich, who was well known both at Eton and Cambridge by the *cognomentum* of "*Jemmy Twitcher*," having the privilege of appointing a chorister at Trinity College, presented that society with one not only ignorant of music, but also destitute of the three essentials necessary to make a singer—*voice, taste, and ear* ; and for no other reason was he appointed, but because he had a *vote* for Huntingdon. This gave rise to the following pointed

EPIGRAM.

A singing man, and cannot sing,—

From whence arose your patron's bounty ?

Give us a song ?—" Excuse me, Sir,

My voice is in another county."

EXTRAORDINARY ACT IN DIVINITY.

The following curious *act in divinity*, wherein Dr. John Davenant was *respondent*, and Dr. Richardson, amongst others, *opponent*, was kept at Cambridge, before King James. The question was maintained in the *negative*, concerning the *excommunicating* of kings. Dr. Richardson

gravely pressed the practice of St. Ambrose, who excommunicated the Emperor Theodosius, so home, that the king, in a great passion, retorted, "*Profecto fuit hoc ab Ambrosio insolentissimè!*" To this apothegm of his majesty, Dr. — joined, "*Responsum verè regium, et Alexandro dignum, hoc non est argumenta dissolvere, sed desecare.*" And, sitting down, the doctor was silent.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

A punning Cantab of our acquaintance, whose *dexter* we have often *fisted*, happened to be present when two *gents* made a match to shoot pigeons. The conversation turned on the choice of the breed, and one of the bettors named the *blue-rock* as the best. "They may be so," observed our friend Cantab, "but, were I going to shoot, I should choose *tumblers!*"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The following incidents are highly characteristic of the above recondite and celebrated Cantab, and show an amiable simplicity of manners, though an utter disregard of worldly affairs, so much was he ever absorbed in his beloved philosophical pursuits. It is said, that Sir Isaac set out in life a professed and clamorous *infidel*; but that, on a close examination of the evidences of Christianity, he found reason, nor did he disdain, to retract his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was one day talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac exclaimed, "Man, you had better hold your tongue; you are talking about what you do not understand." So patient was this great man, not only in his pursuit of truth, but also in suffering under pain, that when in his last illness, that of the stone, his agony was so great, that drops of sweat forced themselves through a double night-cap, which he wore, he never

was heard to complain or cry out. Sir Isaac had a *prism* sent him from abroad by a philosophical friend, which was at that time a very scarce commodity in England ; and, being desired to say what the value of it was, by the custom-house officers, that they might be able to regulate the duty to be paid, the great man, whose business was more with the universe than with duties and draw-backs, rated the prism according to his own idea of its utility, and answered, "Its value was so great, he could not ascertain it." Being again pressed for an estimate, he persisted in his former reply, and the result was, that he paid an exorbitant duty for what might have been taken away by paying a rate according to the simple weight of the glass. At another time, a favourite little dog, named Diamond, having, in his absence, entered his study, he found it, on his return, diverting himself with the remains of some valuable MSS., containing the *memoranda* of many years' laborious research, which it had already torn into a thousand pieces ; but so great a command had this genius over his temper, that, gathering up the remnants, he patted the offender on the head, saying, "O ! Diamond, Diamond, you know not what mischief you have done?"

THE MODERN PONTIUS PILATE.

What Cantab has not heard of the Modern Pontius Pilate ? Such was the designation of a late celebrated divine of King's College, who was wont to boast of his extraordinary powers in the *wordy* race ; protesting that he would give any man as far as *Pontius Pilate* in the Apostolic Creed, and beat him hollow before he came to "AMEN !" —Qu.* *amens* ! as it appears from the reverend gentleman's own confession, that he was *plural* in his pronunciation ;

* *Scilicet*, dementated, alias downright mad.

for, on being asked how he could accomplish it, he declared he could pronounce *three* words at once.

TIT-BITS.

The celebrated author of *The Diversions of Purley*, Horne Tooke, being once invited especially to meet his no less celebrated brother Cantab, Dr. Parr, exclaimed, on receiving the message, "What, go to meet a country schoolmaster; a mere man of Greek and Latin scraps! that will never do." Some time after, the former meeting the latter gentleman in the street, he went up to the doctor, and addressed him with—"Ah! my dear Parr, is it you? How gratified I am to see you." "What, me?" replied Parr, "a mere country schoolmaster; a man of Greek and Latin scraps!" "Oh, my good friend," rejoined Horne Tooke, with his accustomed promptitude of wit, "those who told you that never understood me; when I spoke of the *scraps*, I meant the *tit-bits*!"

A FORCIBLE ARGUMENT.

That erudite Cantab, Bishop Burnett, preaching before Charles II., being much warmed with his subject, uttered some religious truth with great vehemence, and, at the same time, striking his fist on the desk with great violence, cried out, "Who dare deny this?" "Faith," said the king, in a tone more *piano* than that of the orator, "nobody that is within the reach of that fist of your's."

REFORM EXTRAORDINARY.

The men of Maudlin College, Cambridge, had been long celebrated for their wineless lives, and a bowl of BISHOP or *milk-punch*, or a COPUS of AUDIT ale, would have been, to their *vour*-less heads, both a bane and an antidote: like Dr. Johnson, they would sip their TEA, even to the sixteenth

cup. At length, one of the society resolved to root out this *spirit*-less propensity, and redeem the credit of his college; and he endeavoured to effect this reform extraordinary in the following extraordinary manner:—having invited to his rooms ten or twelve of the most inveterate *tea-discussers*, he took a *bottle and a half* of wine from a sideboard, 'and then, placing himself with his back against the door, he flourished the poker over his head, declaring, in very emphatic terms, "That not a soul of them should depart till every drop of the *wine* was drunk!" Whether this experiment had the immediate desired effect, we cannot say, but this we know, that they no longer labour under the tea-drinking imputation.

CHANTING A-LA-GREEK.

During the time that the erudite Dr. Bentley was preparing an edition of Homer, which he had undertaken at the desire of Earl Grenville, he was accustomed not unfrequently to spend his evenings with that distinguished nobleman. These congenials, when drinking deep at the classic fountain, would sometimes keep it up to a late hour. One morning, after one of their mental carousals, the mother of his lordship reproached him for keeping the *country clergyman*, as she termed the learned Cantab, till he was *intoxicated*. Lord Grenville denied the charge,—on which the lady replied, he could not have sung in so ridiculous a manner, if he had not been in *liquor*; but the truth was, that the singing, which appeared so to have annoyed the noble lady, was no other than the doctor endeavouring to entertain and instruct Lord Grenville in the true *catilena*, or *recitative*, of the ancients.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE *versus* THE REGIUS
PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.

When that profound scholar and divine, Dr. Samuel Clarke, deemed it necessary for him to proceed to the degree of D.D., he entered the schools, in Cambridge, with the two following questions, as the basis of his *public exercise*; and the manner in which this erudite Cantab acquitted himself, is worthy of being handed down to the latest posterity:—

I. *Nullum fidei Christianæ dogma, in S. Scripturis traditum, est rectæ rationi dissentaneum.*

II. *Sine actionum humanarum libertate nulla potest esse religio.*

1. *No article of the Christian faith, delivered in the Holy Scriptures, is disagreeable to right reason.*

2. *Without the liberty of human actions, there can be no religion.*

These two questions were worthy of such a divine and philosopher, to propose for a *public debate*. Dr. James was the Regius Professor, a learned and very acute disputant, and he exerted himself beyond his accustomed practice, in order to oppose and try Dr. Clarke to the utmost. Possessed of a retentive memory, and fluent in words, with a natural turn for disputation, the professor began with an *examination* of the candidate's *thesis* (an elaborate discourse founded on the first question), sifting every part with the strictest nicety, and pressed him with all the force of *sylogistic argument*. He was an *adversary* worthy of the *respondent*, who made an *extempore* reply to the learned professor's *queries*, which occupied nearly half an hour, without hesitation; and with such perspicuity of *thought* and purity of *language* did he *take off* all that the professor

had advanced against his opinions, that those who heard him were astonished thereat, and declared that, had they not seen him, they should have supposed his *reply* to have been previously written. He guarded so well, replied so readily and clearly, and pressed so close upon the professor, in his replies, through the remainder of the disputation, that perhaps such a conflict, kept up with such spirit, and which ended with such perfect honour to the *respondent*, was never before heard in the *schools*. The professor, who was a man of humour as well as learning, after a long *disputation*, used often to say to a respondent,—“*Finem jam faciem, nam te probè exercui;*” (I will now make an end, for I have sufficiently worked you). He was about to address the same words to Dr. Clarke; but, after the word *te*, he stopped and corrected himself, by saying,—“*Num ME probè EXERCUISTI,*” (for *you* have worked *ME* thoroughly); a high compliment, in his humorous way of expressing himself: but so justly did Dr. Clarke merit it, that those who heard the *disputation* declared that, for handling his argument, the fluency and (notwithstanding his great attention to other matters) purity of his *Latinity*, he spoke as one who had discoursed in no other language, and was an ornament to the university.

ADVICE GRATIS.

At the sittings of Guildhall, an action of debt was tried, before Lord Mansfield, in which the defendant, a merchant of London, with great warmth, complained of the plaintiff's conduct, to his lordship, in having caused him to be arrested, not only in the face of the day, but in the Royal Exchange, and in the face of the whole assembled credit of the metropolis. The Chief Justice stopped him with great composure, saying,—“Friend, you forget yourself; *you* were the *defaulter*, in refusing to pay a just debt; and let

me give you a piece of advice worth more to you than the debt and costs: be careful not to put it in any man's power to arrest you, either in public or private, for the future."

THE BRIDE IN WAITING.

A celebrated Cantab, who, for his poetic taste and splendid imagination, might almost be designated the "*ANGEL OF THE WORLD*," had the *good* fortune to lead to the altar of Hymen a blooming bride, and the *misfortune*, amidst his angelic speculations, to forget her. The happy pair were to start for Paris, to spend the honeymoon, immediately after the ceremony; the bridegroom begged an hour to *pack* for the occasion,—the smiling fair one granted his request,—the hour was past, but he did not appear; two, three, four, five hours, (which to the lady were as many ages), had Sol laboured towards the western horizon, and she was still in waiting. A messenger was despatched in search of the truant, and Paris was found, not as many Cantabs are, in the midst of triangles, &c., but, forgetful of his Helen, rearing a temple to the muses, totally unconscious of the part he had so lately acted in the consummation of holy matrimony.

BON MOT.

"The Bishop of London," says Aubrey, "having cut down a noble *cloud* of trees at Fulham, Lord Chancellor Bacon told him, 'he was a good expounder of *dark* places.'"

DR. HENNIKER'S DEFINITION OF WIT.

Dr. Henniker being one day in conversation with that celebrated statesman, the Earl of Chatham, amongst other questions, was asked by his lordship how he defined wit?—"Wit," replied the learned doctor, "is like what a pension

would be given by your lordship to your humble servant,—a good thing well appliéd.”

WHAT A DEBAUCH!

A pious Queen's-man being invited to a *spread*, refused the *invite*, on the ground of the last evening's excesses,—when, upon being pressed to tell when and how he had spent the previous night, he, with reluctance, confessed he had committed a *great debauch*, inasmuch as he had sat up till ten o'clock, and drank *two bumpers of plum wine!! Scilicet*, raisin.

NEW READINGS.

Every son of Alma Mater has, *a primis ephebis*, appropriated to his own schoolmates the humorous translation of the words—*coctilibus muris*, by cocktailed mice; and not a few have thought that the *arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris*, alluded to the archididascalus, with his cane for his arms, and his mouth as prim as a Trojan's; but we much question whether the sense of a Latin writer was ever more ludicrously misunderstood, than in the lecture-room of Christ College, when a deep-read freshman rendered the words—“*anteponit tenuem victum copioso*,” (he prefers a slender diet to an abundant one), by “he places before them a thin man conquered by a stout one,” which, when we consider that our author was alluding to the manners and customs of the gladiators, must cause a smile.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

Had thy spouse, Dr. Drumstick, been ta'en from thy side,
In the same way that Eve became Adam's fair bride,
And again by thy side on the bridal bed laid;
Though thou couldst not, like Adam, have gallantly said,

"Thou art flesh of my flesh,"—because flesh thou hast none,
Thou with truth might'st have said—"Thou art bone of
my bone."

II.

On the Marriage of a very thin Couple.

St. Paul has declared that, when persons, though twain,
Are in wedlock united, one flesh they remain.
But had he been by, when, like Pharaoh's kine pairing,
Dr. Douglas, of Benet, espous'd Miss Mainwaring,
The apostle, no doubt, would have alter'd his tone,
And have said, "These two splinters shall now make one
bone."

III.

On a Petit-Maitre Physician.

When Pennington for female ills indites,
Studying alone not what, but how he writes,
The ladies, as his graceful form they scan,
Cry, with ill-omen'd rapture—"Killing man!"

IV.

On a Student being put out of Commons, for missing Chapel.

To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught:
O could I do but either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty such—
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

 PARODIES ON COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS.

EXAMINATION I.

1. Prove, by syllogistic ratiocination, that chalk and cheese are not one and the same thing—that they are not

idem in genere; and then render an analytical exposition of the composition of chalk, and a disquisition synthetical on that of cheese. Show, further, which of these two kinds of exposition it is probable Aristotle would have adopted in treating such a subject.

2. Demonstrate by induction why it is, that, in his expedition into India, Alexander Magnus followed his nose.

3. Give the definition of China pig—nominally, accidentally, physically, and metaphysically.

4. Convert the first two books of Aristotle's Treatise on Rhetoric into Latin hexameter and pentameter, and the third and fourth books of the Annals of Tacitus into pin-darics.

5. Are you anywhere informed by Herodotus, which were the thickest, the heads of the Egyptians or the Persians?

6. Make a computation of the probable thickness of the heads of both nations; and then logically demonstrate the difference of inches in the skulls of one and the other.

7. Give the Greek appellations of the several terms—tea, coffee, snuff, and tobacco—printer's devil, leather-breeches-maker, steam-packet, double-barrelled gun—tag, rag, and bobtail.

8. Why is it probable that Horace, if he could have gotten them, would have worn spectacles?—What was his height without his shoes?—Signify the colour of his complexion by two tropes, one metaphor, and three similes.

9. Prove the non-identity of Sylla the dictator and Scylla the sand-bank; and does not the sea or C make all the difference between them?

10. Translate the following passage from Tag's Ode to Miss Pickle, into a Sapphic stanza, both in Greek and Latin:—

“ Not pickled onion, nor yet pickled bean,
 Nor pickled cabbage, either red or green,
 Nor pickled cucumber, nor pickled Chili,
 But my own darling little Picklelilly.”

11. Oxford must, from all antiquity, have been either somewhere or nowhere. Where was it in the time of Tarkinus Priscus? If it was nowhere, it surely must have been somewhere. Where was it?

12. Should you, upon consideration, say that the ancients could find the way to their mouths in the dark as well as the moderns? Do you believe the Athenians wore Wellington-boots, or ate mince-pies at Christmas?

13. Mention any instances that occur to you of ancients visiting any part of the United States. Are we not to infer, from the frequent occurrence of the word *γας* in their most celebrated authors, that the Athenians were perfectly acquainted with that valuable commodity?

14. Trace the derivation of pump from *πυς*, according to the example afforded you of that of bump from *βυς*.—*Βυς*, *Ionice* *Βοος*, per apocopen *Βος*, poetic *Βυς*, per pepper-castor *βυρ*, and per epenthesis *βυμπ*, hence you may easily trace the derivation of *pumpkin* and *bumpkin*.

15. State logically how many tails a cat has.

From these specimens, however much he may admire the erudition they display, the reader will, perhaps, not think very favourably of the utility of university examinations, but useful they are. The answers would occupy too much space; suffice it, therefore, to say, our communicant got off with flying colours, the delight of his connections, and an honour to his house. The answer to the last question, however, amused us so much that we cannot refrain from giving it.

15. State logically how many tails a cat has?—*Ans.* No

cat has two tails—every cat has one tail more than no cat—*ergo*, every cat has three tails.

EXAMINATION II.

1. Give a comparative sketch of the principal English theatres, with the dates of their erection, and the names of the most eminent candle-snuffers at each. What were the stage-boxes? What were the offices of prompter, ballet-master, and scene-shifter? In what part of the theatre was the one-shilling gallery? Distinguish accurately between operas and puppet-shows.

2. Where was Downing Street? Who was prime-minister when Cribb defeated Molineux—and where did the battle take place? Explain the terms milling—fibbing—cross-buttock—neck and crop—bang up—and—prime.

3. Give the dates of all the parliaments, from their first institution to the period of the hard frost on the Thames. In what month of what year was Mr. Abbot elected speaker? Why was he called "*the little man in the wig*?" When the speaker was out of the chair, where was the mace put?

4. Enumerate the principal houses of call in and about London, marking those of the tailors, bricklayers, and shoemakers, and stating from what brewery each house was supplied with brown stout. Who was the tutelary saint of the shoemakers? At what time was his feast celebrated? Who was St. Swithin? Do you remember any remarkable English proverb respecting him?

5. Give a ground-plan of Gilead-house. Mention the leading topics of the Guide to Health, with some account of the Anti-Impetigines—Daffy's Elixir—Blaine's Distemper Powders—Ching's Worm Lozenges—and Hooper's Female Pills.

6. Give characters of Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and Sir

Francis Burdett. Did the latter return from the Tower by water or land? On what occasion did Mr. Lethbridge's "hair stand on *ind*?" Correct the solecism, and give the reason of your alteration.

7. Enumerate the roads on which double toll was taken on the Sundays. Did this custom extend to Christmas Day and Good Friday? Who was toll-taker at Tyburn when Mrs. Brownrigg was executed?

8. Distinguish accurately between sculls and oars—boat and punt—jackass and donkey—gauger, exciseman, and supervisor—pantaloons, trousers, gaiters, and overalls.—At what place of education were any of these forbidden? Which? and Why?

9. Express the following words in the Lancashire, Derbyshire, London, and Exmoor dialects:—bacon—poker—you—I—doctor—and turnpike-gate.

10. Mention the principal coach-inns in London, with a correct list of the coaches which set out from the Bolt-in-Tun. Where were the chief stands of hackney-coaches,—and what was the No. of that in which the Princess Charlotte drove to Connaught House? To what stand do you suppose this removed after it set her down?

11. Give a succinct account, with dates, of the following persons:—Belcher—Mr. Waithman—Major Cartwright, Martin Van Butchell—and Edmund Henry Barker.

12. Draw a map of the Thames with the surrounding country, marking particularly Wapping, Blackwall, Richmond, and the Isle of Dogs. Distinguish between Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Newcastle-under-Line—Gloucester and Double Gloucester—and the two Richmonds. What celebrated teacher flourished at one of them?—and who were his most eminent disciples?

13. What were the various sorts of paper in use amongst

the English? To what purpose was *whited-brown* chiefly applied? What was size? Distinguish between this and college Sizings, and state the ordinary expense of papering a room.

14. "For every one knows little *Matt.'s* an M. P." Frag. Com. Inc. ap. Morn. Chron. vol. 59, p. 1624.

What reasons can you assign for the general knowledge of this fact? Detail, at length, the ceremony of chairing a member. What were the hustings? Who paid for them? Explain the abbreviations—Matt. M.P.—Tom—Dick—F.R.S.—L.L.D.—and A.S.S.

16. What was the distinguishing title of the mayors of London? Did any other city share the honour? Give a list of the mayors of London, from Sir Richard Whittington to Sir William Curtis, with an account of the cat of the first, and the weight of the last. What is meant by Lord Mayor's Day? Describe the *Apothecaries'* barge, and give some account of marrow-bones and cleavers.

16. When was Spyring and Marsden's Lemon Acid invented? Distinguish between this and Essential Salt of Lemons. Enumerate the principal patentees, especially those of liquid blacking.

17. Scan the following lines :—

But for shaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man!

What is known of the character and history of Dicky Gossip?

EXAMINATION III.

Find the centre of gravity in a leg of mutton, and determine, with precision, how much gravy it ought to contain when properly cooked. Is there any difference between a leg and a shoulder? and what? Is it not an anomaly to

call the fore-leg of a sheep the shoulder? and in what London market did the absurdity originate?

2. Describe the difference between a jack-ass and a jack-fish; and enumerate the various kind of jack-asses that are to be found in and about the university.

3. Give an account of the Olympic games, and point out the resemblance that there is between them and the Olympic Theatre in Wych Street. What street is Wych-street, and which is the way to it?

4. In what part of London are there the greatest number of fools? and *vice versâ*. Are the knaves in office more annoying than the knaves out of office? and, if not, why not? Give the characters respectively of a lord mayor, a merry-Andrew, a prime minister, a bishop, and a quack doctor. Mark the difference, if any, between them, and show in what they are all just alike.

5. Where was Cribb when the battle of Waterloo was fought; and who was the real champion of England on that memorable day?

6. Enumerate the various qualities of Henry Hunt's Matchless Blacking, his Roasted Corn, and his quondam friend Cobbett's History of the Reformation. Analyse the three, and say which should be taken internally, and which applied externally, and why?

7. Give an account of the Epping Hunt on an Easter Monday, and explain the reason why the horses generally go a great many more miles than their riders; also, why the cockneys so often indulge in their propensity for stag-hunting, when it is notorious that they are themselves properly classed under the head of horned animals in the best treatises on natural history.

8. Determine what it was that Peeping Tom of Coventry wished to see. Having found that out, ascertain whether the rays from that focus of attraction were too dazzling for

his optic nerves, or whether excessive straining of his eye-balls occasioned his blindness?

9. Name the principal banking-houses in London, and give a general description of all the parish beadies within the bills of mortality. Repeat the observations made by Sir Richard Birnie to Michael O'Shaunessy, the cobbler, when he was taken to Bow-street for making a lap-stone of his wife's head. Show the connection between each of these propositions, and say in what particulars they vary.

10. Why should Harriette Wilson, Miss Foote, and the Princess Olive, be considered of more consequence than ladies of quality generally? What qualities do ladies of quality generally possess? and what is the difference between a lady of rank and a rank lady?

11. Where did Parson Irving come from before he came from Scotland, and where is he likely to go to if he continues to go on in the way he is going? Determine how nearly he is related to Dr. Eady, and what degree of affinity subsists between them and the Rev. Alexander Fletcher?

12. What is the difference between a dentist, a dentist-surgeon, and a tooth-drawer? Which of these is the Chevalier Ruspini, which Dr. Bew, of Brighton, and which Mr. Hartrey, of Hayes Court? Show that the two former are entitled to a guinea, although the last receives only a shilling per tooth, in consequence of the infinitely greater trouble they take in the performance of their task!

13. Describe the different kinds of breeches that are at present worn by the English. Name the tailor that made the first pair, and determine with accuracy how much more double-milled kerseymere it takes to make a pair of Wellington trousers for Lord Nugent than would be necessary for the Achilles in Hyde Park.

14. What reasons can you assign for the necessity of having one leg or the other always foremost when walking?

and, having proved that a man can step a yard at a time, ascertain how far he can reach in a hop, skip, and a jump.

15. Scan the following lines, and then translate them into Latin hexameters :

“ High diddle diddle !
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon !”

In what quarter was the moon when the cow jumped over her? Was it an Alderney or a Welsh cow? State, also, whether she descended on her legs after her extraordinary leap, and in what parish she fell.

16. When was April Fool's Day first observed? Who is the first April fool upon record? What city had the honour of inventing bug-traps? Of what size were the fleas which Sir Joseph Banks mistook for lobsters, and how much salt did he put in the saucepan, when he boiled them? If one flea can skip a mile in an hour, in what time would a million of fleas draw the mail-coach from London to Bath?

17. Enumerate the different figures of speech made use of by the late Lord Londonderry, and state precisely what sort of figure his lordship cut, when he stood prostrate before the House, and spoke of his fundamental features? Where was Mr. Canning at that time? What honourable member was it that turned his back upon himself, and in what manner did he effect so novel a position?

Cambridge Parties ;

BY

TWO DISTINGUISHED CANTABS.

(Originally printed in the Brighton Magazine.)

CAMBRIDGE PARTIES,

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

WATER-PARTIES.

DEAR ——. There is no period of a man's existence, it is generally observed, to which, in the retrospection of days gone by, he recurs with such peculiar feelings of satisfaction, as the three years passed at the university:—often, amid the troubles and vexations of maturer life, will he sigh to reflect upon the times when his whole cares, if cares he had, consisted in rising on a cold frosty morning for lectures, learning an imposition for the proctors, or leaving a wine-party for chapel; and I doubt whether (unless in the felicitous era of the honey-moon) he would not joyfully resign his present prospects, could he once more, with cap and gown, take his place among the under-graduates of the university. As a memento, therefore, of past happiness, and showing the difference of what was, and what is, I have thought that "Letters from Cambridge," elucidating its present manners and customs, *would* be interesting to you, and *might* be to others; at any rate I shall amuse myself, and with us, you know, amusement is a main object.

You will think a description of "Water Parties," at this time of the year, a curious commencement of my corres-

pondence; but the fact is, that, owing to the late extreme mildness of the weather, they have been more frequent during this last month than at any former period of my residence. Both from the pleasure I have formerly enjoyed in them with you, and from being well assured they are parties which give the most favourable idea of Cambridge character and Cambridge manners, I have resolved to commence with them. At *breakfast-parties*, some men are not quite awake; with others, the thoughts of lectures intrude; at *wine-parties*, reserve is not always thrown off till the wine has begun to take effect; and, at *supper-parties*, “*I must be in before twelve, or I shall be hauled up before the master;*”—“*I must go home to prepare for lectures;*”—“*I’m d——d sleepy;*”—“*Well, good night, old boy! I must get up early to-morrow, to hunt;*” are continually grating upon our ears, and marring our comfort. But in *water-parties* there is no drawback of this sort. The men who form it are in general well acquainted, have a day of comparative idleness before them (in itself peculiarly pleasant, by the by), and are previously resolved to be social and jolly; to blow care to the winds; to be happy; and, as far as they can, to *make* happy. •

Under the influence of such feelings, a party of us, consisting of S—, K—, and G—, of Christ’s College; H—, of Clare; B—, of Pembroke; C—, of Jesus; I—, of Trinity, and myself, sallied out on one of the finest days of last week, to man the *Glory*, a six-oared boat of Cross’s. It was a most lovely morning,—

“The sun was in the heavens, and joy on earth.”

Few of us, I believe, thought much about the sun, but “the joy on earth” we *felt*; though, like Lambro, we were not philosophers enough to stop and inquire the reason. As we rowed in a leisurely way down the stream,

this joy was manifested in various ways, by various characters. B— gave vent to his feelings in a poetical effusion :—

“Once more upon the waters—yet once more—
And the waves bound beneath me, like a steed
That knows its rider.”

Lord Byron was now handed from one to the other in very fine style ; from K—, G—, and I—, I remarked, among others, the following strains :—

K—. “How gloriously her gallant course she goes!

* * * *

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?”

G—. “Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danc’d in triumph o’er the waters wide,*

● The exulting sense—the pulse’s maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?”

We could see, by the shrewd mathematical face with which H— was regarding the blade of his oar, that any thing but poetry occupied *his* attention; he was, in fact, enumerating the number of strokes given in “t”; and the newly acquired velocity after each impulse. C— was rather offended at his observing, he had found it, on calculation, pretty much the same whether C— pulled or not.

* Not over wide, by the by.

S— began to spout Virgil; but this was voted a bore, as there were one or two in the company who might not understand it. For my part, I moralized; but had got no farther than “immortal man,” when my meditations were interrupted by an “unhallowed sound” of singing. S—, determined not to be outdone in noise, had got hold of the poor Canadian boat-song, and was giving tongue most gloriously in conjunction with C—, and, therefore, lending my assistance, we came the “row” part both with arms and voices very gaily.

Loud was the laughter after each effusion, and numberless the jests which were passed; I should like to transcribe some of these for your edification, but, unfortunately, I am not quite sure they would have so good an appearance in print. Our feelings were then very uncritical. A bad pun may create a laugh, and a good one could do no more; however, this must be the subject of a future paper, and, lo! while I am tarrying with you, our boat has arrived at Chesterton locks.

* *“Here, S—, you Christian son of a gun! Come and apply your fat carcass to this lock.” “That’s your sort.” “T—, take care of that oar, and pull it out of the rullucks.” “Here, give me the boat-hook, and keep off the side.” “By jingo, here’s F—.” “Verily, I’m astounded.” “Why, F—, my little minimum! What the plague can have brought you from your sines and cosines, to come rambling upon this ‘wide wide sea?’ You’re reading hy-*

* You and others may complain that, in the dialogues or exclamations, here and elsewhere inserted, there is neither wit, delicacy, nor elegance. To this I can only answer, that a conversation, composed of these ingredients, would seem either pedantic, or inconsistent with the characters of Cambridgemen. As this is a most true account of the party, and I have inserted nothing which did not actually occur, neither would I put down an exclamation that was not actually made.

drostatics, I suppose, and want to take a practical observation of the motions of bodies and fluids!—Well! Mind you don't make a practical illustration of it; for sometimes these said bodies will find the bottom, you know." "You impudent thief! *n'importe, 'il rit bien qui rit le dernier.'* I prophesy you'll be heartily sick of your motions, at least those of the oar, before you get far; for if you look forward you will observe a party in the Stag, resting on their oars, and waiting, in order to give you the benefit of a good sweating—so look to it." "The Devil they are! come, my boys, have a regard to your characters." "H—, give the stroke." "That will do." "Good-by, professor." "Go it." "Now we are even." "Incumbite remis."

"Away we go, and what care we
For tumults, treasons, or for wars;
We are as calm in our delight,
As is the crescent moon so bright
Amid the scatter'd stars!"

Not quite so calm, though, either! I must own, I soon began, as F— predicted, to grow weary of these quick motions, and would rather have been meditating upon the fine effect with Lord Byron, than partaking in this calm and gentle exercise:—

"By heavens it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no part—no fagging there),
The rival coats of mix'd embroidery,
The oars which glitter in the sun's bright glare;
How gallantly the boatsmen bend and rise,
And bend again, loud yelling in the race," &c.

Having kept together, boat and boat, for upwards of a mile, some fears came across me that we might go on *ad infinitum*,—and, feeling that my strength would not proceed in the same ratio, I thought proper to give a few small hints on the subject of dropping the contest. “*I think we are great asses for thus fagging ourselves.*” No corresponding effect; the men determined to be asses. “*It’s a devilish ungentlemanly thing to sweat ourselves in this manner, like bargemen!*” All in vain. “*Hang it, T—, you’ve got no pluck; pull away, my hearty!*” On we went, at the rate of at least twenty miles an hour, all for glory, when, fortunately for me, just at this critical time, a poor wight in a canoe, who, I dare say, thought it every wit as ungentlemanly as I did to row so fast, unable to clear both boats in time, was very neatly run down by us. There were really many of our party who were so inhumane as to wish to leave him to sink or swim; but I very magnanimously prevailed upon them to row back to his assistance. It was a long time before we could persuade the poor fellow he was not drowned; and, when this was effected, he was so pleased, that he forgot to row us for upsetting him, but seemed half inclined to thank us for the honour we had done him. I doubt not, though, that, when he came to himself, he would begin to question the propriety of our conduct, and send a few blessings after us. Uninjured by these, we gallantly pursued our course, although the Stag was too much a-head to give us hopes of overtaking it. It was safe now to exclaim,—“*How very unfortunate! we were just beating them! blow our friend of the canoe!*” Nor were any of us at all sparing of such exclamations. We could gain from the burden of our antagonists’ song, that they modestly ascribed to their boat the honour of victory:—

“Merrily, merrily, goes the bark !
Before the gale she bounds ;
So bounds the dolphin from the shark,
Or the *deer* before the hounds.”

Now our boat had already *glory* enough. We, therefore, thought proper to assume the present merit to ourselves ; and, as the stagites did not seem inclined to raise the “*io triumphè*” of victory, we lifted up our voices in the famous boat-song from the “*Lady of the Lake* :”—

“Hark to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honour’d and bless’d be the evergreen pine,” &c.

After “p” strokes (where p is very small), we bore down majestically upon Backsbite, and arrived “t” after our opponents. They of the Stag, having eyed us askance a bit, passed through the locks, while we remained stationary to feed.

The beauty of the river Cam at this point is of that species which is, in general, peculiar to the rivers of a flat country, in their departure from the haunts of men, and approach to the immeasurable main. Although Backsbite is only three miles and-a-half distant from Cambridge, it is yet sufficiently remote to have lost its more civilized features, and to have approached to the wild and fenny beauty of sea-proximity. For the last mile, in approaching Backbite, little more meets the eye than beds of osiers on one bank, and an almost interminable waste on the other, broken occasionally by willows, which seem heartily tired of their situation ; or by a village church in the distance, which does not inspire the same feeling, only because it is connected with better things ; and which, “as it points evermore with its silent finger to heaven,” resem-

bles a beacon-fire in a storm, or an ark in the waters. In spring, however, when this waste hath acquired a yellow mantle*, and the osier beds a green one, the scene is far from being devoid of attraction. I am very much inclined to think it was the striking appearance of these osiers at one point in the river, which first suggested Lord Byron's comparison in the "Bride of Abydos :"—

“As the stream late concealed
By the fringe of the willows,
When it rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows ;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.”

In front of a house of public entertainment which stands on Backbite locks, is a small paddock where the snobs assemble to regale themselves in summer, and which, till the dinner we had brought with us was prepared, was destined to form the theatre of our gambols. It was not difficult to find an amusement for men determined to be amused ; in a moment we were all engaged in exhibiting our agility at leap-frog, or in leaping the bar ; and soon after in a game of quoits for the damage of the party.

There are some who might perhaps smile with contempt at the idea of a party of young men amusing themselves by playing at leap-frog ; but there are also others who would consider this very circumstance as a natural exemplification of joyful feelings that would not be controlled. Those would merely look to the agility of limb ; these—to “the freshness of the heart !”

* The fens appear quite yellow in spring, from the quantity of cow-slips, buttercups, &c. which spring up with the turf.

I fancy that you are at this place about exclaiming with Sir P. Teazle, "Oh, damn your sentiment." And my companions, indeed, having just concluded their game, are making such a confounded noise, that, if I wish any dinner, I must lay this aside at present and attend them.

"*Huzza—Regular case of floor!*"

"*I say B—, how are you off for dinner? damn the expense!*"

"*Holloa, you chap! is dinner ready?*" "Yes, Sir."

"*Then devil take the hindmost.*"

I should protract this letter to a most unconscionable length, were I to relate how much we ate, laughed, and talked. I will thank you, therefore, to imagine whatever you please (so that it be good), and to suppose us once more re-embarking in the Glory.

"*Now then!—off she goes.*" "*Go your rigs, my boys.*" And as, with a cigar in my mouth, I had just quietly taken my place at the helm, I was no longer backward in exhortations and reprobations of their laziness; but roared out, "*Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,*" till their ears, or at least my lungs, were heartily tired. In our progress up the stream, our boat, to a spectator from the bank, must have had a remarkably fine effect. Owing, I suppose, to the wine and malt (whose potency was so visible upon some, that G— and S— invariably missed the water), the crabs and backslidings were so infinite, that it must have been confidently imagined we were impelled by a small steam-engine, of which I was chimney; and that the oars were merely put out for the sake of the picturesque. And thus the ludicrous appearance was somewhat the same as that of Leporello in Don Giovanni, who mechanically moves his limbs in the action of swimming, although he is, in reality, carried along on *terra firma*.

Having advanced at the rate of a mile in three quarters

of an hour, we overtook a long string of barges, which, after the fashion in this county, were towed up the stream by two or three horses, with the appropriate animals upon them, leaving a complement of four or five men to manage the craft. As they kept the middle of the river, and left us little space for the use of our oars, we vainly made several attempts to stem the current which ran violently by their side, and to shoot before their long file. Now, Cambridge-men, be it known, are mightily fond of having their own way.* Some irascible feelings were, therefore, I am compelled to say, made manifest upon the occasion. As to myself, as I make it a rule never to be in a passion, I mightily enjoyed the contrast of fire on one side, and ice on the other. Here, one old bargee, without deigning to attend to us, busily employed himself in haranguing his horses in the bargee lingo, which I'll be hanged if any but the brute animals could ever understand. Another, with a face of the most imperturbable calmness, was leaning upon the tiller, and staring as he smoked his pipe, with the greatest unconcern, both at us and our efforts; a third, in reply to our swearing and blustering, derided us with, "*Dom it, you don't pool,—pool away.*" Cambridge blood could bear no more; rhetoric was vain, and patience vainer; the barges were boarded and the helm usurped, and, as they were so impudent as to aver they were the better steerers, we were under the disagreeable necessity of cutting their ropes, and then left them, flattering ourselves we had effectually roused them from their lethargic calmness, and reversed the fire and ice. I will not say that a black eye or so was not the consequence of this skirmish, but this

* N. B. This feature of character is generally perceptible in *under-graduates*, only when they are in the right. But some of them, when they grow older,—for instance, when they become fellows, &c. are not very particular about the right or wrong, but will have their way, because, as Lord B. says, they may.

only served to enhance the pleasure ; it sobered some, and roused others ; so that, in the midst of jests of "black eyes and rainbows," &c. all in the Byronite style, we proceeded at a very respectable rate towards Cambridge.

It was half-past five, and some of the chapel bells were ringing, as we arrived at Barmwell Pool, which is distant half a mile from the university. It might have seemed, to a casual observer, that our feelings were now pretty much the same as at our passing the same spot some hours before ; but there were also some minuter shades from which a different result might be deduced. We were still supremely happy, but the manifestation of that happiness was changed : this was, in the first place, apparent from the character of our songs. In place of our "Row, brothers, row," and "Merrily, merrily rung the Bells," which we had sported so gaily in the morning, our voices were engaged in singing, with great pathos, "Those Evening Bells," and such-like melancholy ditties. G——, in the mean time, was employed in parodying a passage from *Parisina* ; and he had nearly dispelled the pathetic feelings induced by the "Evening Bells," from the laugh which it caused:—

"The chapel bells are ringing
Both mournfully and slow,
In the grey round turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro ;
Heavily to the heart they go—
Hark ! the men are singing,
For the bells, with notes of woe,
They've often cursed for dunning so."

In the next place our regard was averted from ourselves and our boat, to the beauties of eve, and of the surrounding scenery.

It was one of those transcendent evenings, which, while from their very singularity at this time of the year, they appear more lovely, must necessarily send to the heart the feeling of summer. The sun was about setting behind the majestic walls of King's College Chapel (a fit resting-place for such a deity), and, ere he sank to repose, threw upon the waters a long line of liquid light, which,—

“Unquenched, and glowing, appears to glide
Like a lava-stream through the darker tide.”

All nature was in harmony :—

“There was not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can ;
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.”

And while, “in glorious sympathy with suns that set,” we felt—

“The softness of the hour
Steal on the heart as dew along the flower,”

It is natural that our attention should also be directed to the objects which that sun now beautified.

The right bank of the river was fringed with its constant willows ; and on the left the undulating turf, the broken state of the ground, and the appearance of “ruined ruins” in the background, told that, in years past, this spot had been the residence of other beings ; but beings as quiet and innocent as the sheep which now fed there. This ground had formerly been the site of Barnwell Nunnery. In my usual manner, I felt very much inclined to moralize on the fate of the pale melancholy girls who once walked and prayed there. But, unfortunately for my sentimental ideas,

I heard H— and B— in a violent dispute on a calculation of the odds against these same pale girls remaining nuns for one week, supposing the nunnery still to exist. They at last came to a conclusion ; but the odds were so enormous, that I am afraid to venture on inserting them here ; lest our mathematical talents should be questioned by some, who know not, so well as you and I, that in being—

“The first to scale a lady’s bower,”

some Cambridge men would not yield to any Don Juan that ever existed.

But the sun shed his parting glory this evening on the heaving mound, as sweetly as ever he did in times of yore. And long may it be, before, on the spot where these gentle creatures lifted up their innocent faces to gaze on his departure, he shall smile on houses whose inhabitants, mocking the purity of a life they could not imitate, and laughing at the feelings they could not comprehend, will look equally upon his rise, meridian splendour, or decline,—

“Without the reverence and the rapture due
To that which keeps all earth from being as fragile
As I am in this form.”

If you are not inclined to come to the *Sir P. Teazle* part again, my boat-friends are. In my ecstasy, I unfortunately turned the rudder the wrong way, and made a sort of a tack—

“*Holloa, T—, what the devil are you at ?*”—“*Oh ! in the heroics.*”

“*Well, throw them off at present, or your long face may infect, us,—and K— begins to look pathetic.*”

“*Come, let’s at least go in in style.*”

And this I believe we did : for, though I certainly perceived one or two gownsmen laughing, yet, to counterbalance this, old Cross put on a most insinuating smile, and told us we "*kin in wall*." I dare say he was right.

The day, commenced in merriment, was concluded in noise, and if we any of us retired sober to bed, it was not the fault of S—'s claret.—Well, adieu, I'm very tired of this long prosy letter, and if you are not the same, it is only because you were long ago asleep. Believe me, when you awake,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

T—.

Cambridge, March 6th, 1822.

LETTER II.

BREAKFAST-PARTIES.

DEAR SOUTH,—Differing so unfemininely, so mathematically, and so classically, from all other societies to which, in contra-distinction, the epithet of *worldly* may be applied, Cambridge and Oxford may well be considered as two rival and independent states—the Athens and Sparta of our northern clime.* The consequent dissimilarity of their manners and customs has often made it wonderful to me, that we can nowhere find any regular and familiar sketches of Cambridge or Oxford life. Unwilling to inquire whether want of interest might not be one of the causes which produced this, it followed immediately from this wonder that, partly for the sake of amusement to myself, partly from an idea that some small portion might be imparted to others,—I myself commenced a series of letters descriptive of the scenes in which I had been a participator; and of which I had been somewhat of a sentimental, somewhat of a philosophical, observer. I thought that the ladies' man might be curious to learn how we contrived to exist, when no longer basking in the life-inspiring beams of female beauty: flattering none, with none to reward our flattery; adoring none, with none to smile on our adoration: that the man of the world might wish to know what were the petty objects of our petty am-

* I was lately reading an old MS. book of Prophecies (or, rather, no prophecies, since I could have predicted as much), which wisely foretold, that this rivalry would cease, and one of the universities obtain an universally acknowledged superiority; when either Johnian puns should assume the complexion of Attic wit, or Oxford integrity, of Spartan probity—two events equally likely to happen.

bition, and the light amusements of our lighter hours ; with few to own as masters, and little law to follow, but that of our own imaginations. I thought that the young and gay expectant of college pleasures might joy, while perusing my letters, in the anticipation of days to come ; the mature inheritor of cares give a sigh for days gone by ; and the gray-headed tenant of the elbow-chair, lamenting that,—

“ Old times are changed, old manners gone,”

might relate the different scenes of *his* college life ; and, exulting that there were happily no such doings in his time, might stamp his lamentations on the degeneracy of the rising generation, by the weight of reverence and authority which results from the awful shake of his old white hairs.

Such motives produced my last letter to you in *The Brighton* ; but why they should not have been strong enough to elicit another, I cannot so well answer. Perhaps I was not pleased with my “ Water-Parties ;” perhaps it pleased not some others of my acquaintance ; perhaps I saw in the writer of the “ Long Vacation,” one who, with an abler pen than mine, would save me the trouble of any farther concern about it. It is of little use adding any more perhapses, since they have all proved ineffectual against your remonstrances. And so, dear South, I send you my second letter.

You will perceive that, in the sentimental part of the character I have assumed unto myself, I am still inclined to look upon the innocent and blameless part of Cambridge life ; and, while I can yet linger around the light, am unwilling to throw up the darker shades. I present things exactly as they are, but take the liberty of choosing what the things shall be which I first present. Hereafter,

perhaps, when I come to write on other topics, it may be wished that I had presented things as they are not—but of this anon.

I continue, therefore, with a description of those parties which all will equally allow should be disposed of at the beginning of the day, but of which beginning itself all are not so well agreed ; some placing it at the actual dawn, some a little later, and more at noon-day ;—the gayer part of the community dating from the latter, an hour before, or an hour after, according to the particular influence of sleep upon their eyes ; the reading part, and those to whom an imposition from the dean, or a gratuitous lecture from the tutor, would be rather inconvenient, maintaining the pre-eminence of the former. Though ranking myself distinctly under neither head, I choose, at times, to assume all the agreeables of both ; and, finding a card on my table,

“ T——n, Trin. Coll.

“ Breakfast. Friday, 11 o'clock.” } I hesitated not to accept the invitation, although a breakfast-party, except for the amusements of the day which sometimes follow it, is, in its regular Cambridge meaning, a “ style of thing which is my aversion.”

Breakfast-parties are, indeed, of all others, the most insufferably stupid. A company of men, some of whom know one another, perhaps ; some whose cups are acquainted ; and others who have no more than seen one another's face or gown ; reading men and non-reading ; mathematicians and fox-hunters ; classics and coachmen ; Olympic charioteers in theory, and four-in-hand whips in practice ; crack *empty-bottles*, and full bottles cracked ; shining stars and will-o'-the wisps : all may meet together in one common room, differing in opinions, manners, and tastes ; and only agreeing in the one common point of

eating. In this particular, indeed, there is no lack of entertainment: toast and muffins, ham and tongue, ducks and fowls, sausages and beefsteaks, red herrings and anchovies, pigeon pies and veal pies, snipes and wigeons, &c. &c., hot and cold, all vie with one another in most interesting and amiable profusion; and only yield in incongruity to the drinkables: chocolate, coffee, cocoa, tea, ale, porter, soda-water, and, in some instances, different sorts of wines.*

Such were the animate objects (fifteen in number, let be dogs, &c.), and such the inanimate (extending *ad n.*), which met my view on entering T——n's room, at half-past eleven, on the Friday.—(You remember T——n: just the same hearty blade as ever—by the by, what think you of T——n in love?—fact, 'pon honour!)

“*Ah! T——, old boy, how are you?*”

“*Here's a seat—chocolate or coffee?*” &c.

When those of the party whom I knew had asked me the usual number of questions, of how long I had been up, &c., and those whom I did not know, had given the usual inspection to my dress, appearance, &c., I was allowed to take my coffee and fowl in peace, and the general conversation, which my presence had for the moment interrupted, was resumed.

Horses and dogs, Newmarket and Melton hunt, stage-

* To write this description for you alone would be something like sending coals to Newcastle; but I am in hopes that the sweet Brighton *belle*, as she sips her chocolate in bed, will deign to inquire how we manage these things at Cambridge.—Breakfast-parties, I must also tell her, are generally considered the most popular of our entertainments. The reading men patronize them because they take up least time; the non-reading men because they lead to other amusements; the Simeonite, because, from their very nature, they cannot be so objectionable as some others; the economist, because, being obliged to have some party, they are the least expensive. Some patronize them from convenience, others from choice, and others because they must have parties all day long.

coaches and tandems, were severally, at the lower end of the table, the interesting topics of conversation.

P. then bet his horse for a race against Q.'s; and Q. was astonished at his presumption. X. handed his plate for a snipe, and was ready to bet a wager he killed five snipes out of six. Y. laughed at X., and offered to go to the fens that very morning for a trial. An unfortunate Johnian made a pun; but I could only hear the groans which followed it.

At the upper end of the table, occasionally interrupted by the vociferations of the lower, or by the pressing instances of our host to eat, the merits of the different colleges were discussed;—the laxity of some—the discipline of others—the comparative strictness of lecturers or easiness of deans.

The conclusion seemed to be, that Trinity might do very well for those humdrums who patronized learning, but that, indisputably, Christ's was, in general, the sort of thing for a college. The mild and dignified urbanity of its master—the good fellowship of its fellows—the gay and gentlemanly character of the under-graduates—all received their due praise.

Apropos to masters, W——d begged pardon of the Trinitarians, but could not help d——g the whole race of "Milk and Waters." Hereupon, the Wordsworthians looked milk-and-watery.

Consequent to this ensued a discussion on poets, in which also some at the lower end joined.

B——e maintained that Percy Bysshe Shelley was utterly unintelligible: some thought differently; some thought it was very likely he might be; and some did not think at all.

J——f said that, for his part, he thought Barry Cornwall a devil of a good old chonck. Many seemed at

fault; and one poor little gentleman, who had found some difficulty in learning what we were talking about, ventured to ask upon what branches of mathematics the last-mentioned gentleman had written, and whether Mr. J——f thought him equal to Whewell or Peacock?

I, for my part, did just about the same as others, and talked as much sense or nonsense, which you please, as I conveniently could.

An awful pause in the whole conversation, soon after, indicated the conclusion of the first whet. This was at length broken, by an exclamation of S—r's:

"C—k! you reprobate! where the devil were you last night—why came you not to my rooms, as agreed?"

"Could'nt find my way, i'faith—completely greased: never so drunk in my life. Dined with B—— of Trinity—eighteen bottles of claret among seven of us, let be Champagne. Set out for your rooms—found myself in bed this morning—clothes covered with mud—minus cap and gown—received a polite message from the proctor, that he should be happy to see me this morning, at half past ten. Told me he did me the honour to see me home last night—found me devil knows where: gave me two hundred lines of Homer to learn—hoped he would'nt think of such a thing: told him I could'nt learn them. All my eye—up to a trick—blow him!"

Here followed, of course, a general comparison of adventures with masters, tutors, deans, duns, snobs, &c. Some had been nabb'd at Barnwell, and some had given the proctor leg-bail; some had thrashed the bull-dogs, and some had bribed them. Some had got their heads broken by snobs, and some had broken snobs' heads. Some had written impositions, but not given them up, and some had given them up without having written them, &c. &c.

Again an attack was made upon the eatables, while the

continual exclamations, "*Cursed good drink this!*"—"*Wholesome lap!*" &c., told, that the ale, porter, &c., were rapidly approaching to the evanescent state of vanishing fractions.

At length, the thoughts of Hall, and the reflection that it would be quite as well not to be seen drunk in the morning, seemed to have their due effects. The men lounged back upon their chairs or sofa; and a lazy sort of silence ensued, only broken by the occasional civilities of the breakfast-table.

"*What! aground? M——*"

"*You may say that,—regularly floor'd!*"

"*And you too, L——*"

"*Yes,—done up;—shall cut Hall to-day,—have had such a good blow-out here.*"

When these sort of interjections had also ceased, and the men began to feel they must do something more than lounge upon the sofa all day, several amusements for the day were proposed, and, among the rest, a water-party.

"*Talking of water-parties,*" says P., "*have you ever seen a description of them in a magazine, called 'The Brighton?'*"

Q. replied, that reading such things was quite out of his way.

X. said, that any one might have written as much.

Y. thought he himself could when he was at school; but now, thank Heaven, it was a very different case;—he didn't come to Cambridge to write, and all that sort of thing.

M. spoke of '*The Brighton*' as altogether a cursed low style of thing,—but the poor wight had better have held his tongue, for he was immediately opened upon from all sides.

"*Pardon me, sir, but you cannot have given much attention to it,*" says I—f.

" *He's a Northite !*" whispers S——r.

" *He's a radical !*" says C——n.

" *He's a Johnian pig !*" says B——s.

" *The improvement since the first number is immense !*" says T——n.

" *You're right, old boy !*" says W——d.

And, although the ignorant wretch did not perhaps hear all this, yet he was cowed by plenty of black looks. The Brighton, therefore, upon the whole, came off with flying colours ; and indeed one gentleman, who seemed to have his information from good sources, mysteriously hinted, that fear of your magazine was the cause of the long-expected Cambridge Quarterly's delay.

The water-party was arranged, and its members departed. Others, according to their reading humours, or other various engagements, severally made their morning *congé*, and vanished, till T——n, I——f, W——d, B——s, S——r, and myself, were the only remaining loiterers over the breakfast-table.

" *Who's a mind for a contemplative walk to the ' Byronic Grove ?*" "

S——r. " *Where the devil is that ?*"

I——f. " *What ! you a third-year man, S——r, and not know Lord Byron's walk ? Out upon you ! Come, then, place yourself under our guidance, and you shall not repent it. Wordsworthian as you are, you shall own it as a spot that Wordsworth himself, in his most fastidious moods, might have selected for meditation.*"

W——d. " *You're right, old boy !*"

To Lord Byron's walk, therefore, as nothing better was proposed, we resolved to adjourn. We mounted our caps and gowns—passed by the back of Queen's Coll., and were soon in full progress over the fields to Granchester.

It was sufficient for happiness that there was a clear blue sky above us, and that the pure healthy breeze of

an April morn floated around us—but the very nature of a walk forcing too strongly upon us an idea of the constitutional walks of reading men, forbade this happiness to be more than tranquil, while our conversation and amusement by the way was of that character which is so felicitously described in one of the introductory epistles to *Marmion* :—

“ To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recals our summer walks again,
When, doing nought, and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find ought to do,
The wild unbounded hills we rang’d;
While oft our talk its topic chang’d.
And, variable as our way,
Rang’d unconfin’d from grave to gay.
———— full oft we could pursue
Our walk in social silence too.”

The country round Cambridge has been frequently depicted as totally devoid of attraction : and it is not difficult to conjecture the causes of such a misrepresentation. Cambridge men are not in general much addicted to a search after the picturesque, and are moreover predisposed to imagine this search would be ineffectual, from the notions of flatness and barrenness which have been imprinted on their minds while pursuing their sports of hunting and shooting over the open country. Others are too much absorbed in mathematical reveries to do more than now and then raise their eyes to calculate the particular distance of some particular object ; and the greater number are well contented to see with other people’s eyes, and to say just what they hear said by others. That it is a misrepresentation, however, you are fully aware ; and let the sweet Brighton beauty be willing, till she can visit Cambridge, to

see with my eyes; and when I shall be at Brighton, I will readily promise that the light of her's shall colour all my objects. Let her accompany us in our walk, to where an extended green, sloping gradually to the Cam, and bounded on the flank by a rural hamlet, indicates the vicinity of the village of Granchester. Here let her pause, and, turning in the direction of the Cam, which rolls below at the distance of about 150 paces, she will see, "I ween, a full fair sight." Directing the eye across the wide meadow which lies between the Cam and the village of Trumpington, the first object which attracts the attention is the white castelated turret of Trumpington Church, rising, at the distance of about one quarter of a mile, in solemn sublimity, above the condensed mass of clustering elms; like a good and great man, retiring from the noise and pomp of the world to make his vassals happy,—so happy do trees appear, as they wave in the spring breeze, to that holy church. A little farther to the left, the density of the elms is again broken, to give a view of the old manor-house of Trumpington; which, by its adjacency to the church, may be supposed to present the idea of the good steward who has grown gray and respected in the service of that good and great master.

The whole front of these elms is breasted by a fringe of firs and beeches, &c., whose elegant and waving shapes, and light green verdure, make a fine contrast with the dignified family solemnity of the elms; and, at this distance, present the same sort of appearance as that which is sometimes afforded by a field, partially illumined by the rays of a partially clouded sun, while the rest is left in shade.

It is by this same species of larch, firs, &c., stretching away towards the left, that the horizon, in the distance, is bounded. They skirt the whole length of the Trumpington road; and the shapes into which their conical tops seem,

at this point of view, to cut the horizon, are the vandykes which are sometimes seen to form the flounce or other ornament of a lady's dress: though, I must own that, in the case of these said vandykes waving round a neat ankle, or serving to reveal "short glimpses of a breast of snow," few of us Cantabs would have stood meditating with such fearless confidence, and calm equanimity, as that with which we now gazed on the light green firs, and the clear blue sky.

In the valley below, gliding away like happiness, and "making its waves a blessing as they flow," the quiet Cam quietly pursued its serpentine course. While the leafy road which connected Trumpington with Granchester, the mill on that road, and the Granchester church of elegiacal celebrity, completed on the right a felicitous picture, such as is not often met with; and such as, sweet lady, you could not show me at Brighton. You will tell me, perhaps, to stand on the downs, and look at the "wide wide sea." But I will answer that the sight of the eternal ocean only forces upon me too abruptly an idea of my own insignificance, to allow me to indulge anything but awe: that "my spirit is mute in the presence of power:" that by the sea-shore I am lost—but that here, here, in this quiet scene, "I feel indeed I am a man," with all his love, powers, and sweet imaginations. You are not satisfied yet, perhaps: your mind has been attuned to something grander. Well—we can meet you even here. Turn directly round upon Cambridge, and the view of King's College Chapel, towering in unapproachable grandeur above the diminished colleges, will almost impress you with an idea that you ought to have been blind to aught else, and will inspire you with many of those feelings which have been made familiar to you on your native shore.

It is a sight which must have its due, though various effects, upon all. Many would own the imperious necessity

of bursting forth in its praise ; and more the obligation of feeling its beauty in silence. The silence, however, of the tongue is temporary ; and the feeling of the heart may endure till heart and tongue are alike at rest in the grave. It is from this cause, perhaps, that, familiar as King's College Chapel had become to us, we were still inclined to regard it with all the feeling, but not with all the silence of early acquaintanceship. Much was said that I have no doubt was often said before, with much the same emotion. If each of us had been alone, this would certainly have endured to the point of sending us away moralizing and melancholy : but the circumstance of our being in company, and the necessity which every one felt of not being behind-hand in saying something extraordinary for the amusement of the rest, greatly tended to impair the delicacy of our feeling. No question will be made of this, when I mention some of the comparisons which our emulation produced —

T——n (“*magna componere parvis*”) compared the appearance of the chapel to that of a hog on a moor, in a high wind, with all its bristles erect, and all its pigs around it. And this comparison ought to be borne in mind by all those who wish to have any light thrown before Byron's controversy with Bowles.

I——f compared its appearance, at this distance, to the idea which had been left upon his mind, by what he had somewhere read of the great sea-serpent, rearing its immense length of neck from the waters, and calmly gazing around, without deigning to notice the sensation its presence had caused.

B——s, to that of Robinson Crusoe's ship amid the canoes of the savages.

W——d, to that of an oblong bed of tulips in a garden of cabbages ; or a banyan-tree in a field of tobacco.

S——r, to Lord Byron among the poets.

" You might just as well have said, S——r to a proctor among the bull-dogs ! Why, my dear fellow, what the devil has Lord Byron to do with a chapel ?—Cambridge with poetry ?—or Cambridge men with poets ? S——r ! S——r ! you will never be a wrangler ! but there might still be some hope for you, if Lord Byron should ever have any influence on a mathematical pate !"

Comparisons may be ludicrous without throwing a shade of contempt upon the superior object of the comparison : it is to the inferior, and consequently, in this case, to almost all nature, that the odium would be attached. Our reverence therefore was not diminished because we had laughed, although it certainly was not of that sublime species which the poor pagan, in his ignorance, would have felt ; who, turning round to gaze on this structure, would have bowed down, exclaiming " Behold the God who created all this beauty." We might envy the intensity of the feeling itself, but not the primary ideas which produced it.

And you, fair lady, imaginary companion of our way ! you would say, with the aptest comparison, that the view of this chapel reminded you of the broadside of the men-of-war you have sometimes seen off Brighton, while all their sails are set, and they are about to bear to distant lands the learning and produce of a happier clime, with the knowledge of the God who made it happier. And I should compare it—to what ?—to your own sweet self,—

" When 'mid your handmaids in the hall,
You stand superior to them all."

Go then,—return to your own dear sea ; but, when you wander on its shore, let the memory of a scene that lives but in mental review mix with the pleasurable impulses of the present. Go—walk on the Steyne, and tell your friends with what canny youths you have spent the morning—gaze on the splendid mansion of the great king of a great

people, and tell them that you have looked on the more splendid residence of a greater sovereign—describe it to them in all its beauty—and, if an idea of the tenth part only of its sublimity be imparted, then not in vain, dear lady, shall we have walked together.

But stay, lady! linger yet a little while on this spot, and you may trace our route to yon farther bridge, that passes over a branch of the Cam. To the eye it is but an arrow-flight, and the lineaments of those two gownsmen who are talking there, are almost distinguishable. But swift feet cannot travel so fast as bright eyes, and our's cannot be very swift in leaving you. Our path, moreover, is circular, and we must travel it, with but the tantalizing idea of how pleasant it would be to see its beauty reflected on fair faces. Now we pass by Granchester Church; now you catch a glimpse of us crossing the meadow in which you see that neat cottage; now winding round the brier-decked pathway which leads to the mill; the mill is passed; and once more, for the last time, a parting glance of us is obtained at the destined bridge. One wave of the hand, and so farewell:—

“By church, by mill, by hawthorn-tree,
Each after each are disappearing;
Each after each, their tassels rearing,
Upon the farther bridge you see.”

And now, I fear, I must bid *you* farewell. The matter of my proposed subjects has increased so much, in its progress, beyond my previous intention, that I am obliged to pause for the present, in order to keep within the limits of a letter. Before I could possibly give you a saunter in Lord Byron's walk, and re-conduct you to Cambridge by Pemberton's, your patience and mine will be pretty well agreed in taking leave of us.

Ever your's sincerely,

T—.

LETTER III.

THE LONG VACATION,

BEING A TRUE AND FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF A "JESUIT" TO THE BANKS OF THE CAM, IN THE DOG-DAYS.

MANY days and months have passed away into the mists of time, since you and I, dear South, enjoyed together the luxuries and the seclusion of a college life; since we rambled, arm-in-arm, in the sacred walks of Trinity, lingered in rapture beneath the air-hung dome of King's, or coasted the stagnant waters of that noted stream which guards the groves of Jesus, in our passage to the sluices; since we hurried forth, from the distractions of the schools or the lecture-room, to look after country prospects and country damsels, upon the narrow pathway that leads to Granchester; since we made our pilgrimage to the ennobled, though humble church of Madingley, where Gray is said to have composed that most exquisite of English elegies, the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard;" since we trimmed our little sail upon the Cam; since we studied the *angles* and *cannons* of mine host of the Three Tuns at Chesterton, in preference to the *angles* of Dominus Euclid, or the *canons* of Porson; since we wooed the invigorating breezes upon the hills of Gog and Magog till we had forgotten the balmy *airs* of Helicon; since we deemed all that was respectable or learned was hid beneath a "curtain" of prince's stuff, or a tassel of black silk; since, in short, the name of "gownsmen" was our delight, and the name of 'snob' our curse.

Our examinations are now all over; our fees all paid;

our terms all completed; our studies finished; and our success determined; and we may now go forth from the land of gowns to the land of petticoats, and prove, if we please, that there may be a paradox in nature as well as in ecclesiastical lore, by exhibiting ourselves as *married bachelors*.

We can now look upon the inconveniences of an university life with a smile, and on its gratifications with a sense of past delight: the name of lecturer, or tutor, or dean, or master, or proctor, or vice-chancellor, pass away unheeded; and we have long ceased to shudder at the sight of a moderator's man.

Yet, methinks, you have not altogether so bent your mind upon the affairs of this busy world, as to be indifferent to the good or evil report, the increasing or decreasing fame of that place which your youthful labours rendered dear, or your youthful frolics rendered memorable;—of those scenes, which beheld, and protected, and encouraged, and rewarded the exertions of your “literary hours.”

As to myself, I do confess, I have still a yearning after old sports and pastimes, old studies and pursuits; and, though in rural retirement and learned leisure, surrounded by all the charms of a beautiful country and a happy fire-side, I never hear the sound of college or hall, but my heart leaps up again, and I am, in imagination, transported once more into the magic land of signs and symbols, and enshrined in the venerable buildings and classic aisles of our good old Alma Mater.

Perhaps, however, your fate hath never been to visit Granta, when the suns and the silence of autumn have proclaimed universal and university holidays; when the bustle of a short term hath yielded to the inactivity of a long vacation; when the wisdom and *wiggerism* of Golgotha have disappeared, and the organ of St. Mary's hath

pealed "its choral strains" to an almost empty *pit*, and still emptier *galleries*; when cloisters and courts are alike silent in their desolation, and the combination-room hath left its revel and gaiety to the porter's lodge and servant's hall.

That there is such a time last August afforded me a proof; and, as the thousand mathematical eyes who, in the fury of friendship and joy, at sight of the Brighton Magazine (and I will say, Cambridge Magazine), will yet bear recollection of the concise demonstration and proof positive of Newton and Eudoxus, I will even bring to my mind the observation of the late venerable Professor Vince, that a theorem without a proof, like a coat without sleeves, is worth naught; and, in the true spirit of scholastic consequence, demonstrate as clearly as I can, that "Cambridge, in the long vacation, is, like Mr. Trevelyan's Essay on Puns, very dull and stupid."

I had not been in Cambridge for many months;—the last time I resided there, was during the full bustle of an October term, when Freshmen looking stupid things, Sophs looking wicked things, and questionists wise things, met me at every step, and gowns of every cut and colour which the skill of the schneider or fancy of the dyer could invent, formed such an impenetrable phalanx of stuff and silks, that one might have fancied the times back "when all wore gowns," and, as Tacitus says, "the sexes were scarcely distinguishable." As I threw myself from the coach-box, I exclaimed, in all the warmth of filial affection, like Wolsey at the gate of Leicester Abbey.—"I am come," once more, "to lay my bones amongst you," ye venerable spires and ancient domes! It is a joyous moment, when we return to the dearly-cherished scenes of our youth, at an unexpected time; and thus it was with me. The vehicle, under the able conduct of John Smith, landed me safely at the

office of that well-known sign (scarcely less noted than its predecessor of the tusk, in merry East-Cheap,) the Cerulian Pig of the Cantabs ; and, as soon as I had tipped the coachee, and parcelled off my luggage for the " gentleman in waiting," and given directions respecting it to the *sour-visaged* landlady, I sallied forth to seek a domicile, as my intention was to stay a week or more.

As I paced along the pavement, I felt a sensation for which I could not account,—it was that of loneliness ; and yet how could I be lonely amidst the remembrances of glee-some days of " auld lang syne ?"—I entered Deighton's shop ; but it was unfrequented : the books stood in undisturbed security on the shelves, and the counters showed no marks of the prying haste which discomposes many volumes in the search for one, and which sometimes is rather a nuisance to the order-loving shopman, who stands sulkily by, whilst the book-worm, scorning knife or ivory, applies his, perhaps, unwashed fingers in the separation of hot-pressed fine-wove duodecimos. There appeared to be nothing new, because of purchasers there were not many ; and the only volumes which revelled in all the purity of their pristine whiteness, and free from tossings from one learned hand to another, which the others had been blessed with, were the ponderous tomes of the French mathematicians, or the perhaps smaller, though certainly not less expensive and less useful ones, of our English analyst, Professor W——, and his mechanical friend the Dean of E——.

There was no one within, so I once more started on my travels. " Whither shall I go ?" said I to myself, as I stood upon the lower step of the door-way. " To St. Rhadegund's," whispered my conscience ; for I felt persuaded I ought to pay my devoirs at her shrine first. " About ship," said I to myself : and I accordingly took my way towards that best beloved of all university attractions. I

could not be but struck with the silence and solemnity which reigned in undisputed sway over the streets through which I wandered ; and, as I cast a glance towards the venerable gateway of that learned pile, where Newton had pondered, and Barrow had studied, I thought of the hundreds I had seen on some saint's day, or its eve, arrayed in vestal white, crowding from evening chapel. All-Saint's church-yard seemed all gloom : and Sidney Street, that field of many a fray and feud, that territory of the whiskered king, seemed as still as if the name of "gownsmen" had never echoed in it ; the poplars waved to and fro with a sort of melancholy motion, over the heavy red-brick walls, and, save the insects which flitted amongst their leaves, were the only representatives of motion in the street, from Magdalen Bridge to Trinity Church : not a coach ; not a bargee ; not even he of the "three-nuikt hat" and the quiz-glass,—the notorious Jemmy Gordon. I hastened down, almost involuntarily, the narrow serpentine lane, which in religious times was looked upon with a degree of sacredness, as its name implies ; not a footstep, save mine own, paced along the pavement ; and I thought that, had Mr. Maberley (the Joseph of Cambridge, and the Virtuvius of Chesterton) ever seen it so still, he might have been spared the mortification of seeing his edifying pamphlet on the corruptions of that street, divested of its hypocrisy. I thought of the changes and the chances of the Freshman's life, from the time of his coming up from boarding-school, a raw and inexperienced *spooney*, to the time of his going down again,—less liable to insult, but more liable to laughter,—the knight of the *spoon* ; and whilst I thought thereon I sighed ;—but not for myself. I had a friend who thus went off with triumphing in his disappointment, proud and pleased, through very spite of himself, at his mighty honour, like the sun from the clouds of November, smiling

amidst gloom : but, alas ! his joy was short, and the stigma attached unjustly to that man who happens to have a name best suited for the occasion of the ridiculous epithet, caused such depression of spirits and consequent loss of health, that the church-yard shortly received him fresh from the senate-house, amidst the countless multitudes who had, un-honoured, yet more honoured, staid their time on earth, ere called away. Surely the planners of our university laws have somewhat to answer for, in thus allowing their favours to bring disgrace upon, perhaps, their worthiest members ; and, whilst the name of Senior Wrangler and the gradations of Senior Optimis bring respect—whilst they have golden and silver spoons in abundance,—why add to their store of distinguishments the paltry wooden one,—that which causes more disgrace to attach to individuals, colleges, and examiners, than all the benefits derived from the institutions of their benefactors can do away with ? Oxford proceeds on a better plan ; and, contented, if it cannot speak in praise, to be silent, in a happy measure mingles all in one common lot. Why, when the sister university has set the example, and her precedent has been followed in nearly the most trivial circumstances, will the hand of power refrain from blotting out the decree from its rolls, which thus stigmatizes all, from the highest to the lowest ?

Behold me, then, once more, at the gate-way of the “ ever-honoured Jesus,” as Mr. Coleridge, himself a Jesuit, has excellently said. The trees which overhang the lofty wall on each side shed a melancholy gloom over the road, and darkened the almost untenanted “ barracks.” The long avenue was still ; not a step was heard, nor a voice came from the inner courts ; the windows in the long front were all blinded ; and the very weeds, which are so beautiful an ornament to the walls on either side (and which a

barbarous taste would, a year or two ago, have rooted up), seemed rioting in desolation. The hands on the chapel-dial pointed to the hour of six, the well-known hour when I have listened with pleasure to the heavy peal of the solitary bell, which told the time of—

“ Prayers, and thanks, and bended knees ;”

And, as the numbered tones fell upon my ear, memory, for the moment, aroused the dearest associations which connected me with the walls I was gazing on, and these gave place to feelings of a more agonizing nature. Stillness was over all, as of a canopy. No rustling of gowns ; no hurrying of *time-saving* worshippers (frequenter of chapel not for the love of God, but the dread of the dean) ; no passing salutations, as acquaintances met, betrayed the character of the place I then stood in. I half doubted whether I ought to proceed,—“ Shall I not,” said I, inwardly, “ be an intruder on this solitude ?—but, no ! these gates will never forbid *my* entrance ;” and I hastened forward. The porter’s lodge was barred. The gate was open—and I entered the first of our three small, though neat quadrangles. An air of unusual gloom was here also ; the grass had attained an enormous length for the time of year, and plainly showed that neither scythe nor foot had lately touched it : there was a time, when I had strayed over it, in spite and defiance of the herb-loving fellows, merely to show that I did not regard their whims a blade of grass ; but I could not then, and I would not have intruded upon the sacred plot for all the hay in Christendom. I was doubtful whether to return or explore yet further ; when the figure of chanticleer, over the entrance to the cloisters, invited me to wander there. As I passed along, the awful silence and darkness of the place again awoke me to remembrance of long-past days, and I thought on “ Auld-lang-syne,” till

every action of my college life rose before me like the spirits of the murdered, to Macbeth. It was in this part of the college that I had *kept* the better part of my time. I ascended the stairs leading to my old apartments. The door, as we were wont to say, was *sported*, yet bearing, upon its rough coat of black, the impressions of my friend W——'s knuckles. The sight recalled his image to my mind, and I bethought me of his merry-looking face,—his neat gentleman-like appearance; and, withal, that fund of inexhaustible humour which sparkled in his eye. I bethought me of days long gone, when he and I had, in the warmth of feeling, and hey-day of youth, strolled forth from that very door-way, for our noon-tide saunter, or evening voyage: I thought of that witching time of night, when, after taking our "pint-stoup" of negus or our beaker of milk-punch, we had gone forth "like the Chaldeans to watch the stars;" or, like Brutus's dog, to "bay the moon*," or rather like the university wakes, as they may justly be called, to serenade the fellows with "song, and harp, and minstrel lore." "Days of my youth," thought I, with the Honourable Mr. —, of Virginia, "ye are vanished away." Time has passed heavily with me since these walls echoed to *my* ears the merry laugh or still merrier chorus? "As I mused thereon," a sound came from the opposite side of the court; was it, thought I, from those rooms where the other worthy member of our triumvirate has joined us so often in the praise of wine and song?—but he too was away: and the sound which I heard was the dull shriek of a starting from the chapel-tower. As I was about to retire, the entrance to the hall met my vision; how could I pass unnoticed the scene of our feasting and our examination? I scrambled up the steps, and again stood beneath the roof where I had so often stood

* Shakspeare, *Jul. Cæs.* Act. IV. the *Tent-Scene*.

before ; the heavy cloth-covered door creaked on its hinges with a dull and monotonous sound, and then shut with a clap which plainly told it closed upon a solitude. All was quiet here, the tables shining from their unstained varnish, and the venerable features of Tobias Rustat and the Archbishops Sterne and Cranmer, in the same position as when I last gazed on them ; “ it is,” said I, with the motto above them, “ *semper eadem.*” But there was an air of gloom in their house of feasting. The very portraits on the dark walls seemed anxiously looking for the wonted banquet. “ And was it here that I have often tasted pudding *à la college* and *charlottè* worthy the palate of a Lucullus, and cracked puns worthy the ears of a Johnian ? Was it here,” said I, “ that I have plied the *graceless* knife and graceful joke ? Was it here I fagged at $+$ and $-$, x and y , till I almost forgot my a , b , c ? Was it here I *funked* at Mr. —’s *plain and literal translation* ?” and in order to save a place “ *above the mark*,” as the Oxonians say, that I murdered chronology as easily as Napoleon did his janissaries ; that I metamorphosed logarithms and differences so much like my predecessor of *the nose*, good master Ovid, that I, at last, found the difference between philosophy and common sense to be a maximum in my case, and discovered my head to be a log, and that Lacroix’s book, like that of the associate *calculists*, was all d—d stuff ? “ Was it here” —I was proceeding, like a hero of the buskin, in my soliloquy, when my lucubrations were prevented by the entrance from the combination-room, of, as I thought, one of the fellows. “ Well,” said I, “ my Jesuit, thy house is *not* left unto thee desolate ?” The person who entered bore all the appearance, by his dress, of a gentleman ; and, imagining he might be a friend, I accordingly doffed my beaver and bared my fist for a salute ; but ye gods ! what did I see, why my own *gyp*, dandified to a degree of

wonderment, his collar starched as stiff as buckram, his *cloth* as knowing as any fellow-commoner's, or London apprentice's on a Sunday,—his coat of the newest fashion, and his legs—O ye sons of Crispin, like those of whom Homer has sung,—the *ευκνημιδες Αχαιοι*, well booted and spurred. Said I, after a gaze of some minutes, astonished and half mad at the fellow's foolery, “Why, —, what the deuce has become of you all? fellows, fellow-commoners, pensioners, and all gone and vanished away, as if such had never been? I have rambled through courts, cloisters, and hall; and at last have discovered, that there is yet an inhabitant in these walls, though like the bottle whose wine is gone, and filled with air. Now all the wit and wisdom and power is departed, fools and asses fill their places: where are they all?” The maulkin answered with a *congé*, as low as his laundress's labour would allow him, “’Tis the long vacation, sir; and you know, sir, our masters are all gone down, and”—and, rejoined I, impatiently, “left their servants to keep up the stupidity and absurdity, by presenting themselves as living caricatures of *their* puppyism and folly! But where is the master?”—“In town, sir.”—“The dean?”—“At Cheltenham, sir.”—“The tutor?”—“On the continent, sir.”—“And so,” said I, as soon as I could collect the true account of their absence, “the tutor is ‘pricking’ over the Apennines, on a broken-kneed mule, or tracking the path of Hannibal over the Alps, or scribbling bad Greek and radicalism in a monkish album, in imitation of my Lord Byron, or some other curiosity of the day, or, perhaps, scratching the symbolic representations of \square \triangle or $\sqrt{}$, or any other *a b surd* idea, upon the glaciers of Mont St. Bernard, and chuckling over the fancy that some future traveller will put them down in his note-book, as proofs that the ice has existed before the flood, and that these are the remains of some præ-

Adamitic inscription ; and, as if this were not enough, the dean is, I suppose, squandering his health, his manners, and his chapel-fines, at a watering place ; and the master gone preferment-hunting to Carlton House ; and these ancient and religious foundations left to jackdaws and jackasses and jackanapes ! Shades of Alcock and Cranmer, look not down in wrath upon the walls ye did adorn and build, but rather in pity and forgiveness ; the tide will soon return and bear the weeds which now sail so gaily down the channel to their own native ooze, and all will again be right." As I spake this, I left the hall and the *gyp*, the latter wondering whether his old master had taken a lease of the wilings of Bedlam, or whether his senses had taken leave of him. I was sorry afterwards I had spoken so severely of those good friends of order and preservers of old institutions, the officers of the place ; for I have often had reason to speak well of their kindness and attention, which, notwithstanding the momentary forgetfulness of them which my "man of men" occasioned, I can never wholly eradicate from my mind. Peace be with them, and my humble benison ! Their lot is not the most agreeable, and though, perhaps, they enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*," yet they often feel the reversed lot of single *blessedness*." I now walked out towards the grove, passed the closed doors of buttery and kitchen, those storehouses of punch and beef-steaks, where I had often issued orders for a nightly frolic or Sunday-morning festival. You must remember the little court with its narrow sward and lilac trees, and the traceries of the hall-window, jutting from amidst the ivy which creeps up the old wall of the college, and the iron gateway at the end, and the green fields peeping through the insterstices of the rails, and the distant flow of the river, all affording a pleasing and not unenviable change to the darkness and obscurity of cloisters and cor-

ridors. And I have reason to remember it too. Often have I scaled those walls and that gate, at the hazard of my neck and my terms, to save a sixpenny fine, or escape a twenty-line imposition for keeping late hours ; and often have I sat like "Niobe, all tears," in a dead *funk* at top of that little building in the corner, when a solitary step approaching has alarmed me in my fancied cunningness, lest I should be discovered. Oh, I never shall forget the time when a tile, which my careless foot had loosened, fell before a poor Freshman, who was musing in careless loneliness at the murky midnight of one December Saturday ; away he scampered, believing that St. Rhadegund, or some of her nuns, had come out to accompany him in his dreams of imagination : poor wretch ! I believe he was planning a poem upon evening, and had come out for poetical ideas upon the subject. The report next morning was, that the college was haunted, and that the said Freshman poet and poetical Freshman, in the fury of inspiration, "his eye rolling in fine frenzy," to the roof of —, actually saw the spirit of old *Alcock*, in a flannel dressing-gown and red nightcap, in a posture of humiliation, looking like Marius over the ruins of Carthage, upon the walls he had founded. And, to tell the truth, I was glad it was credited ; for it was generally understood that I personated the worthy bishop that evening ; in my hurry I having dropped the cap which I borrowed of a friend (my own being lost in a "row" with the bargees). This cap was known by its owner's private mark, "Golgotha," and, as it was brought to me next morning, I said, "Golgotha ! rightly art thou named, for the place of a skull thou art, and a precious *numskull* too ! This, and many other scenes of *knight-errantry* came fresh to my memory, and, as I sauntered up the walk, "I fought all my old battles o'er again," and lived again in all the fancied pleasures and freaks of college term-keeping. But,

alas ! how changed was this place, since I last walked in it, in the pride of cap and gown. The grass was growing between the flints which paved the narrow pathway, and the sparrows alone proved that life was not wholly gone. I reached the gate, and on the brick pillar which forms one support for it, I gazed involuntarily ; for it had often pleased me to look upon a name which, cut there, had rendered it immortal : that name, yet remaining, was that of *Gilbert Wakefield*, a man ever dear to the scholar or the man of feeling ; and can you wonder, as a Jesuit, I should have recognised the characters with acuteness of enjoyment ? Perhaps, in a moment of *ennui*,—perhaps when a Freshman, it was sculptured there, little thinking, that he should thereafter raise, by his own industry and from his brain, a monument far more lasting,—far more pleasing, than pillars of brick and stone. Fame has immortalized him, and he might have left to his *gyp*, the short-lived reputation which a piece of Sheffield cutlery has here betrayed to have been his desire. He may say, indeed, with Horace,—

“ Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ? ”

I took a parting glance, and, returning through the shades of the cloisters and courts, again found myself at the exterior gateway of the college.

It was now approaching towards sunset : the evening was beautifully mild, the sky of a deep blue, set off by some light clouds, which partly shone in their native purity, and partly glittered in the farewell beams of the descending luminary. The west was one blush of crimson, the town was silent and dark, save where the many-figured spires and turrets of the college gates and chapels smiled in the last blaze of splendour. I sauntered off to enjoy the mildness of the season, upon the “pieces” which separate,

though serving to connect, the respective mansions of our academical residence.

But I here found that the town was yet alive ;—the road from Barnwell was literally crowded and covered with the families of the townsfolk returning from their evening walk. I recognised many *gyps* and college servants amongst them, all aping, by their demeanour, the manners of their betters, and elocutionizing, in strains of Ciceronian volubility, upon subjects of every kind, whether calculated or not for the abilities of the speaker to express, or the mind of the hearer to comprehend. There appeared the same studied kind of false gentility amongst the tradespeople; and I could not help being amused as the successive parties passed me, at the ideas presented to me by this motley group of borrowed manners, and perhaps I should not be wrong to say, *stolen* consequence.

The men endeavoured to look honest, and the women, I could observe, wished to be thought modest. As I was hastening from them, and about to turn down towards Emmanuel, I was accosted by the only gownsman I had yet seen, my old friend N——. A mutual start of surprise was followed by mutual congratulations and mutual inquiries, and the conference ended by our joining company, and adjourning to his quarters. As soon as I could get an opportunity of asking him a few questions, unconnected with the immediate cause of our satisfaction at meeting thus unexpectedly, I stated to him my disgust at finding Cambridge so much altered from what I *had* known it. “I have been,” said I, “to the north, rambling amidst mountains, and lakes, and waterfalls, and drinking in the inspiration of song and quietude, from the most beautiful scenes of nature, and am now, on my return to my friends, refreshed and delighted with my tour. I thought, however, to have derived some gratification by taking this good old

place in my way, not doubting that I should have met with, at least, some old faces and old friends ; but I am horribly disappointed, and after having come with the determination to stay a week or two, I find myself, after a few hours' residence, re-determined to do no such thing. I shall instantly away, and leave my promised stay to some future time, when loneliness will not alone reign predominant." — "You are right," said he, "you are right ; and, when we have discussed a few cups of that beverage of which it has been said,—

‘Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te,’

I will give a few plain and positive reasons for the propriety of such a measure." We had by this time reached the walks of Trinity, now untenanted, except where a few bed-makers were studying attitudes on the brink of the river : and, in a few minutes, were once more within the sound of *gyp-room* and *sizings*. We quaffed our chalked milk and water quietly enough, and passed a pleasant evening very *agreeably*, as the cockney has it ; and, though our conversation was not so edifying as one might imagine it would have been, had *the bard of Rimini* and his friend "*Jupiter*," and that "*magnum Jovis incrementum*," the late (or as R—, of St. John's, would say, the "defunkit") Johnny Keats, been present ; yet, on the whole, it was "mighty good, truly." After *bitch* had been removed (we request our female readers not to be alarmed—the *Gradus ad Cantab*, a work eminently useful, when reading of *Cantabs* and their amusements, will satisfy their scruples), N— addressed me "as follows" (so saith the reporter of the radical meetings in this part of the world) ; but as I had forgotten to bring my scribe with me, and I cannot write *short-hand* (as may be evidenced by the length of this

article, which I crave pardon for, of your thousands of readers), I will not take upon me to say I report verbatim ; nevertheless, the observations my friend made will serve to show that my original theorem (for I must regard the Euclidizing Freshman), was not without proof. " I have been," said he, " a constant resident in the university, term and non-term, since the beginning of last October, and have, of course, seen Cambridge in all the gaiety which the return of the *men* never fails to bring, and in all the dulness which their *going down* always produces. I have resided here through the greater part of four successive years, and have enjoyed the idleness of a college life, as well as bowed my back beneath the weight of college discipline ; and I do assure you, candidly, that I would rather be subjected to the *bore* of lectures, schools, and senate-house, for twenty years to come, than have the task of residing again through ' the long vacation.' We rise late or early, as we please ; no sound of the matin-bell to awake us to devotion and mathematics, no vesper-bell to call us away from wine and wit, to pray out our '*times*,' no dread of being ' put out of sizings and commons,' at the whim or the caprice of a ' senior,' or ' dean,' to disturb our serenity of mind. But these blessings, *if such they may be called*, are amply compensated by a ' number numberless' of contrary circumstances. The few who stay here during the summer are put to sad shifts to amuse themselves, when tired with reading : there are no morning calls to be made or received ; no invitations to ' wine' to be given or rejected ; no plans to be laid for the next morn's ramble. One cannot always be ' at work ;' and to fly to a newspaper for relaxation, and puzzle the brain with politics, after six hours' hard fag at Thucydides or Newton, is no sinecure, particularly as the speculations of modern writers are almost as intelligible, and certainly as unedifying, as the ' riddle of the Sphinx,'

therefore, as we say in argument, the *Union* is but little looked to in summer. I sometimes feel inclined to play a rubber at billiards, but there is no one to play with ; and if I would try my hand at a cricket-bat, the ground is covered with none but 'snobs ;'—so, from day to day I linger on, amidst books and papers, sickened and unsatisfied, like the starling which Sterne tells of, always exclaiming,—' I can't get out : ' for, if I would, there is a drawback on my scheme, and I must suffer other hands than my own to gather the fruit in my own garden ; other arms to support the slender forms of those who would fly to me for protection ; other eyes to behold, and other ears to listen to, the sweet, fond, and kind speeches of my fair friends at home ; whilst, with the dread of an examination, and the fear of a failure, I am still at college, alone and unhappy, waiting the decision of a vacant fellowship, which, if attained, will scarcely recompense me for the trouble and uneasiness it has occasioned me. But this is not all : the catalogue of long-vacation miseries is an almost endless one, and any one who understands calculation might show it could be extended '*ad infinitum*,' as easily as Dr. Wood proves the *infinite divisibility* of a piece of mahogany. The comforts of a college room, which, at other times, amply compensate the nuisance of term-keeping, are, in some measure, denied to us ; our *gyps* are grown so saucy and so smart, such puppies and gentlemen of their own opinions, that our coats might become an inch thickened with dust, before they would condescend to brush them ; and our shoes might positively become *re-tanned* from constant wear, before they would clean them. The *ladies* also partake the consequences of their mates, and it is with the greatest difficulty we can get our beds made, our rooms swept, or our china washed ; it is all dirt, confusion, laziness, and insolence, from cook to cook's scullion, from commencement Tuesday to the tenth

of October. You would be astonished at the airs these butterflies give themselves; they will not acknowledge a superior in the summer, though they live by and *out of* them: you shall see a fellow who, in term time, would do any dirty job with joy, and a hundred bows, in 'the long vacation' hold up his head as high as his betters, wear gloves upon his deep-grained hands, and have his fingers studded with rings; you shall see him either strutting up and down the streets, knocking his well-polished feet with a knowing cane, lounging at the college-gates or stalking through the courts, as if he were a 'varmint' character; or you shall see him mounted upon the best horse to be met with at the livery-stables, with boots and spurs, whip, and all the paraphernalia of an '*eques*;'—ogling all the women he meets with in his ride, or practising his *seatability* at a land-drain, or bush-faggot; and only to be told by his position, by the inclination of his legs (which, like a pair of compasses, are generally stretched so as to form an angle of 90 degrees), by his holding by the saddle when the wind blows, for fear he should be unhorsed by the rude breath of Dan Boreas, from the master, whose horse he was formed to groom, rather than ride; whose boots he was intended to clean, rather than wear. If they meet you they wont know you. If you want them to do an errand, they suit their own convenience. And this is Cambridge. But now especially, are all sorts of people up in arms. The coaches are empty, and the drivers are longing for the beginning of term. The boat-keepers on the river are almost starved: and their boats lie unused on the shore, except when some snob or other, equally as inexpert at the oar as the rein, takes a shilling's worth of aquatics, at the risk of being run over by a Littleport barge, or drowned in one of the locks. The gun-makers are glad to let their 'arms' to these asses also, who proceed in their master's jackets, if they happen

to find the way to their wardrobes; poaching over all the manors in the neighbourhood, disturbing the game, and frightening the harvest-men, and giving with all the non-chalance imaginable, the name and address of Mr. Such-an-one, of — Col., or the Hon. G. So-and-so, of — Col., to the gamekeeper who is lucky enough to catch them."

"And this," thought I, "is the long vacation," as my friend ceased.—"Well, I have been for once taken in, and, rather than let my friends know of my 'softness,' I will be off as early to-morrow morning as possible." We exchanged a few more words of a consolatory nature, I wishing him safe through all his troubles, and one of the "seventy;" and he wishing me, in a good glass of real port (not à la Triston), a speedy and prosperous completion of my travels.

I slept very soundly at Mills's; and, after a hearty breakfast off *lime-scented* eggs, and *measured* bread and butter, at which my friend N—— joined me (though not in the extravagant expense, which plainly showed I was not out of Cambridge), I started next morning; and, as the Telegraph rolled along under the walls of the senate-house, St. Mary's tolled the hour of nine. I cast a long look, and sighed a "*vale iterumque vale*," as the spires and steeples, and turrets of Granta vanished; resolved never again to visit college in "the long vacation," and impressed with a worse opinion than ever of the spirit which animates the town, and the folly which allows the gown to be so imposed upon; and cogitating deeply whether I had not at last found out the truth of the proverb, "experience is bought dear."—"Assuredly," thought I, "a little attention on the part of those who should direct the affairs of this literary republic might remedy some of its inconveniences, and, by so doing remove the stigma which ever will attach to the education

of our youth, whilst suffered to be imposed upon and trepanned by creatures who are scarcely worthy to bare the name of men.

Such was my reception at Cambridge during the long vacation; and such as it is I submit to the perusal of your readers; and I have no doubt they will find, that I may put Q. E. D. at the foot of this paper without fear of incurring the charge, "not proven." Should any of them doubt my history, I would recommend them to make a pilgrimage to the Cam, next autumn; and, if they do not quit it as speedily as I did, I will stake the credit of a Jesuit, they are either radicals in principle, or radically wrong in their affections, who feel invigorated by the air which has so often vibrated with the shouts of democracy, or who prefer solitude or "a den of thieves" to the charms of society and the sweet interchange of friendship from the hands of affection. I never knew any good of a man who stayed up during the summer; and I would, as an old friend to the gown, warn all enthusiastic Freshmen against such loss of time: it will assuredly end, from want of proper society, in a loss of morality, and, from want of a proper adjustment of pursuits, in the *wooden spoon*, or an *apostleship*; but never in the way which alone can recompense them for the loss of friends, and the exclusion from all real comfort.

I send you this as one "gest" of my *voyages* in pursuit of experience; and, hoping that you will regard the account as of indubitable origin, and the reflections arising therefrom, as partaking less of spleen than of goodwill towards all who may be in danger of a similar "take in," I freely subscribe the name which ought to bear respect from *all*, and the kind consideration, as a Dublin friend of mine would say, of *more*!

A JESUIT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FORTY YEARS AGO.

IT was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a college chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London, tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing algebra and Anacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in style—went ball-pitch to the play—and, after a quiet breakfast at St. James's, set out with my own horses upon a dashing drive through the west-end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery, uncle, Sir Thomas ——? To escape was impossible. A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George?—what the —— do you here? Tandem too, by ——." (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments which dropped from his mouth, like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) "I have it," thought I, as an idea crossed my mind which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it were not possible it could be me he was addressing. "What! you don't know me, you young dog? don't know your uncle?" "Why, Sir,—in the name of common sense"—"Pshaw! you've done with that. Why in —— name an't you at Cambridge?" "At Cambridge, Sir?" said I. "At Cambridge, Sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment,

“ why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge ! Oh ! you young spendthrift ; is this the manner you dispose of my allowance ? Is this the way you read hard ? You young profligate ! you young —— ; you ——.” Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene ; and resolved to drop the curtain at once. “ Really, Sir,” said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency, “ I have not the honour of your acquaintance,”—his large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment—“ I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me, but, to my knowledge, I never saw you before.” A torrent, I perceived was coming—“ Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next rencontre will, I hope, be more fortunate ; though your finding your country cousin in London is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay.—Bye bye, old buck.” The cart was removed, and I drove off ; yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim—“ He disowns me !—the jackanapes ! Disowns his own uncle, ‘by——.” Poor Philip Chichester’s look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no period had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, *d’un mouton qui rêve*, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in “ Principia.”

“ Well ! you’ve done it.—Dished completely ! What could induce you to be such a blockhead ;” said he. “ The family of Blockheads, my dear Phil,” I replied, “ is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I’m proud to belong to so prevailing a party.” “ Pshaw ! this is no time for joking. What’s to be done ?” “ Why when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he’s in trouble ? However, adieu to badinage, and hey for Cam-

bridge instantly.—In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly; and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him.” Without settling our bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Everything was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress;—but in spite of all these obstacles we reached the college in less than six hours. “Has Sir Thomas ---- been here?” said I to the porter, with an agitation I could not conceal. “No, Sir;”—Phil thanked God, and took courage. “If he does, tell him so and so,” said I, giving voracious Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory. “Phil, my dear fellow, don’t show your face out of college for this fortnight. You twig! God bless you.” I had barely time to get to my own room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics strewed around me in learned confusion, when my uncle drove up to my gate. “Porter, I wish to see Mr. —,” said he; “is he in his rooms?” “Yes, Sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago.” This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known through college, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for. “Ay! very likely. Reads very hard, I dare say?” “No doubt of that, I believe, Sir,” said Thomas, as bold as brass. “You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he’s not in college!” “Not in college! Sir, as I hope ——” “None of your hopes and fears to me; show me his rooms.” “If

two hours ago I did not see ——.” “ See him—yes, I’ve seen him, and he’s seen the last of me.” He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. “ My dear Sir, how are you?—what lucky wind has blown you here?” “ What, George! who—what—why—I can’t believe my eyes!”—“ How happy I am to see you!” I continued. “ How kind of you to come! How well you’re looking!” “ How people may be deceived! My dear George (speaking rapidly), I met a fellow, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts! I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your tutor; to tell the master; to tell all the college, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to inclose you fifty pounds and disown you for ever.” “ My dear Sir, how singular!” “ Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer; for my part, I would have gone into any court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow’s mother were acquainted, or I’m mistaken. The hair, the height, the voice; all but the manner, and damme that was not yours. No—no, you never would have treated your old uncle so.” “ How rejoiced I am, that ——.” “ Rejoiced! so am I. I would not have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Ecod! I can’t tell you how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I had heard that two Cambridge men, one of St. John’s, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and

that though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking; and that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, has shown me a caricature, taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, 'Oh that I had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!' But, —— it, thought I, he never would have carried it so far with his own uncle!—I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he, musing; "but it's impossible, you know it's impossible. Come, my dear fellow, come; I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people more alike!" We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, the "last fifty," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother was a handsome man; and there was a Lady Somebody who, the world said, was partial to him. She may have a son. Most surprising likeness. God bless you! Read hard, you young dog; remember —— Like as two brothers!"—I never saw him again. His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being bit in a bet, contracted when he was a "little elevated," left me the heir of his fine estate; I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But I am sure no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated; and if my degree was not accompanied with brilliant

honours, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure;—pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been masked with the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened, cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straightforward path of life, that of

AN OLD STUDENT.

INDEX.

INDEX.

	Page		Page
— Absence of Mind	127	Bacon, Sir Nicholas	104
— A Blunder	180	Ballad-Singing	90
A Compliment returned in Full	189	Ben Jonson	ib.
A Cunning Shaver	62	Better Acquainted	114 —
A Delicate Compliment	192	Billet for Billet	169 —
— A Delicate Morsel	163	Bill paid in Full	101
Advice Gratis	213	Bishop Blaize	57
— A Farewell Scene	166	Bishop Horsley	147
A Fool Confirmed	197	Bon Mot	214
A Forcible Argument	210	Boots prohibited	139 —
Alas! we can't	186	Borough Interest	207
Alcock	84	But one good Translation	93
— A-liquid	95	Cambridge Etiquette	50 —
Alliteration	200	Catching Cold	173
— All Waiters	180	Catherine Hall	87 —
— A Marvellous Hint	178	Chanting à-la-Greek	211
A Mathematician's Epithalamium	192	Characteristics	76, 174
An Awkward Situation	109	Character of Dr. Parr	131
— An Expedient	108	Complaint and Wish	92 —
— Anecdote of Dr. Isaac Milner	161	Completing a Stanza	83 —
An Illustration	181	Compliments	128
Animals three Miles long	59	Couplet for Couplet	179
Anticipation realized	140	Critics	191
— A Pedant caught Napping	175	Cure for a Disease	194
Apropos	186	Curiosa	64
A rare Mathematical Wind	183	Curious Advertisement	191
— Archbishop Herring in Pickle	62	Curious Epitaph	206
Archbishop Mountain	199	Curious Extract from a Letter from a Cantab to a Friend in the Country	141
Art of applying Fire	75	Cutting Retort	168 —
A Shining Character	51	C. versus K.	199
A Sine	57		
As great a Rogue as Himself	65		
A Transporting Subject	83		
— A Wife lost by Absence of Mind	111	Deafness, Fear, and Imagina- tion	170 —

	Page		Page
Definition of a Fellowship	89	Fie! Rowe!	195
— Definition of Happiness	85	Flying to the utmost bounds of infinite space	127
— Delicacy	127	Force of Satire	95 —
— Delights of German Travelling	118	Fortunate Expedient	77 —
— Descend-Ass	52	Fuller all over	129 —
— Dog-Latin	109		
— Do Ill	126	Gray the Poet	101
— Double Entendre	182	Greek Pun	142 —
— Do you know who I am?	62		
— Dr. Bentley and the Philo- sophers	146	Hanging One's Self	83
— Dr. Birkett	145	Head versus Hair	146
— Dr. Dodd's Sermon	105	Hebrew	99
— Dr. Glynn's Receipt for Dress- ing a Cucumber	121	Hock versus Falernian	187
— ——— Beauty	96	How d'ye do, old Codger	117 —
— Dr. Henniker's Definition of Wit	214	Hydrostatical experiment	190
— Dr. John Hey	56	Ibi sunt Cuniculi	108 —
— Dr. Jortin	127	I can get through	64 —
— Dropsical	80	I didn't get it	60 —
— Dr. Parr, his precocity of talent	134	I'm Asleep	49 —
— ———, the Rev. Charles Curtis, and Cumberland	135	I'm blind too	50
— ——— versus Lord Erskine	136	Impromptu	116
— ———, his delineation of Tom Paine's Character	137	Intrepidity, Ability, and Ro- guery	74
— ———, his eccentricities in the pulpit	ib.	I takes 'em as they come	173 —
— ———'s Opinion of Pitt and Fox	138		
— Dr. S. Clarke versus the Regius Professor of Divinity	212	Jemmy Gordon	195
— Elegant Compliment	109	John-Bo-Peep	49
— Elegant Reproof	176	Johnian Hog	103
— Elegant Retorts	58, 116	Joshua Barnes	96
— Epigrams	84, 101, 215	Jovial Days	189
— Epigram by a Plucked Man	63	Judgment	94 —
— Erasmus versus Luther	141		
— Eternity of Hell Torments	119	Keeping a Conscience	130
— Ever since he was a Puppy	98	Killing Time	128
— Extemporaneous Verses	121		
— Extraordinary Act in Divinity	207	Lapsus Linguae	126
		Latimer	102
— Facetious Sketch of the Cha- racter of Paul I.	128	Loaves and Fishes	56
— Fawkes	89	Long-winded Sermon	187
— Fear Cured	113	Lord Bacon and the Malefactor	109
— Fiction and Truth	185		
		Making a Knight	149
		Maps	80
		Matthew Mattocks	121 —
		Metaphysics	59
		Milton's Beauty	183
		Modern Learning—The Salt- Box	66

	Page		Page
Modern Pontius Pilate	209	Proper Distinction	110
— Musical Blow-up	180	Punning	97
My Father was plucked before me	176	Puppies never see till they are Nine Days Old	173
New Readings	86, 182, 215	Putting a stop to Pilgrim's Pro- gress	150 —
Newton	87	Quaint Epitaph	93
Non par Eris	182	Quoting	77
— Not versus Nott	168	Quis est Rex	142
Novel Construction of a Pair of Bellows	103	Ready Reply	167 —
Novel Payment of a Debt	196	Reformation	108
Novel Reception of a Creditor	190	Reform Extraordinary	210
Oh, Ass !	194	Reminiscences of Jemmy Gor- don	148
— One Tongue sufficient for a Woman	86	Retort on Retort	130
— One Inside	139	Rex Hujus Loci	177 —
— Over-wise	164	Saluting a Dog with his own Latin	65
Oxford versus Cambridge	112	Sarcastic Epigram	179
Paley's Conception of the Cha- racter of Falstaff	104	Saying of Lord Bacon	86
— Sketch of his early Aca- demical Life	112	Scraping the Proctor	82
Parliamentary Case	64	Settling a Point of Precedence	188
Paradies on College Examina- tions	216, 219, 221	Simplicity of Mathematicians, 143, 175 —	
Parody on Gray's Bard	201	Sir Busick Harwood	187
— Patience	93	Sir Isaac and Sir Busick	81
Peacock's Paraphrastic Chaunt	162	Sir Isaac Newton	208
Pitt's devotion to England	148	Sketch of Certain Professors and Lecturers	158
Pigeon-Shooting	218	Sleep on, and take your rest ..	186
Poker and Tongs	97	Smart Retort	174
Popish Zeal	92	Smart's Saying of Gray	90 —
Porson and the Germans	85	Somnambulism	177 —
— Anecdotes of 111, 116, 206		Spoiling a Compliment	494
— or the Devil	197	Stealing	125
— versus Dr. Jowett	200	Sterne's Advertisement	87
Porson's fondness for Algebra ..	143	Stomachum	79
— Politics	122	St. John's Head on a Charger. .	57 —
— Visit to the Continent	48	St. Peter a Bachelor	61 —
— saying of Parr	135		
Praise of Cambridge Ale	199	Take care of thy Money, Lad. .	66
Praying for an Enemy	75	The Blue Boar	168 —
— Presence of Mind	165	The Brass Plate	81
Prior	80	The Bride in Waiting	214
Prior's Poetical Jeux-d'Esprit	147	The Canonical Wig	125
Prince's Metal	71	The Causeway	58 —
— Principal and Interest	126	The Cambridge Lectures	150

	Page		Page
— The College Bell	48	The Three Asses	147 —
— The Collegian and the Porter..	71	The Tripos Day.....	30
— The Confessions of a Cantab,		There I Leave you	93 —
No. I,	1	Three Private Tutors to One	
— ————— No. II..	21	Pupil.....	140
— The Cost of Fashion	92	They are Mine.....	107
— The Crab-Fish.....	206	Tillotson	97
— The Exception	195	Tit-Bits	210
— The Fox	88	Tit for Tat.....	119
— The first English Play produced		Tom Randolph.....	114
by a Cantab, and first acted at		Trophies.....	92
Cambridge	144	Truth and Rhyme.....	164 —
— The Great Calf	192	Truth versus Politeness.....	165 —
— The Hyson Club	91	Tu es Porcus.....	103 —
— The Latin Gerunds	95	Unconscious Vanity	170 —
— The Maudlin Lover.....	54	Utopia—a Satire in Imitation	
— The Mere Signs of the Beast ..	63	of a Mathematical Examina-	
— The Metamorphosis.....	60	tion-Paper.....	46 —
— The Minor Poets	143	Value of Nothing.....	104 —
— The Mitre	189	Verbo Dignus	96
— The Nightcap	61	Very Easy to write like a Fool	81
— The Petition.....	78	Way of Using Books	91 —
— The President	79	Weakness of Parents	51
— The Post-Boy	97	What a Debauch !.....	215
— The Prince of Wales	52	White Teeth	102 —
— The Retort	115	Wiseacres	81
— The Retort Cutting	178	You'll get there before I can	
— The Teeth-Power	58	tell you.....	50 —
— The Tobacco-Stopper	94		
— The White Lion	100		
— The Wooden Wedge	141		

CAMBRIDGE PARTIES, BY TWO DISTINGUISHED CANTABS.

Water Parties	227
Breakfast Parties	241
The Long Vacation	255

Trinity College, Cambridge, Forty Years ago	275
---	-----

Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

BY

CHARLES MASON.

The Eighth Edition, price 8s. 6d. cloth boards, or 10s. 6d. in embossed leather, with gilt edges,

MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

AND

Library of Reference.

This Work contains a Comprehensive English Dictionary, with a Grammar, Exercises, &c.; a New Universal Gazetteer; a Classical Dictionary; a Chronological Analysis of General History; a Compendious Law Dictionary; Verbal distinctions, and various Tables of valuable information. The whole condensed with great care, and printed in Pearl Type, comprising 850 pages; the Margins of which are embellished with upwards of 3,000 Select Maxims and Proverbial Aphorisms; forming altogether the most useful, unique, and perfect, as well as the cheapest book ever printed.

Early in October, uniform in size and price with the above, Vol. II. of

MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE,

BEING A

NEW UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

New Editions of the following Useful and Elegant little Works, embellished with Frontispieces and Vignette Titles, engraved on Steel, neatly bound in cloth, with gilt edges, price 3s. 6d. are now ready.

THE LITTLE LEXICON; OR, MULTUM IN PARVO OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE LITTLE GAZETTEER; OR, UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY IN MINIATURE.

THE LITTLE CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

THE LITTLE LINGUIST.

A New Edition, complete in one volume, 8vo. price 12s. cloth,

THE KORAN,

COMMONLY CALLED

THE ALCORAN OF MOHAMMED,

Translated by G. SALE: with Notes, and a Preliminary Discourse.

Now ready, price 12s. cloth, a New edition of

WALKER'S RHYMING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, answering at the same time, the purposes of Spelling and Pronouncing the English Language, on a plan not hitherto attempted. To which is prefixed, a copious Introduction to the various Uses of the Work, with Critical and Practical Observations on Orthography, Syllabication, Pronunciation, and Rhyme.

In 32mo. with Frontispieces and Vignette Titles, engraved on Steel, elegantly bound in embossed cloth, with gilt edges,

M. NIATURE EDITIONS OF THE STANDARD BRITISH POETS AND CLASSICS.

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS, price 3s. 6d.

KIRKE WHITE'S (H.) POETICAL WORKS, price 2s.

SCOTT'S (Sir Walter) LAY of the LAST MINSTREL, price 2s.

————— **BALLADS and LYRICAL PIECES**, price 3s. 6d.

————— **MARMION**, price 3s.

DODD'S BEAUTIES of SHAKSPEARE, price 3s. 6d.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA, ELIZABETH, INDIAN COTTAGE, &c. Price 3s.

GOLDSMITH'S and GRAY'S POETICAL WORKS, price 2s.

HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS, price 3s. 6d.

mary

HE
me,
lish
h is
the
ho-

e.

0

.1

Princeton University Library



32101 068071248

